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HUDIBRAS,

IN

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THREE PARTS,

WRITTEN IN THE TIME OF

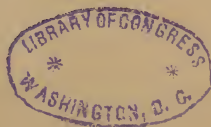
THE LATE WARS,

BY

SAMUEL BUTLER, ESQ.

1612-1680

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MURRAY'S REPRINT

OF

H U D I B R A S

Will be found unique and complete as to the Text, having been
carefully Edited by

A. MURRAY.

June 25.

HUDIBRAS.

CANTO I.—ARGUMENT.

Sir HUDIBRAS his passing worth,
His arms and equipage are shown,
Th' adventure of the bear and fiddle

The manner how he sally'd forth ;
His horse's virtues, and his own.
Is sung, but breaks off in the middle.

WHEN civil dudgeon first grew high,
And men fell out they knew not why ;
When hard words, jealousies, and fears Set folks together by the ears,
And made them fight, like mad or drunk, For Dame Religion, as for punk,
Whose honesty they all durst swear for,
Tho' not a man of them knew wherefore ;
When gospel-trumpeter, surrounded
With long-ear'd rout, to battle sounded ;
And pulpit, drum ecclesiastic, Was beat with fist, instead of a stick :
Then did Sir Knight abandon dwelling, And out he rode a colonelling.
A wight he was whose very sight would
Entitle him, Mirror of Knighthood ;
That never bow'd his stubborn knee To any thing but chivalry ;
Nor put up blow, but that which laid
Right Worshipful on shoulder-blade :
Chief of domestic knights and errant, Either for chartel or for warrant :
Great on the bench, great in the saddle,
That could as well bind o'er as swaddle :
Mighty he was at both of these, And styl'd of war as well as peace.
(So some rats, of amphibious nature, Are either for the land or water.)
But here our authors make a doubt Whether he were more wise or stout.
Some hold the one, and some the other ;
But, howsoe'er they make a pother,
The diff'rence was so small, his brain
Outweigh'd his rage but half a grain ;
Which made some take him for a tool
That knaves do work with, call'd a Fool.
For't has been held by many, that As Montaigne, playing with his cat,
Complains she thought him but an ass,
Much more she would Sir HUDIBRAS,
(For that's the name our valiant Knight To all his challenges did write) :
But they're mistaken very much, 'Tis plain enough he was not such.
We grant, altho' he had much wit, H' was very shy of using it ;
As being loth to wear it out, And therefore bore it not about,
Unless on holidays, or so, As men their best apparel do.

Beside, 'tis known he could speak Greek As naturally as pigs squeak ;
 That Latin was no more difficile, Than to a blackbird 'tis to whistle :
 Being rich in both, he never scanted His bounty unto such as wanted :
 But much of either would afford To many, that had not one word.

For Hebrew roots, altho' they're found

To flourish most in barren ground,

He had such plenty as suffic'd To make some think him circumcis'd :
 And truly so he was, perhaps, Not as a proselyte, but for claps.
 He was in logic a great critic, Profoundly skill'd in analytic :
 He could distinguish and divide, A hair 'twixt south and south-west side ;

On either which he would dispute,

Confute, change hands, and still confute :

He'd undertake to prove, by force Of argument, a man's no horse ;
 He'd prove a buzzard is no fowl, And that a lord may be an owl,

A calf an alderman, a goose a justice,

And rooks committee-men and trustees.

He'd run in debt by disputation, And pay with ratiocination.

All this by syllogism, true In mood and figure, he would do.

For rhetoric, he could not ope His mouth, but out there flew a trope,

And when he happen'd to break off In th' middle of his speech, or cough,

H' had hard words ready to shew why, And tell what rules he did it by ;

Else, when with greatest art he spoke,

You'd think he talk'd like other folk :

For all a rhetorician's rules Teach nothing but to name his tools.

But, when he pleas'd to shew't, his speech In loftiness of sound was rich ;

A Babylonish dialect, Which learned pedants much affect ;

It was a party-colour'd dress Of patch'd and piebald languages :

'Twas English cut on Greek and Latin, Like fustian heretofore on sattin.

It had an odd promiscuous tone, As if h' had talk'd three parts in one ;

Which made some think, when he did gabble,

Th' had heard three labourers of Babel,

Or Cerberus himself pronounce A leash of languages at once.

This he as volubly would vent As if his stock would ne'er be spent ;

And truly to support that charge, He had supplies as vast and large.

For he could coin or counterfeit New words, with little or no wit ;

Words so debas'd and hard, no stone

Was hard enough to touch them on ;

And, when with hasty noise he spoke 'em,

The ignorant for current took 'em ;

That had the orator, who once Did fill his mouth with pebble stones

When he harangu'd, but known his phrase,

He would have us'd no other ways.

In mathematics he was greater Than Tycho Brahe, or Erra Pater :

For he, by geometric scale, Could take the size of pots of ale ;

Resolve bysines and tagents, straight, If bread or butter wanted weight ;

And wisely tell what hour o' th' day The clock does strike by algebra.

Beside he was a shrewd philosopher,

And had read ev'ry text and gloss over ;

Whate'er the crabbed'st author hath, He understood b' implicit faith :

Whatever sceptic cou'd enquire for, For every why he had a wherefore ;

Knew more than forty of them do As far as words and terms could go.

All which he understood by rote, And, as occasion serv'd, would quote ;
 No matter whether right or wrong, They might be either said or sung.
 His notions fitted things so well, That which was which he could not tell,
 But oftentimes mistook the one For th' other, as great clerks have done.
 He could reduce all things to acts, And knew their natures by abstracts ;
 Where entity and quiddity, The ghosts of defunct bodies, fly ;
 Where truth in person does appear,

Like words congeal'd in northern air.

He knew what's what, and that's as high As metaphysic wit can fly.
 In school-divinity as able As he that hight *Irrefragable* ;
 A second Thomas, or at once To name them all, another Dunce :
 Profound in all the nominal And real ways beyond them all ;
 For he a rope of sand could twist As tough as learned Sorbonist ;
 And weave fine cobwebs, fit for scull That's empty when the moon is full ;
 Such as take lodgings in a head That's to be let unfurnished,
 He cou'd raise scruples dark and nice And after solve 'em in a trice,
 As if divinity had catch'd The itch, on purpose to be scratch'd ;

Or, like a mountebank, did wound

And stab herself with doubts profound,

Only to show with how small pain The sores of faith are cur'd again ;
 Altho' by woful proof we find They always leave a scar behind.
 He knew the seat of paradise, Could tell in what degree it lies ;
 And, as he was dispos'd, could prove it Below the moon, or else above it.
 What Adam dreamt of, when his bride Came from her closet in his side ;
 Whither the devil tempted her By a High Dutch interpreter ;
 If either of them had a navel ; Who first made music malleable ;
 Whether the serpent, at the fall, Had cloven feet, or none at all.
 All this, without a gloss or comment, He could unriddle in a moment,

In proper terms, such as men smatter

When they throw out and miss the matter.

For his religion, it was fit To match his learning and his wit :
 'Twas Presbyterian true blue, For he was of that stubborn crew
 Of errant saints, whom all men grant To be the true church militant ;
 Such as do build their faith upon The holy text of pike and gun ;
 Decide all controversies by Infallible artillery ;
 And prove their doctrine orthodox By apostolic blows and knocks ;
 Call fire and sword, and desolation, A godly thorough reformation,
 Which always must be carried on, And still be doing, never done ;
 As if religion were intended For nothing else but to be mended.
 A sect whose chief devotion lies In odd perverse antipathies ;
 In falling out with that or this, And finding somewhat still amiss :
 More peevish, cross, and splenetic, Than dog distract, or monkey sick.

That with more care keep holiday

The wrong, than others the right way :

Compound for sins they are inclin'd to,

By damning those they have no mind to.

Still so perverse and opposite, As if they worship'd God for spite.
 The self-same thing they will abhor One way, and long another for.
 Free-will they one way disavow, Another nothing else allow :
 All piety consists therein In them, in other men all sin.
 Rather than fail, they will defy That which they love most tenderly ;

Quarrel with minc'd-pies, and disparage
 Their best and dearest friend plumb-porridge ;
 Fat pig and goose itself oppose, And blaspheme custard thro' the nose.
 Th' apostles of this fierce religion,
 Like Mahomet's, were ass and widgeon.
 To whom our Knight, by fast instinct Of wit and temper, was so link'd,
 As if hypocrisy and nonsense Had got th' adowson of his conscience.
 Thus was he gifted and accouter'd,
 We mean on the inside, not the outward ;
 That next of all we shall discuss ; Then listen, Sirs, it follows thus :
 His tawny beard was th' equal grace Both of his wisdom and his face ;
 In cut and die so like a tile, A sudden view it would beguile ;
 The upper part whereof was whey ; The nether orange mix'd with grey.
 This hairy meteor did denounce The fall of scepters and of crowns :
 With grisly type did represent Declining age of government ;
 And tell with hieroglyphic spade,
 Its own grave and the state's were made.
 Like Samson's heart-breakers, it grew In time to make a nation rue ;
 Tho' it contributed its own fall, To wait upon the public downfal.
 It was monastic, and did grow In holy orders by strict vow ;
 Of rule as sullen and severe, As that of rigid Cordelier :
 'Twas bound to suffer persecution And martyrdom with resolution ;
 T' oppose itself against the hate And vengeance of th' incensed state,
 In whose defiance it was worn, Still ready to be pull'd and torn,
 With red-hot irons to be tortur'd, Revil'd, and spit upon, and martyr'd.
 Maugre all which, 'twas to stand fast, As long as monarchy should last,
 But, when the state should hap to reel, 'Twas to submit to fatal steel,
 And fall, as it was consecrate, A sacrifice to fall of state,
 Whose thread of life the fatal sisters
 Did twist together with its whiskers,
 And twine so close, that Time should never,
 In life or death their fortunes sever,
 But with his rusty sickle mow Both down together at a blow.
 So learned Taliacotius from The brawny part of porter's bum,
 Cut supplemental noses, which Would last as long as parent breech ;
 But when the date of Nock was out, Off drop'd the sympathetic snout.
 His back, or rather burden, show'd As if it stoop'd with its own load :
 For as Æneas bore his sire, Upon his shoulders, thro' the fire,
 Our Knight did bear no less a pack Of his own buttocks on his back :
 Which now had almost got the upper-
 Hand of his head, for want of crupper.
 To poise this equally, he bore A paunch of the same bulk before ;
 Which still he had a special care
 To keep well-cramm'd with thrifty fare ;
 As white-pot, butter-milk, and curds, Such as a country-house affords ;
 With other victual, which anon We farther shall dilate upon,
 When of his hose we come to treat,
 The cup-board, where he kept his meat.
 His doublet was of sturdy buff, And tho' not sword- yet cudgel- proof ;
 Whereby 'twas fitter for his use,
 Who fear'd no blows but such as bruise.

His breeches were of rugged woollen,
 And had been at the siege of Bullen ;
 To old King Harry so well known,
 Some writers held they were his own.
 Thro' they were lin'd with many a piece
 Of ammunition, bread and cheese,

And fat black-puddings, proper food For warriors that delight in blood :
 For, as we said, he always chose To carry victual in his hose,
 That often tempted rats and mice The ammunition to surprise :
 And when he put a hand but in The one or t' other magazine,

They stoutly in defence on't stood,
 And from the wounded foe drew blood ;

And till th' were storm'd and beaten out, Ne'er left the fortify'd redoubt.
 And tho' knights-errant, as some think,
 Of old did neither eat nor drink

Because when thorough desarts vast And regions desolate they pass'd,
 Where belly-timber, above ground, Or under, was not to be found,
 Unless they graz'd, there's not one word Of their provision on record :

Which made some confidently write,
 They had no stomachs but to fight ;

'Tis false : for Arthur wore in hall Round table, like a farthingal,
 On which, with shirts pull'd out behind,
 And eke before, his good knights din'd.

Though 'twas no table some suppose,
 But a huge pair of round trunk hose,

In which he carried as much meat As he and all his knights could eat,
 When, laying by their swords and truncheons,
 They took their breakfasts, or their nunchions.

But let that pass at present, lest We should forget where we digress'd,
 As learned authors use, to whom We leave it, and to th' purpose come.
 His puissant sword unto his side, Near his undaunted heart, was ty'd ;

With basket-hilt, that would hold broth,
 And serve for fight and dinner both :

In it he melted lead for bullets,

To shoot at foes, and sometimes pullets ;

To whom he bore so fell a grutch, He ne'er gave quarter t' any such.
 The trenchant blade, Toledo trusty,

For want of fighting was grown rusty.

And ate into itself, for lack Of some body to hew and hack.
 The peaceful scabbard where it dwelt The rancour of its edge had felt ;
 For of the lower end two handful It had devoured, 'twas so manful,

And so much scorn'd to lurk in case, As if it durst not shew its face.
 In many desperate attempts Of warrants, exigents, contempts,

It had appear'd with courage bolder

Than Serjeant Bum invading shoulder.

Oft had it ta'en possession, And pris'ners too, or made them run.
 This sword a dagger had, his page, That was but little for his age ;
 And therefore waited on him so, As dwarfs upon knights-errant do.

It was a serviceable dudgeon, Either for fighting or for drudging.
 When it had stabbd, or broke a head,
 It would scrape trenchers, or chip bread ;

Toast cheese or bacon, tho' it were
 To bait a mouse-trap, 'twould not care.
 'Twould make clean shoes, and in the earth
 Set leeks and onions, and so forth.

It had been 'prentice to a brewer, Where this and more it did endure ;
 But left the trade, as many more Have lately done on the same score.
 In th' holsters, at his saddle-bow, Two aged pistols he did stow,
 Among the surplus of such meat As in his hose he could not get.

These would inveigle rats with th' scent,

To forage when the cocks were bent ;

And sometimes catch 'em with a snap, As cleverly as th' ablest trap.
 They were upon hard duty still, And every night stood centinel,

To guard the magazine i' th' hose

From two-legg'd and from four-legg'd foes.

Thus clad and fortify'd, Sir Knight,

From peaceful home, set forth to fight.

But first, with nimble active force, He got on the out-side of his horse ;
 For having but one stirrup ty'd T' his saddle, on the further side,

It was so short, h' had much ado To reach it with his desp'rate toe :

But, after many strains and heaves, He got up to the saddle-eaves,

From whence he vaulted into th' seat,

With so much vigour, strength and heat,

That he had almost tumbled over

With his own weight, but did recover,

By laying hold on tail and main, Which oft he us'd instead of rein.

But, now we talk of mounting steed, Before we further do proceed,

It doth behove us to say something

Of that which bore our valiant bumkin.

The beast was sturdy, large, and tall,

With mouth of meal, and eyes of wall ;

I would say eye, for h' had but one, As most agree, tho' some say none.

He was well stay'd, and in his gate Preserv'd a grave, majestic state.

At spur or switch no more he skipt,

Or mended pace, when Spaniard whipt :

And yet so fiery, he would bound, As if he griev'd to touch the ground ;

That Cæsar's horse, who, as fame goes,

Had corns upon his feet and toes,

Was not by half so tender hooft, Nor trod upon the ground so soft.

And as that beast would kneel and stoop

(Some write) to take his rider up ;

So Hudibras his ('tis well known) Would often do to set him down.

We shall not need to say what lack Of leather was upon his back ;

For that was hidden under pad,

And breech of Knight, gall'd full as bad.

His strutting ribs on both sides show'd

Like furrows he himself had plow'd :

For underneath the skirt of pannel,

'Twixt every two there was a channel.

His dragging tail hung in the dirt, Which on his rider he wou'd flurt

Still as his tender side he prick'd

With arm'd heel, or with unarm'd kick'd ;

For Hudibras wore but one spur, As wisely knowing, could he stir
 To active trot one side of's horse, The other wou'd not hang on worse.
 A Squire he had whose name was Ralph,
 That in th' adventure went his half.
 Though writers, for more stately tone, Do call him Ralphe, 'tis all one :
 And when we can with metre safe, We'll call him so ; if not plain Raph ;
 (For rhyme the rudder is of verses,
 With which like ships they steer their courses.)
 An equal stock of wit and valour He had lain in, by birth a tailor.
 The mighty Tyrian Queen, that gain'd,
 With subtle shreds, a tract of land,
 Did leave it, with a castle fair, To his great ancestor, her heir ;
 From him descended cross-legg'd knights,
 Fam'd for their faith, and warlike fights
 Against the bloody canibal, Whom they destroy'd both great and small.
 This sturdy Squire, he had, as well
 As the bold Trojan Knight, seen hell,
 Not with a counterfeited pass Of golden bough, but true gold lace.
 His knowledge was not far behind The knight's, but of another kind,
 And he another way came by't : Some call it *gifts*, and some *new-light*,
 A lib'ral art, that costs no pains Of study, industry, or brains.
 His wit was sent him, for a token,
 But in the carriage crack'd and broken ;
 Like commendation nine-pence crook'd,
 With—To and from my Love—it look'd.
 He ne'er consider'd it, as loth To look a gift-horse in the mouth ;
 And very wisely would lay forth No more upon it than 'twas worth ;
 But as he got it freely, so He spent it frank and freely too :
 { For saints themselves will sometimes be,
 { Of gifts that cost them nothing, free,
 By means of this, with hem and cough, Prolongers to enlighten'd stuff,
 He could deep mysteries unriddle, As easily as thread a needle,
 For as of vagabonds we say, That they are ne'er beside their way ;
 Whate'er men speak by this new light, Still they are sure to be i' th' right.
 'Tis a dark-lanthorn of the spirit,
 Which none see by but those that bear it ;
 A light that falls down from on high, For spiritual trades to cozen by ;
 An *ignis fatuus* that bewitches And leads men into pools and ditches,
 To make them dip themselves, and sound
 For Christendom in dirty pond ;
 To dive, like wild-fowl, for salvation, And fish to catch regeneration.
 This light inspires and plays upon The nose of saint, like bagpipe drone,
 And speaks through hollow empty soul,
 As through a trunk, or whisp'ring hole,
 Such language as no mortal ear But spiritu'l eaves-droppers can hear,
 So Phoebus, or some friendly muse, Into small poets song infuse,
 Which they at second hand rehearse,
 Thro' reed or bagpipe, verse for verse.
 Thus Ralph became infallible, As three or four-legg'd oracle,
 The ancient cup, or modern chair, Spoke truth point blank, tho' unaware.
 For mystic learning, wond'rous able In magic talisman and cabal,

Whose primitive tradition reaches As far as Adam's first green breeches ;
 Deep-sighted in intelligences, Ideas, atoms, influences ;
 And much of *terra incognita*, Th' intelligible world, could say ;
 A deep occult philosopher, As learn'd as the wild Irish are,
 Or Sir Agrippa, for profound And solid lying much renown'd ;
 He Anthroposophus, and Floud And Jacob Behemen understood ;

Knew many an amulet and charm,
 That would do neither good nor harm :

In Rosicrucian lore as learned, As he that *verè adeptus* earned :
 He understood the speech of birds As well as they themselves do words ;

Could tell what subtlest parrots mean,
 That speak and think contrary clean ;
 What member 'tis of whom they talk
 When they cry Rope, and Walk, knave, walk.

He'd extract numbers out of matter, And keep them in a glass like water ;
 Of sovereign power to make men wise ;
 For, drop'd in blear thick-sighted eyes,
 They'd make them see in darkest night,
 Like owls, tho' purblind in the light.

By help of these (as he profess'd) He had first matter seen undress'd ;
 He took her naked all alone, Before one rag of form was on.

The chaos too he had descry'd, And seen quite thro', or else he ly'd :
 Not that of paste-board, which men shew

For groats, at fair of Barthol'mew ;
 But its great grandsire, first o' th' name,
 Whence that and reformation came,

Both cousins-german, and right able T' inveigle and draw in the rabble.
 But reformation was, some say, O' th' younger house to puppet-play,
 He could foretel whatsoe'er was By consequence to come to pass.

As death of great men, alterations, Diseases, battles, inundations ;
 All this without th' eclipse of the sun, Or dreadful comet, he hath done,
 By inward light, a way as good, And easy to be understood,

But with more lucky hit than those That use to make the stars depose,
 Like knights o' th' post, and falsely charge
 Upon themselves what others forge,

As if they were consenting to All mischiefs in the world men do :
 Or, like the devil, did tempt and sway 'em
 To rogueries, and then betray 'em.

They'll search a planet's house to know
 Who broke and robb'd a house below ;

Examine Venus, and the Moon, Who stole a thimble or a spoon :
 And though they nothing will confess, Yet by their very looks can guess,
 And tell what guilty aspect bodes,

Who stole and who received the goods.
 They'll question Mars, and by his look,
 Detect who 'twas that nimm'd a cloak :
 Make Mercury confess and 'peach

Those thieves which he himself did teach,

They'll find, i' th' physiognomies O' th' planets, all men's destinies ;
 Like him that took the doctor's bill, And swallow'd it instead o' th' pill ;
 Cast the nativity o' th' question, And from positions to be guessed on,

As sure as if they knew the moment
 Of native's birth, tell what will come on't.
 They'll feel the pulses of the stars, To find out agues, coughs, catarrhs;
 And tell what crisis does divine The rot in sheep, or mange in swine;
 In men what gives or cures the itch,
 What makes them cuckolds, poor or rich;
 What gains or losses, hangs or saves;
 What makes men great, what fools or knaves:
 But not what wise, or only of those The stars (they say) cannot dispose,
 No more than can the astrologians:
 There they say right, and like true Trojans,
 This Ralpho knew, and therefore took
 The other course, of which we spoke.
 Thus was th' accomplish'd Squire endu'd
 With gifts and knowledge, per'lous shrewd.
 Never did trusty Squire with Knight,
 Or Knight with Squire e'er jump more right.
 Their arms and equipage did fit, As well as virtues, parts, and wit:
 Their valours too were of a rate, And out they sally'd at the gate.
 Few miles on horseback had they jogged,
 For fortune unto them turn'd dogged;
 For they a sad adventure met, Of which anon we mean to treat.
 But ere we venture to unfold Achievements so resolv'd and bold,
 We should, as learned poets use, Invoke th' assistance of some muse:
 However critics count it sillier Than jugglers talking to familiar.
 We think 'tis no great matter which; They're all alike, yet we shall pitch
 On one that fits our purpose most, Whom therefore thus we do accost.
 (Thou that with ale, or viler liquors,
 Didst inspire Withers, Pryn, and Vicars,
 And force them, tho' it was in spite Of nature, and their stars, to write;
 Who (as we find in sullen writs, And cross-grain'd works of modern wits)
 With vanity, opinion, want, The wonder of the ignorant,
 The praises of the author penn'd B' himself, or wit-insuring friend;
 The itch of picture in the front, With bays and wicked rhyme upon't,
 All that is left o' th' forked hill To make men scribble without skill;
 Canst make a poet, spite of Fate, And teach all people to translate,
 Tho' out of languages, in which They understand no part of speech:
 Assist me but this once, I'mplore, And I shall trouble thee no more.
 In western clime there is a town, To those that dwell therein well known,
 Therefore there needs no more be said here,
 We unto them refer our reader:
 For brevity is very good, When w' are, or are not understood.
 To this town people did repair On days of market, or of fair,
 And to crack'd fiddle and hoarse tabor,
 In merriment did trudge and labour.
 But now a sport more formidable, Had rak'd together village rabble:
 'Twas an old way of recreating, Which learned butchers call bear-baiting.
 A bold advent'rous exercise, With ancient heroes in high prize:
 For authors do affirm it came From Isthmian or Nemean game;
 Others derive it from the bear That's fix'd in northern hemisphere,
 And round about the pole does make A circle like a bear at stake,

That at the chain's end wheels about, And overturns the rabble rout.
 For after solemn proclamation In the bear's name (as is the fashion
 According to the law of arms, To keep men from inglorious harms),
 That none presume to come so near As forty feet of stake of bear ;
 If any yet be so fool-hardy, T' expose themselves to vain jeopardy,
 If they come wounded off and lame, No honour's got by such a maim,
 Altho' the bear gain much, b'ing bound

In honour to make good his ground,
 When he's engag'd, and takes no notice, If any press upon him, who 'tis ;
 But lets them know at their own cost, That he intends to keep his post.
 This to prevent, and other harms, Which always wait on feats of arms,
 (For in the hurry of the fray, 'Tis hard to keep out of harm's way,)

Thither the knight his course did steer,
 To keep the peace 'twixt dog and bear ;
 As he believ'd he was bound to do In conscience and commission too.
 And therefore thus bespoke the Squire :
 We that are wisely mounted higher

Than constables in curule wit, When on tribunal bench we sit,
 Like speculators should foresee, From Pharos of authority,
 Portended mischiefs farther than Low proletarian tything-men :
 And therefore being inform'd, by bruit, That dog and bear are to dispute ;
 For so of late men fighting name, Because they often prove the same :
 (For where the first does hap to be, The last does *coincidere*)

Quantum in nobis, have thought good,
 To save th' expence of Christian blood,
 And try if we by mediation Of treaty and accommodation
 Can end the quarrel, and compose The bloody duel, without blows.
 Are not our liberties, our lives, The laws, religion, and our wives,
 Enough at once to lie at stake For cov'nant and the cause's sake ;
 But in that quarrel dogs and bears, As well as we, must venture theirs.
 This feud by Jesuits invented, By evil counsel is fomented ;
 There is a Machiavilian plot, (Tho' ev'ry *nare olfact* it not)
 And deep design in't to divide The well-affected that confide,
 By setting brother against brother, To claw and curry one another.
 Have we not enemies *plus fatis*, That *cane et angue pejus* hate us ;

And shall we turn our fangs and claws
 Upon our own selves, without cause ?
 That some occult design doth lie In bloody cynarctomachy
 Is plain enough to him that knows
 How saints lead brothers by the nose.

I wish myself pseudo-prophet, But sure some mischief will come of it ;
 Unless by providential wit, Or force we averruncate it.
 For what design what interest, Can beast have to encounter beast ?
 They fight for no espoused cause, Frail privilege, fundamental laws,
 Nor for a thorough reformation, Nor covenant nor protestation,
 Nor liberty of consciences, Nor lords nor common ordinances ;
 Nor for the church, nor for churchlands,
 To get them in their own no-hands ;

Nor evil counsellors to bring To justice, that seduce the King,
 Nor for the worship of his men,
 Tho' we have done as much for them.

Th' Egyptians worshipp'd dogs, and for Their faith made internecine war.
 Others ador'd a rat and some For that church suffer'd martyrdom.
 The Indians fought for the truth Of th' elephant and monkey's tooth ;
 And many to defend that faith, Fought it out *mordicus* to death.
 But no beast ever was so slight, For man, as for his god, to fight.
 They have more wit, alas ! and know Themselves and us better than so.
 But we, who only do infuse The rage in them like *boute-feus* ;
 'Tis our example that instils In them th' infection of our ills.
 For as some late philosophers Have well observ'd, beasts that converse
 With man take after him, as hogs Get pigs all th' year and bitches dogs.
 Just so, by our example, cattle Learn to give one another battle.

We read, in Nero's time, the Heathen,
 When they destroy'd the Christian brethren,
 They sew'd them in the skins of bears, And then set dogs about their ears :
 From whence, no doubt, the invention came
 Of this lewd Antichristian game.

To this, quoth Ralphe, verily The point seems very plain to me :
 It is an Antichristian game, Unlawful both in thing and name.

First, for the name, the word Bear-baiting
 Is carnal, and of man's creating ;
 For certainly, there's no such word In all the Scripture on record :
 Therefore unlawful and a sin. And so is (secondly the thing ;
 A vile assembly 'tis that can No more be prov'd by Scripture than
 Provincial, classic, national, Mere human-creature cobwebs all.
 Thirdly, it is idolatrous ; For when men run a-whoring thus
 With their inventions, whatsoe'er The thing be, whether dog or bear,
 It is idolatrous and Pagan, No less than worshipping of Dagon.
 Quoth Hudibras, I smell a rat ; Ralphe, thou dost prevaricate :

For though the thesis which thou lay'st
 Be true *ad admussim*, as thou say'st ;
 (For that bear-baiting should appear *Jure divino* lawfuller
 Than synods are, thou do'st deny, *Totidem verbis* ; so do I) :
 Yet there's a fallacy in this ; For if, by sly *komaosis*,
 Thou would'st sophistically imply Both are unlawful, I deny.

And I (quoth Ralphe) do not doubt
 But bear-baiting may be made out
 In gospel times, as lawful as is Provincial or parochial classis ;
 And that both are so near of kin, And like in all, as well as sin,
 That put 'em in a bag, and shake 'em,
 Your self o' th' sudden would mistake 'em,
 And not know which is which, unless You measure by their wickedness :
 For 'tis not hard t' imagine whether
 O' th' two is worst, tho' I name neither.

Quoth Hudibras, thou offer'st much, But art not able to keep touch.
Mira de lente, as 'tis i' th' adage, *Id est*, to make a leek a cabbage ;
 Thou wilt at best but suck a bull, Or sheer swine, all cry and no wool :
 For what can synods have at all, With bear that's analogical ?
 Or what relation has debating Of church-affairs, with bear-baiting
 A just comparison still is Of things *ejusdem generis*.
 And then what genus rightly doth Include and comprehend them both ?
 If animal, both of us may As justly pass for bears as they :

And swore the world, as he could prove,
Was made of fighting and of love ;

Just so romances are, for what else Is in them all but love and battles ?
O' th' first of these w' have no great matter
To treat of, but a world o' th' latter,

In which to do the injur'd right, We mean, in what concerns just fight.
Certes our authors are to blame, For to make some well-sounding name
A pattern fit for modern knights To copy out in frays and fights,

(Like those that a whole street do raze,

To build a palace in the place ;)

They never care how many others They kill, without regard of mothers,
Or wives, or children, so they can

Make up some fierce dead-doing man,

Compos'd of many ingredient valours,

Just like the manhood of nine tailors.

So a wild Tartar, when he spies A man that's handsome, valiant, wise,
If he can kill him, thinks t' inherit His wit, his beauty, and his spirit ;

As if just so much he enjoy'd As in another is destroy'd :

For when a giant's slain in fight,

And mow'd o'erthwart, or cleft downright,

It is a heavy case, no doubt, A man should have his brains beat out

Because he's tall, and has large bones,

As men kill beavers for their stones.

But as for our part, we shall tell The naked truth of what befel,

And as an equal friend to both

The Knight and Bear, but more to troth,

With neither faction shall take part, But give to each his due desert.

And never coin a formal lie on't,

To make the knight o'ercome the giant.

This being profess'd, we've hopes enough,

And now go on where we left off.

They rode, but authors having not Determin'd whether pace or trot,

(That is to say, whether *tollutation*, As they do term't, or *succussation*),

We leave it, and go on, as now Suppose they did, no matter how :

Yet some from subtle hints have got Mysterious light, it was a trot.

But let that pass : They now begun To spur their living engines on.

For as whipp'd tops and bandy'd balls, The learned hold, are animals ;

So horses they affirm to be Mere engines made by geometry,

And were invented first from engines,

As Indian Britons were from Penguins.

So let them be, and, as I was saying,

They their live engines ply'd, not staying

Until they reached the fatal champain,

Which th' enemy did then encamp on ;

The dire Pharsalian plain, where battle

Was to be wag'd 'twixt puissant cattle,

And fierce auxiliary men That came to aid their brethren ;

Who now began to take the field, As Knight from ridge of steed beheld.

For as our modern wits behold, Mounted a pick back on the old,

Much further off, much further he, Rais'd on his aged beast, could see ;

Yet not sufficient to descry All postures of the enemy :

Wherefore he bids the Squire ride further,
 T' observe their numbers and their order ;
 That when their motions he had known,
 He might know how to fit his own.

Mean while he stopped his willing steed, To fit himself for martial deed.
 Both kinds of metal he prepared, Either to give blows or to ward ;
 Courage and steel, both of great force, Prepar'd for better or for worse.

His death-charg'd pistols he did fit well,
 Drawn out from life-preserving victual.
 These being prim'd, with force he labour'd
 To free's sword from retentive scabbard ;

And after many a painful pluck, From rusty durance, he bail'd tuck.
 Then shook himself, to see that prowess
 In scabbard of his arms sat loose ;

And rais'd upon his desp'rate foot, On stirrup-side he gaz'd about,
 Portending blood, like blazing star, The beacon of approaching war.
 Ralpho rode on with no less speed Than Hugo in the forest did ;
 But far more in returning made : For now the foe he had survey'd,

Rang'd, as to him they did appear,
 With van, main battle, wings, and rear.

I' th' head of all this warlike rabble, Crowdero marched, expert and able.
 Instead of trumpet and of drum, That makes the warrior's stomach come,
 Whose noise whets valour sharp, like beer By thunder turn'd to vinegar ;
 (For if a trumpet sound, or drum beat,
 Who has not a month's mind to combat?)

A squeaking engine he apply'd Unto his neck on north-east side,
 Just where the hangman does dispose,
 To special friends, the knot of noose :
 For 'tis great grace, when statesmen straight
 Dispatch a friend, let others wait.
 His warped ear hung o'er the strings,
 Which was but souse to chitterlings :
 For guts, some write, ere they are sodden,
 Are fit for music, or for pudding :

From whence men borrow every kind Of minstrelsy, by string or wind.
 His gristly beard was long and thick,
 With which he strung his fiddle-stick :

For he to horse-tail scorn'd to owe For what on his own chin did grow.
 Chiron, the four-legg'd bard, had both
 A beard and tail of his own growth ;

And yet by authors 'tis averr'd, He made use only of his beard.
 In Staffordshire, where virtuous worth
 Does raise the minstrelsy, not birth ;
 Where bulls do choose the boldest king,
 And ruler o'er the men of string ;
 (As once in Persia, 'tis said,
 Kings were proclaimed by a horse that neigh'd)

He, bravely venturing at a crown, By chance of war was beaten down,
 And wounded sore : his leg, then broke, Had got a deputy of oak :
 For when a shin in fight is cropp'd,
 The knee with one of timber's propp'd,

Esteemed more honourable than the other,
And takes place, tho' the younger brother.

Next marched to Orsin, famous for Wise conduct and success in war :
A skilful leader, stout, severe, Now marshal to the champion bear.
With truncheon tipp'd with iron head, The warrior to the lists he led ;
With solemn march and stately pace,
But far more grave and solemn face.

Grave as the Emperor of Pegu, Or Spanish potentate Don Diego.
This leader was of knowledge great, Either for charge or for retreat.
He knew when to fall on pell-mell, To fall back and retreat as well.

(So lawyers, left the bear defendant,
And plaintiff dog, should make an end on't,
Do stave and tail with writs of error, Reserve of judgment, and demurer,
To let them breathe a while, and then
Cry Whoop, and set them on again.

As Romulus a wolf did rear, So he was dry-nurs'd by a bear,
That fed him with the purchas'd prey Of many a fierce and bloody fray ;
Bred up, where discipline most rare is, In military Garden-Paris.
For soldiers heretofore did grow In gardens, just as weeds do now ;
Until some splay-foot politicians T' Apollo offer'd up petitions,
For licensing a new invention Th' had found out of an antique engine,
To root out all the weeds that grow In public gardens at a blow,

And leave th' herbs standing. Quoth Sir Sun,
My friends, that is not to be done.
Not done ! quoth statesmen : yes, an't please ye,
When 'tis once known, you'll say 'tis easy.
Why then let's know it, quoth Apollo :
We'll beat a drum, and they'll all follow.
A drum ! (quoth Phœbus), troth that's true,
A pretty invention, quaint and new.

But though of voice and instrument We are th' undoubted president ;
We such loud music do not profess, The devil's master of that office,
Where it must pass, if 't be a drum,
He'll sign it with Cler. Parl. Dom. Com.

To him apply yourselves, and he Will soon dispatch you for his fee.
They did so, but it prov'd so ill, Th' had better let 'em grow there still.
But to resume what we discoursing Were on before, that is, stout Orsin.
That which so oft by sundry writers

Has been apply'd t' almost all fighters,
More justly may b' ascribed to this, Than any other warrior, (*viz.*)
None ever acted both parts bolder, Both of a chieftain and a soldier.
He was of great descent, and high For splendour and antiquity,
And from celestial origin Deriv'd himself in a right line :

Not as the ancient heroes did,
Who, that their base births might be hid ;
(Knowing they were of doubtful gender,
And that they came in at a windore)
Made Jupiter himself, and others
O' th' gods, gallants to their own mothers,
To get on them a race of champions
(Of which old Homer first made lampoons) ;

Arctophylax in northern sphere Was his undoubted ancestor :
 From him his great forefathers came, And in all ages bore his name.
 Learned he was in med'c'nal lore, For by his side a pouch he wore,
 Replete with strange hermetic powder,
 That wounds nine miles point-blank would solder.

By skilful chymist, with great cost, Extracted from a rotten post ;
 But of a heav'nlier influence Than that which mountebanks dispense ;
 Tho' by Promethean fire made, As they do quack that drive that trade :
 For, as when slovens do amiss At others doors, by stool or piss,
 The learned write, a red-hot spit B'ing prudently apply'd to it,
 Will convey mischief from the dung Unto the part that did the wrong :
 So this did healing, and as sure As that did mischief this would cure.
 Thus virtuous Orsin was endu'd With learning, conduct, fortitude,
 Incomparable : And as the prince Of poets, Homer, sung long since,
 A skilful leech is better far Than half a hundred men of war ;
 So he appear'd, and by his skill, No less than dint of sword, could kill.
 The gallant Bruin march'd next him, With visage formidably grim,
 And rugged as a Saracen, Or Turk of Mahomet's own kin ;
 Clad in a mantle delle guerre Of rough impenetrable fur ;
 And in his nose like Indian king, He wore, for ornament, a ring ;
 About his neck a threefold gorget, As rough as trebled leathern target ;
 Armed, as heralds cant, and langued, Or as the vulgar say, sharp-fangued :

 For as the teeth in beasts of prey
 Are swords, with which they fight in fray,
 So swords in men of war are teeth, Which they do eat their victuals with.
 He was by birth, some authors write, A Russian, some a Muscovite,
 And 'mong the Cossacks had been bred, Of whom we in diurnals read,
 That serve to fill up pages here, As with their bodies ditches there.
 Scrimansky was his cousin-german,
 With whom he serv'd, and fed on vermin.
 And when these fail'd, he'd suck his claws,
 And quarter himself upon his paws.
 And tho' his countrymen, the Huns,
 Did stew their meat between their bums ;
 And th' horses backs o'er which they straddle,
 And every man ate up his saddle :

He was not half so nice as they, But ate it raw when't came in's way :
 He had traced countries far and near, More than Le Blanc the traveller ;
 Who writes, he spous'd in India, Of noble house, a lady gay,
 And got on her a race of worthies, As stout as any upon earth is.
 Full many a fight for him between Talgol and Orsin oft had been ;
 Each striving to deserve the crown Of a sav'd citizen ; the one
 To guard his bear, the other fought
 To aid his dog ; both made more stout
 By several spurs of neighbourhood,
 Church-fellow-membership, and blood ;

But Talgol, mortal foe to cows, Never got ought of him but blows ;
 Blows, hard and heavy, such as he Had lent, repaid with usury.
 Yet Talgol was of courage stout, And vanquish'd oft'ner than he fought :
 Inur'd to labour, sweat, and toil, And, like a champion, shone with oil,
 Right many a widow his keen blade, And many fatherless had made.

He many a boar and huge dun cow Did, like another Guy, o'erthrow :
But Guy, with him in fight compar'd, Had like the boar or dun cow far'd.

With greater troops of sheep h' had fought

Than Ajax, or bold Don Quixote ;

And many a serpent of fell kind, With wings before, and stings behind,
Subdu'd, as poets say, long ago

Bold Sir George Saint George did the dragon.

Nor engine, nor device polemic, Disease, nor doctor epidemic,

Though stor'd with deletery med'cines,

(Which who soever took is dead since)

E'er sent so vast a colony To both the under worlds as he ;

For he was of that noble trade, That demi-gods and heroes made,

Slaughter, and knocking on the head,

The trade to which they all were bred ;

And is, like others, glorious when 'Tis great and large, but base if mean.

The former rides in triumph for it ; The latter in a two-wheel'd chariot,

For daring to profane a thing So sacred with vile bungling.

Next these the brave Magnano came, Magnano, great in martial fame :

Yet when with Orsin he wag'd fight 'Tis sung he got but little by 't.

Yet he was fierce as forest boar, Whose spoils upon his back he wore,

As thick as Ajax' seven-fold shield,

Which o'er his brazen arms he held ;

But brass was feeble to resist The fury of his armed fist ;

Nor could the hardest iron hold out

Against his blows, but they would through 't.

In magic he was deeply read, As he that made the Brazen Head ;

Profoundly skilled in the black art, As English Merlin for his heart ;

But far more skilful in the spheres Than he was at the sieve and sheers.

He could transform himself in colour As like the devil as a collier,

As like as hypocrites in show Are to true saints, or crow to crow.

Of warlike engines he was author,

Devis'd for quick dispatch of slaughter :

The cannon, blunderbuss, and saker, He was th' inventor of and maker :

The trumpet and the kettle-drum Did both from his invention come.

He was the first that e'er did teach To make and how to stop a breach,

A lance he bore, with iron pike,

Th' one half would thrust, the other strike ;

And when their forces he had join'd,

He scorn'd to turn his parts behind.

He Trulla lov'd, Trulla more bright

Than burnish'd armour of her knight :

A bold virago, stout and tall, As Joan of France, or English Moll.

Thro' perils both of wind and limb,

Thro' thick and thin she follow'd him,

In every adventure h' undertook, And never him or it forsook.

At breach of wall, or hedge surprise,

She shared i' th' hazard and the prize.

At beating quarters up, or forage,

Behav'd herself with matchless courage.

And laid about in fight more busily,

Than th' Amazonian dame Penthesile.

And though some critics here cry Shame,
 And say our authors are to blame,
 That (spite of all philosophers, Who hold no females stout but bears ;
 And heretofore did so abhor That women should pretend to war,
 They would not suffer the stout'st dame To swear by Hercules's name.)
 Make feeble ladies, in their works, To fight like termagants and Turks ;
 To lay their native arms aside, Their modesty, and ride astride ;
 To run a-tilt at men, and wield Their naked tools in open field ;
 As stout Armida, bold Thalestris,
 And she that would have been the mistress
 Of Gondibert ; but he had grace, And rather took a country lass :
 They say, 'tis false without all sense, But of pernicious consequence
 To government which they suppose Can never be upheld in prose :
 Strip Nature naked to the skin, You'll find about her no such thing.
 It may be so, yet what we tell Of Trulla, that's improbable,
 Shall be deposed by those have seen 't,
 Or, what's as good, produc'd in print ;
 And if they will not take our word, We'll prove it true upon record.
 The upright Cerdon next advanc'd Of all his race the valiant'st ;
 Cerdon the Great, renown'd in song, Like Herc'les, for repair of wrong ;
 He rais'd the low, and fortify'd The weak against the strongest side :
 Ill has he read, that never hit On him, in muses deathless writ.
 He had a weapon keen and fierce,
 That through a bull-hide shield would pierce,
 And cut it in a thousand pieces,
 Tho' tougher than the Knight of Greece his.
 With whom his black-thumb'd ancestor
 Was comerade in the ten years war :
 For when the restless Greeks sat down So many years before Troy town,
 And were renown'd, as Homer writes,
 For well-sol'd boots, no less than fights,
 They ow'd that glory only To His ancestor that made them so.
 Fast friend he was to reformation, Until 'twas worn quite out of fashion ;
 Next rectifier of wry law, And would make three to cure one flaw.
 Learned he was, and could take note,
 Transcribe, collect, translate, and quote.
 But preaching was his chiefest talent,
 Or argument, in which b'ing valiant,
 He us'd to lay about and stickle, Like ram, or bull, at conventicle :
 For disputants, like rams and bulls,
 Do fight with arms that spring from sculls.
 Last Colon came, bold man of war, Destin'd to blows by fatal star ;
 Right expert in command of horse, But cruel, and without remorse.
 That which of Centaur long ago Was said, and has been wrested to
 Some other knights, was true of this, He and his horse were of a piece.
 One spirit did inform them both, The self-same vigour, fury, wrath,
 Yet he was much the rougher part, And always had a harder heart ;
 Although his horse had been of those
 That fed on man's flesh as fame goes,
 Strange food for horse ! and, yet, alas, It may be true, for *flesh is grass*.
 Sturdy he was, and no less able Than Hercules to clean a stable ;

As great a drover, and as great A critic too, in hog or neat.
 He ripp'd the womb up of his mother,
 Dame Tellus, 'cause she wanted fodder
 And provender, wherewith to feed Himself and his less cruel steed.
 It was a question whether he Or's horse were of a family
 More worshipful : 'till antiquaries
 (After th' had almost por'd out their eyes)
 Did very learnedly decide The bus'ness on the horse's side,
 And prov'd not only horse, but cows, Nay pigs, were of the elder house :
 For beasts, when man was but a piece
 Of earth himself, did th' earth possess.
 These worthies were the chief that led The combatants, each in the head
 Of his command, with arms and rage, Ready, and longing to engage.
 The num'rous rabble was drawn out Of sev'ral counties round about,
 From villages remote, and shires, Of east and western hemispheres ;
 From foreign parishes and regions,
 Of different manners, speech, religions,
 Came men and mastiffs ; some to fight
 For fame and honour, some for sight.
 And now the field of death, the lists, Were enter'd by antagonists,
 And blood was ready to be broach'd,
 When Hudibras in haste approach'd,
 With Squire and weapons, to attack 'em :
 But first thus from his horse bespake 'em.
 What rage, O Citizens ! what fury Doth you to these dire actions hurry ?
 What *æstrum*, what phrenetic mood
 Makes you thus lavish of your blood,
 While the proud Vies your trophies boast,
 And unreveng'd walks — ghost ?
 What towns, what garrisons might you With hazard of this blood subdue,
 Which now ye're bent to throw away In vain untriumphable fray ?
 Shall saints, in civil bloodshed wallow
 Of saints, and let the Cause lie fallow ?
 The Cause, for which we fought and swore
 So boldly, shall we now give o'er ?
 Then because quarrels still are seen With oaths and swearings to begin,
 The solemn league and covenant, Will seem a mere God-damn-me rant :
 And we that took it, and have fought,
 As lewd as drunkards that fall out.
 For as we make war for the King, Against himself, the self-same thing,
 Some will not stick to swear we do For God and for religion too ;
 For, if bear-baiting we allow, What good can reformation do ?
 The blood and treasure that's laid out
 Is thrown away, and goes for nought.
 Are these the fruits o' th' protestation, The prototype of reformation,
 Which all the saints, and some, since martyrs,
 Wore in their hats, like wedding-garters,
 When 'twas resolv'd by either House Six members' quarrel to espouse ?
 Did they, for this draw down the rabble,
 With zeal and noises formidable ;
 And make all cries about the town Join throats to cry the bishops down ?

Who, having round begirt the palace,
 (As once a month they do the gallows)
 As members gave the sign about,
 Set up their throats with hideous shout :
 When tinkers bawl'd aloud to settle
 Church-discipline, for patching kettle ;
 No sow-gelder did blow his horn To geld a cat, but cry'd Reform :
 The oyster-women lock'd their fish up,
 And trudg'd away to cry No Bishop :
 The mouse-trap men laid save-alls by,
 And 'gainst ev'l counsellors did cry ;
 Botchers left old cloaths in the lurch,
 And fell to turn and patch the church ;
 Some cry'd the covenant, instead Of pudding-pies and ginger-bread,
 And some for brooms, old boots and shoes,
 Bawl'd out to purge the Common-house :
 Instead of kitchen-stuff, some cry, A gospel-preaching ministry ;
 And some for old suits, coats, or cloak, No surplices nor service-book ;
 A strange harmonious inclination Of all degrees to reformation.
 And is this all ? Is this the end To which these carry'ngs-on did tend ?
 Hath public faith, like a young heir, For this tak'n up all sorts of ware,
 And run int' ev'ry tradesman's book,
 'Till both turn bankrupts, and are broke ?
 Did saints for this bring in their plate,
 And crowd as if they came too late ?
 For when they thought the Cause had need on't,
 Happy was he that could be rid on't.
 Did they coin piss-pots, bowls, and flaggons,
 Int' officers of horse and dragoons ;
 And into pikes and musqueteers Stamp beakers, cups, and porringers ?
 A thimble, bodkin, and a spoon, Did start up living men, as soon
 As in the furnace they were thrown,
 Just like the dragon's teeth, b'ing sown.
 Then was the cause of gold and plate, The brethren's off'rings, consecrate,
 Like th' Hebrew calf, and down before it
 The saints fell prostrate to adore it :
 So say the wicked—and will you Make that sarcasmus scandal true,
 By running after dogs and bears,
 Beasts more unclean than calves or steers ?
 Have pow'rful preachers ply'd their tongues,
 And laid themselves out and their lungs ;
 Us'd all means, both direct and sinister,
 I' th' pow'r of gospel-preaching minister ?
 Have they invented tones to win The women, and make them draw in
 The men, as Indians with a female Tame elephant inveigle the male ?
 Have they told Prov'dence what it must do,
 Whom to avoid, and whom to trust to ?
 Discover'd th' enemy's design, And which way best to countermine ?
 Prescrib'd what ways it hath to work, Or it will ne'er advance the kirk ?
 Told it the news o' th' last express, And after good or bad success,
 Made prayers not so like petitions As overtures and propositions,

(Such as the army did present To their creator, the Parliament),
 In which they freely will confess, They will not, cannot acquiesce,
 Unless the work be carry'd on In the same way they have begun,
 By setting church and common-weal All on a flame bright as their zeal,
 On which the saints were all a-gog, And all this for a bear and dog?

The Parliament drew up petitions
 To 'tself, and sent them, like commissions,

To well-affected persons down, In every city and great town ;
 With power to levy horse and men, Only to bring them back again :
 For this did many, many a mile, Ride manfully in rank and file,
 With papers in their hats that show'd As if they to the pillory rode.
 Have all these courses, these efforts, Been try'd by people of all sorts,
Velis & remis, omnibus nervis, And all t' advance the Cause's service?
 And shall all now be thrown away In petulant intestine fray ?
 Shall we that in the cov'nant swore, Each man of us to run before
 Another, still, in reformation, Give dogs and bears a dispensation ?

How will dissenting brethren relish it ?

What will malignants say ? *videlicet,*

That each man swore to do his best

To damn and perjure all the rest ?

And bid the devil take the hindmost,

Which at this race is like to win most.

They'll say our bus'ness, to reform The church and state, is but a worm ;
 For to subscribe, unsight unseen, T' an unknown church discipline,
 What is it else, but before-hand T' engage, and after understand ?
 For when we swore to carry on The present reformation,
 According to the purest mode Of churches best reformed abroad,
 What did we else but make a vow To do we know not what nor how ?
 For no three of us will agree Where or what churches these should be ;
 And is indeed the self-same case With those that swore *et cæteras* ;

Or the French league, in which men vow'd

To fight to the last drop of blood.

These slanders will be thrown upon The cause and work we carry on,
 If we permit men to run headlong T' exorbitances fit for bedlam ;

Rather than gospel-walking times, ,

When slightest sins are greatest crimes.

But we the matter so shall handle As to remove that odious scandle :
 In name of King and Parliament, I charge ye all, no more foment

This feud, but keep the peace between

Your brethren and your countrymen ;

And to those places straight repair

Where your respective dwellings are.

But to that purpose first surrender The fiddler as the prime offender,
 Th' incendiary vile, that is chief Author and engineer of mischief ;
 That makes division between friends, For profane and malignant ends.
 He and that engine of vile noise, On which illegally he plays,

Shall (*dictum factum*) both he brought

To condign punishment, as they ought.

This must be done, and I would fain see

Mortal so sturdy as to gain-say ;

For then I'll take another course And soon reduce you all by force.

This said, he clapp'd his hand on sword,
To shew he meant to keep his word.

But Talgol, who had long suppress'd
Inflamed wrath in glowing breast,
Which now began to rage and burn as
Implacably as flame in furnace,
Thus answer'd him : Thou vermin wretched
As e'er in measled pork was hatched,

Thou tail of worship, that dost grow On rump of justice as of cow,
How darest thou, with that sullen luggage
O' th' self, old iron, and other baggage,
With which thy steed of bones and leather
Has broke his wind in halting hither ;

How durst th', I say, adventure thus T' oppose thy lumber against us ?
Could thine impertinence find out No work t' employ itself about,
Where thou, secure from wooden blow, Thy busy vanity might'st show ?
Was no dispute a-foot between The caterwauling bretheren ?

No subtle question rais'd among
Those out-o'-their wits, and those i' th' wrong ?
No prize between those combatants
O' th' times, the land and water saints,
Where thou might'st stickle, without hazard
Of outrage to thy hide and mazzard ;

And not for want of bus'ness come To us, to be thus troublesome,
To interrupt our better sort Of disputants, and spoil our sport ?
Was there no felony, no bawd, Cut-purse, nor burglary abroad ?
No stolen pig, nor plunder'd goose, To tie thee up from breaking loose ?

No ale unlicens'd, broken hedge,
For which thou statute might'st alledge,
To keep thee busy from foul evil,
And shame due to thee from the devil ?
Did not committee sit, where he
Might cut out journey-work for thee ?
And set th' a task, with subornation,
To stitch up sale and sequestration,

To cheat with holiness and zeal, All parties and the common-weal ?
Much better had it been for thee,
H' had kept thee where th' art us'd to be ;
Or sent th' on bus'ness any whither,
So he had never brought thee hither.

But if th' hast brain enough in skull To keep itself in lodging whole,
And not provoke the rage of stones And cudgels to thy hide and bones,
Tremble, and vanish, while thou may'st,
Which I'll not promise if thou stay'st.
At this the Knight grew high in wrath,
And lifting hands and eyes up both,
Three times he smote on stomach stout,
From whence at length these words broke out :

Was I for this entitled Sir, And girt with trusty sword and spur,
For fame and honour to wage battle,
Thus to be brav'd by foe to cattle ?

Not all that pride that makes thee swell
 As big as thou dost blown-up veal ;
 Nor all thy tricks and slights to cheat,
 And sell thy carrion for good meat ;
 Not all thy magic to repair Decay'd old age in tough lean ware,
 Make nat'ral death appear thy work,
 And stop the gangrene in stale pork ;
 Not all the force that makes thee proud,
 Because by bullock ne'er withstood ?
 Though arm'd with all thy cleavers, knives,
 And axes, made to hew down lives ;
 Shall save or help thee to evade The hand of Justice, or this blade,
 Which I, her sword-bearer, do carry, For civil deed and military.
 Nor shall these words of venom base,
 Which thou hast from their native place,
 Thy stomach, pump'd to fling on me, Go unreveng'd, though I am free.
 Thou down the same throat shalt devour 'em,
 Like tainted beef, and pay dear for 'em.
 Nor shall it e'er be said, that wight, With gantlet blue, and bases white,
 And round blunt truncheon by his side, So great a man at arms defy'd,
 With words far bitterer than wormwood,
 That would in Job or Grizel stir mood.
 Dogs with their tongues their wounds do heal,
 But men with hands, as thou shalt feel.
 This said, with hasty rage he snatch'd
 His gun-shot, that in holsters watch'd ;
 And, bending cock, he levell'd full Against th' outside of Talgol's skull ;
 Vowing that he should ne'er stir further,
 Nor henceforth cow or bullock murder.
 But Pallas came, in shape of rust,
 And 'twixt the spring and hammer thrust
 Her Gorgon shield, which made the cock
 Stand stiff, as 'twere transform'd to stock.
 Mean while fierce Talgol, gath'ring might,
 With rugged truncheon, charg'd the Knight ;
 But he, with petronel upheav'd, Instead of shield, the blow receiv'd.
 The gun recoil'd, as well it might, Not us'd to such a kind of fight,
 And shrunk from its great master's gripe,
 Knock'd down and stunn'd with mortal stripe.
 Then Hudibras, with furious haste, Drew out his sword ; yet not so fast,
 But Talgol first, with hardy thwack,
 Twice bruis'd his head, and twice his back,
 But when his nut-brown sword was out,
 With stomach huge he laid about,
 Imprinting many a wound upon His mortal foe, the truncheon.
 The trusty cudgel did oppose Itself against dead-doing blows,
 To guard its leader from fell bane, And then reveng'd itself again.
 And tho' the sword (some understood)
 In force had much the odds of wood,
 'Twas nothing so ; both sides were balanc'd
 So equal, none knew which was valiant'st :

For wood, with Honour b'ing engag'd, Is so implacably enrag'd
 Though iron hew and mangle sore,
 Wood wounds and bruises honour more.
 And now both Knights were out of breath,
 Tir'd in the hot pursuit of death ;
 Whilst all the rest amaz'd stood still,
 Expecting which should take, or kill.
 This Hudibras observ'd ; and fretting,
 Conquest should be so long a getting,

He drew up all his forces into One body, and that into one blow.
 But Talgol wisely avoided it By cunning slight ; for had it hit
 The upper part of him, the blow Had slit, as sure as that below.

Mean while th' incomparable Colon,
 To aid his friend began to fall on ;
 Him Ralph encounter'd, and straight grew
 A dismal combat 'twixt them two :
 Th' one arm'd with metal, th' other with wood,
 This fit for bruise, and that for blood.
 With many a stiff thwack, many a bang,
 Hard crab-tree and old iron rang ;
 While none that saw them could divine
 To which side conquest would incline ;

Until Magnano, who did envy That two should with so many men vie,
 By subtle stratagem of brain Perform'd what force could ne'er attain ;

For he, by foul hap, having found
 Where thistles grew, on barren ground,
 In haste he drew his weapon out,
 And having cropp'd them from the root,
 He clapp'd them underneath the tail
 Of steed, with pricks as sharp as nail.

The angry beast did straight resent The wrong done to his fundament,
 Began to kick, and fling, and wince, As if h' had been beside his sense,
 Striving to disengage from thistle,

That gaul'd him sorely under his tail ;
 Instead of which he threw the pack
 Of Squire and baggage from his back
 And blund'ring still, with smarting rump,
 He gave the Knight's steed such a thump
 As made him reel. The Knight did stoop,
 And sat on further side aslope.

This Talgol viewing, who had now By flight escap'd the fatal blow,
 He rally'd, and again fell to't : For catching foe by nearer foot,

He lifted with such might and strength,
 As would have hurl'd him thrice his length,

And dash'd his brains (if any) out : But Mars, who still protects the stout,
 In pudding-time came to his aid, And under him the Bear convey'd ;

The Bear, upon whose soft fur-gown
 The Knight with all his weight fell down.

The friendly rug preserv'd the ground,
 And headlong Knight, from bruise or wound :

Like feather-bed betwixt a wall And heavy brunt of cannon-ball.

As Sancho on a blanket fell, And had no hurt, ours far'd as well
In body, though his mighty spirit, B'ing heavy, did not so well bear it.

The Bear was in a greater fright,
Beat down, and worsted by the Knight.
He roar'd, and rag'd, and flung about,
To shake off bondage from his snout.
His wrath inflam'd boil'd o'er, and from
His jaws of death he threw the foam ;
Fury in stranger postures threw him,
And more than ever herald drew him :
He tore the earth, which he had sav'd
From squelch of Knight, and storm'd and rav'd,
And vex'd the more, because the harms
He felt were 'gainst the law of arms :

For men he always took to be His friends, and dogs the enemy ;
Who never so much hurt had done him,
As his own side did falling on him :
It griev'd him to the guts, that they,
For whom h' had fought so many a fray,
And serv'd with loss of blood so long,
Should offer such inhuman wrong ;
Wrong of unsoldier-like condition,
For which he flung down his commission,
And laid about him, till his nose
From thrall of ring of cord broke loose.
Soon as he felt himself enlarg'd,
Through thickest of his foes he charg'd,
And made way through th' amazed crew,
Some he o'er-ran, and some o'erthrew,
But took none ; for, by hasty flight,
He strove t' escape pursuit of Knight,
From whom he fled with as much haste
And dread, as he the rabble chas'd ;

In haste he fled, and so did they, Each and his fear a sev'ral way.
Crowdery only kept the field, Not stirring from the place he held,
Though beaten down and wounded sore,
I th' fiddle, and a leg that bore
One side of him, not that of bone,
But much it's better, th' wooden one.

He spying Hudibras lie strew'd Upon the ground, like log of wood,
With fright of fall, supposed wound, And loss of urine, in a swoond,
In haste he snatch'd the wooden limb
That, hurt in th' ancle, lay by him,
And fitting it for sudden fight,

Straight drew it up, t' attack the Knight ;
For getting up on stump and huckle, He with the foe began to buckle,
Vowing to be reveng'd for breach Of crowd and skin upon the wretch,
Sole author of all detriment He and his fiddle underwent.
But Ralpho (who had now begun T' adventure resurrection
From heavy squelch, and had got up
Upon his legs, with sprained crup),

Looking about, beheld pernicious
 Approaching Knight from fell musician,
 He snatch'd his whinyard up, that fled
 When he was falling off his steed
 (As rats do from a falling house), To hide itself from rage of blows ;
 And, wing'd with speed and fury, flew
 To rescue Knight from black and blue.
 Which ere he could atchieve, his sconce
 The leg encounter'd twice and once :
 And now 'twas rais'd to smite again,
 When Ralpho thrust himself between.
 He took the blow upon his arm,
 To shield the Knight from further harm ;
 And, joining wrath with force, bestow'd
 On th' wooden member such a load,
 That down it fell, and with it bore Crowdero, whom it propp'd before.
 To him the Squire right nimbly run, And setting conqu'ring foot upon
 His trunk, thus spoke : What desp'rate frenzy
 Made thee (thou whelp of sin) to fancy
 Thyself, and all that coward rabble, T' encounter us in battle able !
 How durst th', I say, oppose thy curship
 'Gainst arms, authority, and worship,
 And Hudibras or me provoke, Though all thy limbs were heart of oak,
 And th' other half of thee as good To bear out blows as that of wood ?
 Could not the whipping-post prevail With all its rhet'ric, nor the jail,
 To keep from flaying scourge thy skin, And ancle free from iron gin ?
 Which now thou shalt—but first our care
 Must see how Hudibras does fare.
 This said, he gently rais'd the Knight, And set him on his bum upright :
 To rouse him from lethargic dump,
 He tweak'd his nose, with gentle thump,
 Knock'd on his breast, as if't had been
 To raise the spirits lodg'd within.
 They, waken'd with the noise, did fly, From inward room to window eye,
 And gently op'ning lid, the casement,
 Look'd out, but yet with some amazement.
 This gladdened Ralpho much to see,
 Who thus bespoke the Knight : Quoth he,
 Tweaking his nose, You are, Great Sir, A self-denying conqueror ;
 As high, victorious, and great, As e'er fought for the churches yet,
 If you will give yourself but leave To make out what y' already have ;
 That's victory. The foe, for dread Of your nine-worthiness, is fled,
 All, save Crowdero, for whose sake
 You did th' espous'd Cause undertake :
 And he lies pris'n'r at your feet, To be dispos'd as you think meet,
 Either for life, or death, or sale, The gallows, or perpetual jail :
 For one wink of your powerful eye Must sentence him to live or die.
 (His fiddle is your proper purchase,
 Won in the service of the churches ;
 And by your doom must be allow'd To be, or be no more, a *crowd*.
 For though success did not confer Just title on the conqueror ;

Though dispensations were not strong
 Conclusions, whether right or wrong ;
 Although out-goings did confirm, And owning were but a meer term,
 Yet as the wicked have no right
 To th' creature, though usurp'd by might,
 The property is in the saint, From whom th' injuriously detain 't ;
 Of him they held their luxuries,
 Their dogs, their horses, whores, and dice,
 Their riots, revels, masks, delights, Pimps, buffoons, fiddlers, parasites ;
 All which the saints have title to, And ought t' enjoy, if th' had their due.
 What we take from them is no more
 Than what was our's by right before :
 For we are their true landlords still, And they our tenants but at will.
 At this the Knight began to rouse, And by degrees grew valorous.
 He star'd about, and seeing none Of all his foes remain, but one,
 He snatch'd his weapon that lay near him,
 And from the ground began to rear him ;
 Vowing to make Crowdero pay For all the rest that ran away.
 But Ralpho now, in colder blood, His fury mildly thus withstood :
 Great Sir, quoth he, your mighty spirit
 Is rais'd too high : this slave does merit
 To be the hangman's business sooner
 Than from your hand to have the honour
 Of his destruction : I that am A nothingness in deed and name,
 Did scorn to hurt his forfeit carcase, Or ill intreat his fiddle or case :
 Will you, Great Sir, that glory blot
 In cold blood, which you gain'd in hot ?
 Will you employ your conqu'ring sword
 To break a fiddle, and your word ?
 For though I fought, and overcame,
 And quarter gave, 'twas in your name.
 For great commanders always own
 What's prosperous by the soldier done.
 To save, where you have power to kill,
 Argues your power above your will ;
 And that your will and power have less
 Than both might have of selfishness.
 This power, which now alive, with dread He trembles at, if he were dead,
 Would no more keep the slave in awe,
 Than if you were a knight of straw :
 For Death would then be his conqueror,
 Not you, and free him from that terror.
 If danger from his life accrue, Or honour from his death, to you,
 'Twere policy and honour too, To do as you resolv'd to do :
 But, Sir, 'twou'd wrong your valour much,
 To say it needs or fears a crutch.
 Great conquerors greater glory gain By foes in triumph led than slain :
 The laurels that adorn their brows
 Are pull'd from living, not dead boughs :
 And living foes, the greatest fame Of cripple slain can be but lame.
 One half of him's already slain, The other is not worth your pain ;

Th' honour can but on one side light,
 As worship did, when y' were dubb'd Knight.
 Wherefore I think it better far, To keep him prisoner of war ;
 And let him fast in bonds abide At court of justice to be try'd ;
 Where if he appear so bold or crafty, There may be danger in his safety ;
 If any member there dislike His face, or to his beard have pique ;
 Or if his death will save or yield Revenge or fright, it is reveal'd ;
 Though he has quarter, ne'ertheless,
 Y' have power to hang him when you please ;
 This has been often done by some
 Of our great conquerors, you know whom ;
 And has by most of us been held Wise justice, and to some reveal'd.
 (For words and promises, that yoke The conqueror are quickly broke ;
 Like Samson's cuffs, though by his own Direction and advice put on.
 For if we should fight for the Cause By rules of military laws,
 And only do what they call just, The Cause would quickly fall to dust.
 This we among ourselves may speak, But to the wicked or the weak,
 We must be cautious to declare Perfection truths, such as these are.
 This said, the high outrageous mettle Of Knight began to cool and settle.
 He lik'd the Squire's advice, and soon Resolv'd to see the business done :
 And therefore charged him first to bind Crowdero's hands on rump behind,
 And to its former place and use The wooden member to reduce :
 But force it take an oath before, Ne'er to bear arms against him more,
 Ralpho dispatch'd with speedy haste, And having ty'd Crowdero fast,
 He gave Sir Knight the end of cord, To lead the captive of his sword
 In triumph, whilst the steeds he caught,
 And them to further service brought.
 The Squire in state rode on before,
 And on his nut-brown whinyard bore
 The trophy-fiddle and the case, Leaning on shoulder like a mace.
 The Knight himself did after ride, Leading Crowdero by his side ;
 And tow'd him, if he lagg'd behind Like boat against the tide and wind.
 Thus grave and solemn they march on,
 Until quite thro' the town th' had gone ;
 At further end of which there stands An ancient castle that commands
 Th' adjacent parts ; in all the fabric
 You shall not see one stone nor a brick,
 But all of wood, by powerful spell Of magic made impregnable ;
 There's neither iron-bar nor gate, Portcullis, chain, nor bolt, nor grate,
 And yet men durance there abide, In dungeon scarce three inches wide,
 With roof so low, that under it They never stand, but lie or sit ;
 And yet so foul, that whoso is in, Is to the middle-leg in prison ;
 In circle magical confin'd With walls of subtile air and wind,
 Which none are able to break thorough,
 Until they're freed by head of borough.
 Thither arriv'd, th' advent'rous Knight
 And bold Squire from their steeds alight,
 At th' outward wall, near which there stands
 A bastile, built t' imprison hands ;
 By strange enchantment made to fetter
 The lesser parts, and free the greater :

For though the body may creep through
 The hands in grate are fast enough.
 And when a circle 'bout the wrist Is made by beadle exorcist,
 The body feels the spur and switch, As if 'twere ridden post by witch,
 At twenty miles an hour pace, And yet ne'er stirs out of the place.
 On top of this there is a spire,
 On which Sir Knight first bids the Squire,
 The fiddle, and its spoils, the case, In manner of a trophy place.
 That done, they ope the trap-door gate,
 And let Crowdero down thereat,
 Crowdero making doleful face, Like hermit poor in pensive place,
 To dungeon they the wretch commit, And the survivor of his feet :
 But th' other that had broke the peace,
 And head of knighthood, they release,
 Though a delinquent false and forged,
 Yet b'ing a stranger, he's enlarged ;
 While his comrade, that did no hurt, Is clapp'd up fast in prison for't.
 So Justice, while she winks at crimes,
 Stumbles on innocence sometimes.

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CANTO III. — ARGUMENT.

|                                                                                                                             |                                                                                                                           |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| The scattered rout return and rally,<br>And is made pris'ner : then they seize<br>Crowdero, and put the Squire in's place ; | Surround the place ; the Knight does sally,<br>Th' enchanted fort by storm, release<br>I should have first said Hudibras. |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

AY me ! what perils do environ The man that meddles with cold iron ;  
 What plaguy mischiefs and mishaps Do dog him still with after claps !  
     For though Dame Fortune seem to smile,  
     And leer upon him for a while,  
 She'll after shew him, in the nick                    Of all his glories, a dog-trick.  
 This any man may sing or say,                    I' th' ditty call'd, *What if a day ?*  
 For Hudibras, who thought h' had won                    The field, as certain as a gun,  
 And having routed the whole troop,                    With victory was cock-a-hoop,  
     Thinking h' had done enough to purchase  
     Thanksgiving-day among the churches,  
 Wherein his mettle and brave worth Might be explain'd by holder-forth,  
 And register'd by Fame eternal,                    In deathless pages of diurnal,  
 Found in few minutes, to his cost, He did but count without his host ;  
     And that a turn-stile is more certain,  
     Than, in events of war, Dame Fortune.  
     For now the late faint-hearted rout,  
     O'erthrown and scattered round about,  
 Chac'd by the horror of their fear, From bloody fray of Knight and Bear,  
 (All but the dogs, who in pursuit                    Of the Knight's victory stood to't,  
 And most ignobly fought, to get                    The honour of his blood and sweat)  
 Seeing the coast was free and clear O' the conquer'd and the conqueror,  
 Took heart again and fac'd about,                    As if they meant to stand it out :  
 For by this time the routed bear,                    Attack'd by th' enemy i' th' rear,  
 Finding their number grew too great                    For him to make a safe retreat,



Like a bold chieftain fac'd about ; But wisely doubting to hold out,  
     Gave way to fortune, and with haste  
     Fac'd the proud foe, and fled, and fac'd ;  
 Retiring still, until he found H' had got th' advantage of the ground,  
 And then as valiantly made head, To check the foe and forthwith fled ;  
 Leaving no art untry'd nor trick Of warrior stout and politic ;  
 Until in spite of hot pursuit, He gain'd a pass, to hold dispute  
     On better terms, and stop the course  
     Of the proud foe. With all his force  
 He bravely charged and for a while Forc'd their whole body to recoil :  
 But still their number so increas'd He found himself at length oppress'd,  
 And all evasions so uncertain, To save himself for better fortune,  
 That he resolv'd rather than yield, To die with honour in the field,  
 And sell his hide and carcase at A price as high and desperate  
 As e'er he could. This resolution He forthwith put in execution  
 And bravely threw himself among The enemy i' th' greatest throng,  
 But what could single valour do Against so numerous a foe ?  
     Yet much he did, indeed too much  
     To be believ'd where th' odds were such.  
 But one against a multitude Is more than mortal can make good.  
 For while one party he oppos'd, His rear was suddenly inclos'd ;  
 And no room left him for retreat, Or fight against a foe so great.  
     For now the mastiffs charging home,  
     To blows and handy-gripes were come :  
 While manfully himself he bore, And setting his right foot before,  
 He rais'd himself to shew how tall His person was above them all.  
     This equal shame and envy stirr'd  
     In th' enemy that one should beard  
 So many warriors, and so stout, As he had done, and stav'd it out,  
 Disdaining to lay down his arms, And yield on honourable terms.  
 Enraged thus, some in the rear Attack'd him and some every-where,  
 Till down he fell ; yet falling fought, And being down, still laid about ;  
 As Widdrington, in doleful dumps, Is said to fight upon his stumps.  
     But all, alas ! had been in vain, And he inevitably slain,  
 If Trulla and Cerdon in the nick, To rescue him had not been quick ;  
     For Trulla who was light of foot,  
     As shafts which long-field Parthians shoot,  
 (But not so light as to be borne Upon the ears of standing corn,  
     Or trip it o'er the water quicker  
     Than witches, when their staves they liquor.  
 As some report) was got among The foremost of the martial throng :  
     There pitying the vanquish'd Bear,  
     She call'd to Cerdon, who stood near,  
     Viewing the bloody fight ; to whom,  
     Shall we (quoth she) stand still hum-drum,  
 And see stout Bruin, all alone, By numbers basely overthrown ?  
 Such feats already h' has achiev'd, In story not to be believed ;  
 And 'twould to us be shame enough, Not to attempt to fetch him off.  
     I would (quoth he) venture a limb  
     To second thee, and rescue him :  
 But then we must about it straight, Or else our aid will come too late ?



Quarter he scorns, he is so stout, And therefore cannot long hold out.  
 This said, they wav'd their weapons round  
 About their heads, to clear the ground ;  
 And, joining forces, laid about, So fiercely, that th' amazed rout  
 Turn'd tail again, and straight begun, As if the devil drove, to run.  
 Meanwhile th' approach'd the place where Bruin  
 Was now engag'd to mortal ruin :  
 The conqu'ring foe they soon assail'd,  
 First Trulla stav'd and Cerdon tail'd,  
 Until their mastiffs loosed their hold : And yet, alas ! do what they could,  
 The worsted Bear came off with store  
 Of bloody wounds, but all before :  
 For as Achilles, dipp'd in pond, Was anabaptiz'd free from wound,  
 Made proof against dead-doing steel All over but the Pagan heel :  
 So did our champion's arms defend All of him, but the other end :  
 His head and ears, which in the martial  
 Encounter, lost a leathern parcel :  
 For as an Austrian Archduke once Had one ear (which in ducatoons  
 Is half the coin) in battle par'd Close to his head ; so Bruin far'd :  
 But tugg'd and pull'd on t'other side, Like scriv'ner newly crucify'd ;  
 Or like the late corrected leathern Ears of the circumcised brethren.  
 But gentle Trulla, into th' ring He wore in's nose, convey'd a string,  
 With which she march'd before, and led, The warrior to a grassy bed,  
 As authors write, in a cool shade Which eglantine and roses made,  
 Close by a softly murmur'ing stream  
 Where lovers us'd to loll and dream.  
 There leaving him to his repose, Secured from pursuit of foes  
 And wanting nothing but a song, And a well-tun'd theorbo hung  
 Upon a bow to ease the pain His tugg'd ears suffer'd, with a strain,  
 They both drew up th' march in quest Of his great leader, and the rest.  
 For Orsin (who was more renown'd For stout maintaining of his ground  
 In standing fight, than for pursuit As being not so quick of foot)  
 Was not long able to keep pace With others that pursu'd the chase ;  
 But found himself left far behind, Both out of heart and out of wind ;  
 Griev'd to behold his Bear pursu'd So basely by a multitude ;  
 And like to fall, not by the prowess But number of his coward foes.  
 He rag'd, and kept as heavy a coil as Stout Hercules for loss of Hylas,  
 Forcing the vallies to repeat The accents of his sad regret.  
 He beat his breast, and tore his hair For loss of his dear crony Bear :  
 That Echo, from the hollow ground, His doleful wailings did resound,  
 More wistfully, by many times, Than in small poets splay-foot rhymes,  
 That make her, in their ruthless stories, To answer to interr'gatories,  
 And most unconscionably depose  
 To things of which she nothing knows ;  
 And when she has said all she can say, 'Tis wrested to the lover's fancy.  
 Quoth he, O whither, wicked Bruin Art thou fled to my—Echo, Ruin ?  
 I thought th' hadst scorned to budge a step,  
 For fear. (Quoth Echo) Marry guelp.  
 Am not I here to take thy part ?  
 Then what has quail'd thy stubborn heart ?  
 Have these bones rattled, and this head So often in thy quarrel bled ?

Nor did I ever wince or grudge it,  
 For thy dear sake. (Quoth she) Mum-budget.  
 Think'st thou 'twill not be laid i' th' dish  
 Thou turn'dst thy back? Quoth Echo, Pish.  
 To run from those th' hadst overcome  
 Thus cowardly? Quoth Echo, Mum,

But what a vengeance makes thee fly From me too, as thine enemy?  
 Or if thou hast no thought of me, Nor what I have endur'd for thee,  
 Yet shame and honour might prevail To keep thee thus from turning tail:

For who would grudge to spend his blood in  
 His Honour's cause? Quoth she, A puddin.  
 This said, his grief to anger turn'd,  
 Which in his manly stomach burn'd;

Thirst of revenge, and wrath, in place Of sorrow, now began to blaze.  
 He vow'd the authors of his woe Should equal vengeance undergo;  
 And with their bones and flesh pay dear  
 For what he suffer'd, and his Bear.

This b'ing resolved, with equal speed And rage he hasted to proceed  
 To action straight, and giving o'er To search for Bruin any more,  
 He went in quest of Hudibras, To find him out where-e'er he was;  
 And, if he were above ground, vow'd  
 He'd ferret him, lurk where he would.

But scarce had he a furlong on This resolute adventure gone,  
 When he encounter'd with that crew Whom Hudibras did late subdue.  
 Honour, revenge, contempt, and shame  
 Did equally their breasts inflame.

'Mong these the fierce Magnano was, And Talgol, foe to Hudibras,  
 Cerdon and Colon, warriors stout And resolute as ever fought;  
 Whom furious Orsin thus bespoke:  
 Shall we (quoth he) thus basely brook

The vile affront that paultry ass, And feeble scoundrel, Hudibras,  
 With that more paultry ragamuffin, Ralpho, with vapouring, and huffing.  
 Have put upon us, like tame cattle, As if th' had routed us in battle?  
 For my part, it shall ne'er be said, I for the washing gave my head;  
 Nor did I turn my back for fear O' th' rascals, but loss of my Bear,  
 Which now I'm like to undergo; For whether these fell wounds, or no,  
 He has received in fight, are mortal,  
 Is more than all my skill can foretel;

Nor do I know what is become Of him more than the Pope of Rome.  
 But if I can but find them out That caus'd it (as I shall no doubt,  
 Where-e'er th' in higger-mugger lurk)  
 I'll make them rue their handy-work,

And with that they had rather dar'd, To pull the devil by the beard.  
 Quoth Cerdon, Noble Orsin, th' hast Great reason to do as thou say'st,  
 And so has ev'rybody here, As well as thou hast, or thy Bear:  
 Others may do as they see good, But if this twig be made of wood  
 That will hold tack, I'll make the fur Fly 'bout the ears of that old cur,  
 And t' other mongrel vermin, Ralph, That brav'd us all in his behalf.

Thy Bear is safe, and out of peril,  
 Though lugg'd indeed, and wounded very ill;  
 Myself and Trullia made a shift To help him out at a dead lift;

And having brought him bravely off,  
 Have left him where he's safe enough :  
 There let him rest ; for if we stay,      The slaves may hap to get away.  
 This said, they all engag'd to join      Their forces in the same design ;  
     And forthwith put themselves, in search  
     Of Hudibras, upon their march.  
 Where leave we them awhile to tell      What the victorious Knight befell :  
 For such, Crowdero being fast      In dungeon shut, we left him last.  
 Triumphant laurels seem'd to grow      No where so green as on his brow ;  
 Laden with which, as well as tir'd      With conquering toil, he now retir'd  
 Unto a neighbouring castle by,      To rest his body, and apply  
     Fit med'cines to each glorious bruise  
     He got in fight, reds, blacks, and blues,  
 To mollify th' uneasy pang      Of every honourable bang,  
     Which b'ing by skilful midwife dress'd,  
     He laid him down to take his rest.  
 But all in vain. H' had got a hurt      O' the inside of a deadlier sort,  
 By Cupid made, who took his stand      Upon a widow's jointure land,  
     (For he, in all his am'rous battles  
     No 'dvantage finds like goods and chattels)  
 Drew home his bow, and, aiming right,      Let fly an arrow at the Knight ;  
 The shaft against a rib did glance,      And gall him in the purtenance ;  
     But time had somewhat 'swag'd his pain,  
     After he found his suit in vain :  
 For that proud dame, for whom his soul      Was burnt in 's belly like a coal,  
 (That belly that so soft did ake,      And suffer griping for her sake,  
     Till purging comforts, and ants eggs,  
     Had almost brought him off his legs)  
     Us'd him so like a base rascallion,  
     That old Pyg—(what d'y'call him)—malion,  
 That cut his mistress out of stone,      Had not so hard a hearted one.  
     She had a thousand jadish tricks,  
     Worse than a mule that flings and kicks ;  
     'Mong which one cross-grain'd freak she had,  
     As insolent as strange and mad,  
 She could love none but only such      As scorn'd and hated her as much.  
 'Twas a strange riddle of a lady,      Not love, if any lov'd her—Hey-day !  
 So cowards never use their might,      But against such as will not fight ;  
 So some diseases have been found      Only to seize upon the sound :  
     He that gets her by heart must say her  
     The back way, like a witch's prayer.  
     Meanwhile the Knight had no small task  
     To compass what he durst not ask :  
 He loves, but dares not make the motion ;      Her ignorance is his devotion :  
 Like caitiff vile, that for misdeed      Rides with his face to rump of steed ;  
 Or rowing scull, he's fain to love,      Look one way, and another move ;  
 Or like a tumbler that does play      His game, and looks another way,  
 Until he seize upon the coney ;      Just so does he by matrimony.  
 But all in vain ; her subtle snout      Did quickly wind his meaning out,  
     Which she return'd with too much scorn,  
     To be by man of honour borne ;



Yet much he bore, until the distress  
 He suffer'd from his spiteful mistress  
 Did stir his stomach and the pain      He had endur'd from her disdain,  
 Turn'd to regret, so resolute,      That he resolv'd to waive his suit,  
 And either to renounce her quite,      Or for a while play least in sight.  
     This resolution b'ing put on,  
     He kept some months, and more had done ;  
 But being brought so nigh by Fate,      The victory he atchieved so late  
 Did set his thoughts agog, and ope      A door to discontinu'd hope,  
     That seem'd to promise he might win  
     His dame too now his hand was in ;  
     And that his valour, and the honour  
     H' had newly gain'd, might work upon her.  
     These reasons made his mouth to water  
     With am'rous longings to be at her.  
 Quoth he, unto himself, who knows, But this brave conquest o'er my foes  
     May reach her heart, and make that stoop  
     As I but now have forced the troop ?  
 If nothing can oppugn love,      And virtue invious ways can prove,  
 What may not he confide to do      That brings both love and virtue too ?  
 But thou bring'st valour too and wit,      Two things that seldom fail to hit,  
 Valour's a mouse-trap, wit a gin,      Which women oft are taken in.  
 Then Hudibras, why should'st thou fear      To be, that art a conqueror ?  
 Fortune th' audacious doth *juvare*,      But lets the timidous miscarry.  
 Then while the honour thou hast got,      Is spick and span new, piping hot,  
     Strike her up bravely, thou had'st best,  
     And trust thy fortune with the rest.  
     Such thoughts as these the Knight did keep  
     More than his bangs, or fleas, from sleep :  
 And as an owl that in a barn      Sees a mouse creeping in the corn,  
 Sits still, and shuts his round blue eyes      As if he slept until he spies  
 The little beaſt within his reach,      Then starts and seizes on the wretch ;  
     So from his couch the Knight did start,  
     To seize upon the widow's heart,  
     Crying with hasty tone, and hoarse,  
     Ralpho, Dispatch, To horse, to horse.  
 And 'twas but time ; for now the rout,      We left engag'd to seek him out,  
 By speedy marches were advanc'd      Up to the fort where he ensconc'd ;  
 And all the avenues had possessed      About the place, from east to west.  
     That done, a while they made a halt,  
     To view the ground, and where t' assault.  
 Then call'd a council, which was best,      By siege or onslaught, to invest  
 The enemy ; and 'twas agreed,      By storm and onslaught, to proceed.  
 This b'ing resolv'd in comely sort      They now drew up t' attack the fort ;  
 When Hudibras, about to enter      Upon another-gates adventure,  
 To Ralpho, call'd aloud to arm,      Not dreaming of approaching storm.  
 Whether Dame Fortune, or the care      Of angels bad or tutelar,  
     Did arm, or thrust him on to danger,  
     To which he was an utter stranger ;  
 That foresight might, or might not blot      The glory he had newly got ;  
 Or to his shame it might be said      They took him napping in his bed :



To them we leave it to expound,      That deal in sciences profound.  
 His courser scarce he had bestrid,      And Ralpho that on which he rid,  
 When setting ope the postern gate,      Which they thought best to sally at,  
     The foe appear'd, drawn up and drill'd,  
     Ready to charge them in the field.  
 This somewhat startled the bold Knight,  
 Surpriz'd with th' unexpected sight :

The bruises of his bones and flesh      He thought began to smart afresh ;  
 Till recollecting wonted courage      His fear was soon converted to rage,  
 And thus he spoke : The coward foe      Whom we but now gave quarter to,  
 Look, yonder's rally'd, and appears,      As if they had out-run their fears ;  
 The glory we did lately get,      The Fates command us to repeat ;  
 And to their wills we must succumb,      *Quocunque trahunt*, 'tis our doom.  
 This is the same numeric crew      Which we so lately did subdue ;  
 The self same individuals that      Did run, as mice do, from a cat,  
 When we courageously did wield      Our martial weapons in the field,  
 To tug for victory, and when      We shall our shining blades again  
     Brandish in terror over our heads,  
     They'll straight resume their wonted dreads :

(Fear is an ague that forsakes      And haunts by fits those whom it takes :  
 And they'll opine they feel the pain      And blows they felt to day again.  
 Then let us boldly charge them home,  
 And make no doubt to overcome.

This said, his courage to inflame,      He call'd upon his mistress' name.  
 His pistol next he cock'd a-new,      And out his nut-brown whinyard drew :  
 And, placing Ralpho in the front,      Reserv'd himself to bear the brunt,  
 As expert warriors use ; then ply'd      With iron heel his courser's side,  
 Conveying sympathetic speed      From heel of Knight to heel of steed.

Mean while the foe, with equal rage      And speed, advancing to engage  
 Both parties now were drawn so close,      Almost to come to handy-blows ;  
 When Orsin first let fly a stone      At Ralpho ; not so huge a one  
 As that which Diomed did maul      Æneas on the bum withal ;  
 Yet big enough, if rightly hurl'd,      T' have sent him to another world,  
     Whether above-ground, or below,  
     Which saints twice dipp'd are destin'd to.  
 The danger startled the bold Squire,  
 And made him some few steps retire.

But Hudibras advanc'd to's aid,      And rous'd his spirits half dismay'd :  
 He wisely doubting left the shot      Of th' enemy, now growing hot,  
     Might at a distance gall, press'd close,  
     To come pell-mell to handy blows,

And that he might their aim decline,      Advanc'd still in an oblique line ;  
 But prudently forbore to fire,      Till breast to breast he had got nigher ;  
     As expert warriors use to do,  
     When hand to hand they charge their foe.

This order the advent'rous Knight,      Most soldier-like, observ'd in fight,  
     When Fortune (as she's wont) turn'd fickle,  
     And for the foe began to stickle.

The more shame for her goodyship      To give so near a friend the slip.  
 For Colon, chusing out a stone,      Levell'd so right, it thump'd upon  
 His manly paunch with such a force,      As almost beat him off his horse.

He loos'd his whinyard and the rein,  
 But laying fast hold on the mane,  
 Preserv'd his seat : And as a goose In death contracts her talons close,  
 So did the Knight, and with one claw      The tricker of his pistol draw.  
 The gun went off ; and, as it was      Still fatal to stout Hudibras,  
 In all his feats of arms, when least      He dreamt of it, to prosper best ;  
 So now he far'd : The shot, let fly      At random 'mong the enemy,  
     Pierc'd Talgol's gaberdine, and grazing  
     Upon his shoulder, in the passing,  
     Lodg'd in Magnano's brass habergeon,  
     Who straight *A surgeon cry'd, a surgeon :*  
 He tumbled down, and, as he fell,      Did *Murder, murder, murder* yell.  
 This startled their whole body so,      That if the Knight had not let go  
     His arms, but been in warlike plight,  
     H' had won (the second time) the fight.  
 As, if the Squire had but fall'n on,      He had inevitably done.  
 But he, diverted with the care      Of Hudibras his hurt, forbare  
     To press th' advantage of his fortune,  
     While danger did the rest dishearten.  
 For he with Cerdon b'ing engag'd In close encounter, they both wag'd  
 The fight so well, 'twas hard to say Which side was like to get the day.  
     And now the busy work of death  
     Had tir'd them so they agreed to breathe,  
 Preparing to renew the fight      When the disaster of the Knight  
 And t'other party did divert      Their fell intent, and forc'd them part.  
 Ralpho press'd up to Hudibras,      And Cerdon where Magnano was,  
     Each striving to confirm his party  
     With stout encouragements and hearty.  
 Quoth Ralpho, Courage, valiant Sir, And let revenge and honour stir,  
 Your spirits up ; once more fall on,      The shatter'd foe begins to run :  
 For if but half so well you knew      To use your victory as subdue,  
 They durst not, after such a blow As you have given them, face us now ;  
     But from so formidable a soldier  
     Had fled like crows when they smell powder :  
     Thrice have they seen your sword aloft  
     Wav'd o'er their heads, and fled as oft.  
 But if you let them recollect      Their spirits, now dismay'd and check'd,  
 You'll have a harder game to play Than yet y' have had to get the day.  
     Thus spoke the stout Squire, but was heard  
     By Hudibras with small regard :  
     His thoughts were fuller of the bang  
     He lately took, than Ralph's harangue.  
 To which he answer'd, Cruel Fate Tells me thy counsel comes too late.  
 The clotted blood within my hose, That from my wounded body flows,  
 With mortal crisis doth portend      My days to appropinque an end ;  
 I am for action now unfit,      Either of fortitude or wit.  
 Fortune, my foe, begins to frown,      Resolv'd to pull my stomach down.  
 I am not apt, upon a wound      Or trivial basting, to despond ;  
     Yet I'd be loth my days to curtail :  
     For if I thought my wounds not mortal,  
 Or that w' had time enough as yet      To make an honourable retreat,

'Twere the best course : but if they find  
 We fly, and leave our arms behind,  
 For them to seize on, the dishonour, And danger too, is such, I'll sooner  
 Stand to it boldly, and take quarter, To let them see I am no starter.  
 In all the trade of war, no feat Is nobler than a brave retreat :  
 For those that run away, and fly, Take place at least of th' enemy.  
 This said, the Squire, with active speed,  
 Dismounted from his bonny steed,  
 To seize the arms, which by mischance  
 Fell from the bold Knight in a trance.  
 These being found out, and restor'd To Hudibras, their natural lord,  
 As a man may say, with might and main, He hasted to get up again.  
 Thrice he essay'd to mount aloft, But, by his weighty bum, as oft  
 He was pull'd back, 'till having found  
 Th' advantage of the rising ground,  
 Thither he led his warlike steed,  
 And having plac'd him right, with speed  
 Prepar'd again to scale the beast, When Orsin, who had newly dress'd  
 The bloody scar upon the shoulder  
 Of Talgol with Promethean powder,  
 And now was searching for the shot That laid Magnano on the spot,  
 Beheld the sturdy Squire aforesaid  
 Preparing to climb up his horse-side ;  
 He left his cure, and laying hold Upon his arms, with courage bold,  
 Cry'd out, 'Tis now no time to dally, The enemy begin to rally :  
 Let us that are unhurt and whole Fall on, and happy man be's dole.  
 This said, like to a thunderbolt, He flew with fury to th' assault,  
 Striving th' enemy to attack Before he reach'd his horse's back.  
 Ralpho was mounted now, and gotten  
 O'erthwart his beast with active vaulting,  
 Wriggling his body to recover His seat, and cast his right leg over  
 When Orsin, rushing in, bestow'd On horse and man so heavy a load  
 The beast was startled, and begun To kick and fling like mad, and run,  
 Bearing the tough Squire, like a sack,  
 Or stout King Richard, on his back ;  
 'Till stumbling, he threw him down, Sore bruise'd, and cast into a swoon.  
 Mean while the Knight began to rouse  
 The sparkles of his wonted prowess ;  
 He thrust his hand into his hose, And found, both by his eyes and nose,  
 'Twas only choler, and not blood, That from his wounded body flow'd.  
 This, with the hazard of the Squire, Inflam'd him with despicable ire ;  
 Courageously he fac'd about, And drew his other pistol out ;  
 And now had half way bent the cock,  
 When Cerdon gave so fierce a shock,  
 With sturdy truncheon 'thwart his arm,  
 That down it fell, and did no harm :  
 Then stoutly pressing on with speed, Assay'd to pull him off his steed.  
 The Knight his sword had only left,  
 With which he Cerdon's head had cleft,  
 Or at the least cropp'd off a limb, But Orsin came and rescu'd him.  
 He with his lance attack'd the Knight Upon his quarters opposite.



But as a barque, that, in foul weather  
 Toss'd by two adverse winds together,  
 Is bruis'd and beaten to and fro, And knows not which to turn him to,  
 So far'd the Knight between two foes,  
 And knew not which of them to oppose ;  
 'Till Orsin, charging with his lance At Hudibras, by spiteful chance,  
 Hit Cerdon such a bang, as stunn'd And laid him flat upon the ground.  
 At this the Knight began to chear up,  
 And raising up himself on stirrup,  
 Cry'd out *Victoria* ; Lie thou there,  
 And I shall straight dispatch another,  
 To bear thee company in death ;  
 But first I'll halt a while, and breathe,  
 As well he might : for Orsin, griev'd,  
 At th' wound that Cerdon had receiv'd,  
 Ran to relieve him with his lore, And cure the hurt he gave before.  
 Mean while the Knight had wheel'd about,  
 To breathe himself, and next find out  
 Th' advantage of the ground, where best  
 He might the ruffled foe infest.  
 This being resolv'd, he spurr'd his steed,  
 To run at Orsin with full speed,  
 While he was busy in the care Of Cerdon's wound, and unaware :  
 But he was quick, and had already Unto the part apply'd remedy :  
 And seeing th' enemy prepar'd, Drew up and stood upon his guard.  
 Then, like a warrior right expert And skilful in the martial art,  
 The subtle Knight straight made a halt,  
 And judg'd it best to stay the assault,  
 Until he had reliev'd the Squire, And then (in order) to retire ;  
 Or, as occasion should invite, With forces join'd renew the fight.  
 Ralpho, by this time disentranc'd, Upon his bum himself advanc'd,  
 Though sorely bruis'd, his limbs all o'er  
 With ruthless bangs were stiff and sore ;  
 Right fain he would have got upon His feet again, to get him gone,  
 When Hudibras to aid him came.  
 Quoth he, (and call'd him by his name)  
 Courage, the day at length is our's, And we once more, as conquerors,  
 Have both the field and honour won, The foe is profligate and run ;  
 I mean all such as can, for some  
 This hand hath sent to their long home ;  
 And some lie sprawling on the ground,  
 With many a gash and bloody wound.  
 Cæsar himself could never say He got two victories in a day,  
 As I have done, that can say, Twice I, In one day, *Veni, Vidi, Vici*.  
 The foe's so numerous, that we Cannot so often *vincere*,  
 And they *perire*, and yet enough Be left to strike an after-blow ;  
 Then lest they rally, and once more Put us to fight the business o'er,  
 Get up and mount thy steed, dispatch,  
 And let us both their motions watch.  
 Quoth Ralph, I should not, if I were In case for action now be here ;  
 Nor have I turned my back, or hang'd An arse, for fear of being bang'd.



It was for you I got these harms, Advent'ring to fetch off your arms.  
 The blows and drubs I have receiv'd,  
 Have bruised my body, and bereav'd  
 My limbs of strength : unless you stoop,  
 And reach your hand to pull me up,

I shall lie here and be a prey To those who now are run away.  
 That thou shalt not (quoth Hudibras) :  
 We read, the ancients held it was

More honourable far *servare* *Civem*, than slay an adversary ;  
 The one we oft to-day have done, The other shall dispatch anon :

And though th' art of a diff'rent church,  
 I will not leave thee in the lurch.  
 This said, he jogged his good steed nigher,  
 And steer'd him gently toward the Squire,  
 Then bowing down his body, stretch'd  
 His hand out, and at Ralpho reach'd ;  
 When Trulla, whom he did not mind,  
 Charg'd him like lightning behind.

She had been long in search about, Magnano's wound to find it out ;  
 But could find none, nor where the shot  
 That had so startled him was got.

But having found the worst was past, She fell to her own work at last,  
 The pillage of the prisoners, Which in all feats of arms were her's ;  
 And now to plunder Ralph she flew, When Hudibras his hard fate drew  
 To succour him ; for, as he bow'd To help him up, she laid a load  
 Of blows so heavy, and plac'd so well, On t'other side, that down he fell.  
 Yield, scoundrel base (quoth she), or die, Thy life is mine, and liberty ;  
 But if thou think'st I took thee tardy, And dar'st presume to be so hardy  
 To try thy fortune o'er a-fresh, I'll wave my title to thy flesh,

Thy arms and baggage, now my right,  
 And, if thou hast the heart to try't,

I'll lend thee back thyself a while, And once more, for that carcase vile,  
 Fight upon tick.—Quoth Hudibras, Thou offer'st nobly, valiant lass,  
 And I shall take thee at thy word : First let me rise, and take my sword,

That sword which has so oft this day  
 Through squadrons of my foes made way,  
 And some to other worlds dispatch'd,  
 Now with a feeble spinster matched,  
 Will blush with blood ignoble stain'd,  
 By which no honour's to be gain'd.  
 But if thou'lt take m' advice in this,  
 Consider whil'st thou may'st, what 'tis

To interrupt a victor's course, B' opposing such a trivial force :  
 For if with conquest I come off, (And that I shall do sure enough)  
 Quarter thou can'st not have, nor grace, By law of arms in such a case ;  
 Both which I now do offer freely.

I scorn (quoth she), thou coxcomb silly,  
 (Clapping her hand upon her breech,  
 To show how much she prized his speech)

Quarter or counsel from a foe ; If thou can'st force me to it, do.  
 But lest it should again be said, When I have once more won thy head,

I took thee napping, unprepar'd,      Arm, and betake thee to thy guard.  
 This said, she to her tackle fell,      And on the Knight let fall a peal  
     Of blows so fierce, and pressed so home,  
     That he retired and follow'd's bum.

Stand to't (quoth she), or yield to mercy, It is not fighting arsie-versie  
     Shall serve thy turn.—This stirr'd his spleen  
     More than the danger he was in,

The blows he felt, or was to feel,      Although th' already made him reel,  
 Honour, despite, revenge, and shame,      At once into his stomach came;  
 Which fir'd it so, he rais'd his arm      Above his head, and rain'd a storm  
 Of blows so terrible and thick,      As if he meant to hash her quick.  
     But she upon her truncheon took them,  
     And by oblique diversion broke them,

Waiting an opportunity      To pay all back with usury,  
     Which long she fail'd not of, for now  
     The Knight, with one dead-doing blow,

Resolving to decide the fight,      And she, with quick and cunning flight,  
 Avoiding it, the force and weight      He charged upon it was so great,  
     As almost sway'd him to the ground.  
     No sooner she th' advantage found,  
     But in she flew; and seconding,  
     With home-made thrust, the heavy swing,

She laid him flat upon his side,      And mounting on his trunk a-stride,  
     Quoth she, I told thee what would come  
     Of all thy vapouring, base scum.

Say, will the law of arms allow      I may have grace and quarter now?  
     Or wilt thou rather break thy word,  
     And stain thine honour than thy sword?

A man of war to damn his soul,      In basely breaking his parole;  
     And when, before th' fight, th' had'st vow'd  
     To give no quarter in cold blood;  
     Now thou hast got me for a Tartar,  
     To make me 'gainst my will take quarter:

Why dost not put me to the sword,      But cowardly fly from thy word?  
     Quoth Hudibras, The day's thine own;  
     Thou and thy stars have cast me down;

My laurels are transplanted now,      And flourish on thy conquering brow:  
     My loss of honour's great enough,  
     Thou need'st not brand it with a scoff;

Sarcasms may eclipse thine own,      But cannot blur my lost renown:  
 I am not now in Fortune's power,      He that is down can fall no lower.  
 The ancient heroes were illustrious      For being benign, and not blustrous  
     Against a vanquish'd foe; their swords  
     Were sharp and trenchant, not their words;

And did in fight but cut work out      T' employ their courtesies about.  
     Quoth she, Although thou hast deserv'd  
     Base slubberdegullion, to be serv'd

As thou did'st vow to deal with me,      If thou had'st got the victory;  
 Yet I shall rather act a part      That suits my fame, than thy desert.  
 Thy arms, thy liberty, beside      All that's on th' outside of thy hide,  
 Are mine by military law,      Of which I will not bate one straw:

The rest, thy life and limbs, once more, Though doubly forfeit, I restore.  
 Quoth Hudibras, It is too late                      For me to treat or stipulate ;  
 What thou command'st I must obey : Yet those whom I expugn'd to day ;  
 Of thine own party, I let go,                      And gave them life and freedom too ;  
     Both Dogs and Bear, upon their parol,  
     Whom I took pris'ners in this quarrel.

Quoth Trulla, Whether thou or they                      Let one another run away,  
 Concerns not me ; but was't not thou That gave Crowdero quarter too ?  
 Crowdero, whom in irons bound, Thou basely threw'st into Lob's pound.  
 Where still he lies, and with regret                      His gen'rous bowels rage and fret,  
 But now thy carcase shall redeem, And serve to be exchang'd for him.

    This said, the Knight did straight submit,  
     And laid his weapons at her feet ;  
 Next he disrobb'd his gaberdine,                      And with it did himself resign.

    She took it, and forthwith divesting  
     The mantle that she wore, said jesting,  
 Take that, and wear it for my sake ; Then threw it o'er his sturdy back.  
     And as the French were conquer'd once,  
     Now give us laws for pantaloons,  
     The length of breeches, and the gathers,  
     Port-cannons, perriwigs, and feathers ;

Just so the proud insulting lass                      Array'd and dighted Hudibras.  
     Meanwhile the other champions, yerst  
     In hurry of the fight dispers'd,

Arriv'd, when Trulla won the day, To share in th' honour and the prey,  
 And out of Hudibras his hide                      With vengeance to be satisfy'd ;  
 Which now they were about to pour                      Upon him in a wooden show'r ;  
 But Trulla thrust herself between,                      And striding o'er his back again,  
     She brandish'd o'er her head his sword,  
     And vow'd they should not break her word ;  
     Sh' had given him quarter, and her blood  
     Or their's should make that quarter good :

For she was bound by law of arms To see him safe from further harms.  
 In dungeon deep Crowdero, cast                      By Hudibras, as yet lay fast ;

    Where, to the hard and ruthless stones,  
     His great heart made perpetual moans ;  
 Him she resolv'd that Hudibras                      Should ransom and supply his place.

    This stopp'd their fury, and the basting  
     Which toward Hudibras was hasting.  
     They thought it was but just and right,  
     That what she had achiev'd in fight,  
 She should dispose of how she pleas'd ; Crowdero ought to be releas'd ;  
 Nor could that any way be done                      So well as this she pitched upon ;  
     For who a better could imagine ?

    This therefore they resolv'd t' engage in.  
     The Knight and Squire first they made  
     Rise from the ground where they were laid,  
     Then mounted both upon their horses,  
     But with their faces to their arses.

Orsin led Hudibras's beast,                      And Talgol that which Ralpo press'd,  
 Whom stout Magnano, valiant Cerdon, And Colon waited as a guard on ;







So valour in a low estate,                      Is most admir'd and wonder'd at.  
     Quoth Ralph, How great I do not know  
     We may by being beaten grow ;  
 But none, that see how here we sit,      Will judge us overgrown with wit.  
 As gifted brethren, preaching by              A carnal hour-glass do imply  
 Illumination can convey              Into them what they have to say,  
     But not how much ; so well enough  
     Know you to charge, but not draw off  
 For who, without a cap and bauble,      Having subdued a Bear and rabble,  
 And might with honour have come off,      Would put it to a second proof ?  
 A politic exploit, right fit              For Presbyterian zeal and wit.  
     Quoth Hudibras, That cuckow's tone,  
     Ralpho thou always harp'st upon :  
 When thou at anything would'st rail,      Thou mak'st Presbytery thy scale  
 To take the height on't, and explain      To what degree it is prophane ;  
     Whats'ever will not with (thy what d'ye call)  
     Thy light jump right, thou call'st synodical.  
 As if Presbytery were a standard,      To size what's ever's to be slandered.  
 Dost not remember how, this day,      Thou to my beard was bold to say,  
     That thou could'st prove Bear-baiting, equal  
     With synods, orthodox and legal ?  
 Do, if thou can'st, for I deny't,      And dare thee to't with all thy light.  
     Quoth Ralpho, Truly, that is no              Hard matter for a man to do,  
 That has but any guts in's brains,      And could believe it worth his pains :  
     But since you dare and urge me to it,  
     You'll find I've light enough to do it.  
     Synods are mystical bear-gardens,  
     Where elders, deputies, church-wardens,  
 And other members of the court,              Manage the Babylonish sport,  
 For prolocutor, scribe, and bear-ward,      Do differ only in a mere word.  
 Both are but sev'ral synagogues      Of carnal men, and bears and dogs :  
 Both Antichristian assemblies,      To mischief bent as far 's in them lies :  
     Both stave and tail, with fierce contests,  
     The one with men, the other beasts.  
     The diff'rence is, the one fights with  
     The tongue, the other with the teeth ;  
     And that they bait but bears in this,  
     In th' other souls and consciences ;  
     Where saints themselves are brought to stake  
     For gospel-light and conscience sake ;  
 Expos'd to scribes and Presbyters,      Instead of mastiff dogs and curs :  
 Than whom th' have less humanity,      For these as souls of men will fly.  
 This to the prophet did appear,              Who in a vision saw a Bear,  
 Prefiguring the beastly rage              Of church-rule, in this latter age ;  
 As is demonstrated at full              By him that baited the Pope's bull.  
 Bears naturally are beasts of prey,      That live by rapine ; so do they.  
     What are their orders, constitutions,  
     Church-censures, curses, absolutions,  
 But sev'ral mystic chains they make      To tie poor Christians to the stake ;  
 And then set Heathen officers,              Instead of dogs, about their ears ?  
 For to prohibit and dispense,              To find out, or to make offence ;

Of hell and heaven to dispose, To play with souls at fast and loose ;  
 To set what characters they please, And mulcts on sin or godliness ;  
 Reduce the church to gospel-order, By rapine, sacrilege, and murder ;  
 To make Presbytery supreme And Kings themselves submit to them ;  
 And force all people, though against Their consciences, to turn saints ;  
 Must prove a pretty thriving trade, When saints monopolists are made :  
 When pious frauds and holy shifts Are dispensations and gifts,  
 There godliness becomes mere ware, And every synod but a fair.  
 Synods are whelps of th' inquisition, A mongrel breed of like pernicion,  
 And growing up, became the fires Of scribes, commissioners, and triers ;  
 Whose bus'ness is, by cunning flight, To cast a figure for men's light ;  
 To find, in lines of beard and face, The physiognomy of grace ;  
 And by the sound and twang of nose, If all be sound within, disclose ;  
 Free from a crack or flaw of sinning, As men try pipkins by the ringing ;  
 By black caps, underlaid with white, Give certain guess at inward light ;  
 Which sergeants at the gospel wear, To make the spiritual calling clear.  
 The handkerchief about the neck (Canonical cravat of Smec,

From whom the institution came

When church and state they set on flame,

And worn by them as badges then Of spiritual warfaring men)  
 Judge rightly if regeneration Be of the newest cut in fashion :  
 Sure 'tis an orthodox opinion That grace is founded in dominion.  
 Great piety consists in pride ; To rule is to be sanctify'd :  
 To domineer, and to controul, Both o'er the body and the soul,  
 Is the most perfect discipline Of church-rule, and by right divine.  
 Bell and the Dragon's chaplains were More moderate than these by far :

For they (poor knaves) were glad to cheat,

To get their wives and children meat ;

But these will not be fobbed off so,

They must have wealth and power too ;

Or else with blood and desolation

They'll tear it out o' th' heart o' th' nation.

Sure these themselves from primitive

And Heathen priesthood do derive.

When butchers were their only clerks, Elders, and presbyters of kirks,  
 Whose directory was to kill, And some believe it is so still.  
 The only diff'rence is, that then They slaughter'd only beasts, now men.  
 For then to sacrifice a bullock, Or, now and then, a child, to Moloch,  
 They count a vile abomination, But not to slaughter a whole nation.  
 Presbytery does but translate The Papacy to a free state ;  
 A common-wealth of Popery Where every village is a see  
 As well as Rome, and must maintain A tithe-pig metropolitan ;

Where every Presbyter and Deacon

Commands the keys for cheese and bacon,

And every hamlet's governed By's Holiness, the church's head,  
 More haughty and severe in's place Than Gregory or Boniface.

Such church must (surely) be a monster

With many heads : for if we conster

What in th' Apocalyps we find, According to th' Apostle's mind,  
 'Tis that the Whore of Babylon With many heads did ride upon ;  
 Which heads denote the sinful tribe Of deacon, priest, lay-elder, scribe.

Lay-elder, Simeon to Levi,  
 As loins of patriarchs, prince-prelates,      Whose little finger is as heavy  
 Is of a mongrel, diverse kind,      And bishop-secular. This zealot  
 A lawless linsy-woolsy brother,      Clerics before, and lay behind ;  
 A creature of amphibious nature,      Half of one order, half another ;  
 That always preys on grace or sin,      On land a beast, a fish in water :  
 This fierce inquisitor has chief      A sheep without, a wolf within.  
 And manners ; can pronounce a saint      Dominion over men's belief  
     When superciliously he sifts      Idolatrous, or ignorant,  
     Through coarsest boulder other's gifts :  
 For all men live and judge amiss      Whose talents jump not just with his.  
     He'll lay on gifts with hands, and place  
     On dullest noddle light and grace,  
 The manufacture of the kirk.      Those pastors are but th' handy-work  
 Of his mechanic paws, instilling      Divinity in them by feeling ;  
     From whence they start up chosen vessels,  
     Made by contact, as men get meazles.  
 So Cardinals, they say, do grope      At th' other end the new-made Pope.  
     Hold, hold, quoth Hudibras, Soft fire,  
     They say does make sweet malt.      Good Squire,  
*Festina lente*, Not too fast ; For haste (the proverb says) makes waste.  
 The quirks and cavils thou dost make      Are false, and built upon mistake.  
 And I shall bring you with your pack      Of falacies, t'*Elenchi* back ;  
 And put your arguments in mood      And figure to be understood.  
 I'll force you by right ratiocination      To leave your vitiligation.  
 And make you keep to the question close,      And argue *dialecticōs*.  
 The question then, to state it first,      Is, which is better, or which worst,  
 Synods or Bears. Bears I avow      To be the worst, and Synods thou,  
 But to make good th' affection,      Thou say'st th' are really all one.  
 If so, not worse ; for if th' are *idem*,      Why then *tantundem dat tantidem* ;  
 For if they are the same, by course,      Neither is better, neither worse :  
 But I deny they are the same,      More than a maggot and I am.  
 That both are *animalia*,      I grant, but not *rationalia* :  
 For though they do agree in kind,      Specific difference we find,  
 And can no more make Bears of these      Than prove my horse is Socrates.  
 That Synods are bear-gardens too,      Thou dost affirm ; but I say, No :  
 And thus I prove it, in a word,      Whats'ever assembly's not impower'd  
     To censure, curse, absolve, and ordain  
     Can be no Synod : But bear-garden  
 Has no such power, *ergo* 'tis none ;      And so thy sophistry's o'erthrown.  
     But yet we are beside the question,  
     Which thou didst raise the first contest on ;  
     For that was, Whether Bears are better  
     Than Synod-men ? I say, *Negatur*.  
     That Bears are beasts, and Synods men,  
     Is held by all : They're better then ;  
 For Bears and Dogs on four legs go,      As beasts ; but Synod-men on two.  
     'Tis true they all have teeth and nails ;  
     But prove that Synod-men have tails,  
 Or that a rugged, shaggy fur      Grows o'er the hide of Presbyter,  
 Or that his snout and spacious ears      Do hold proportion with a Bear's.



A Bear's a savage beast, of all Most ugly and unnatural,  
 Whelp'd without form, until the dam Has lick'd it into shape and frame;  
 But all thy light can ne'er evict That ever Synod-man was lick'd,  
 Or brought in any other fashion, Than his own will and inclination.  
 But thou dost further yet in his Oppugn thyself and sense, that is,  
 Thou would'st have Presbyters to go

For Bears and Dogs, and Bearwards too :

A strange chimæra of beasts and men, Made up of pieces heterogene ;  
 Such as in nature never met *In eodem subjecto* yet.

Thy other arguments are all Supposures, hypothetical,  
 That do but beg, and we may chuse Either to grant them, or refuse.

Much thou hast said, which I know when

And where thou stol'st from other men,

(Whereby 'tis plain thy light and gifts Are all but plagiary shifts) ;

And is the same that Ranter said,

Who, arguing with me, broke my head,

And tore a handful of my beard. The self-same cavils then I heard,

When, b'ing in hot dispute about This controversy, we fell out :

And what thou know'st I answered then

Will serve to answer thee again.

Quoth Ralpho, Nothing but th' abuse Of human learning you produce ;

Learning that cobweb of the brain, Profane, erroneous, and vain :

A trade of knowledge as replete As others are with fraud and cheat ;

An art t'incumber gifts and wit, And render both for nothing fit ;

Makes light unactive, dull and troubled,

Like little David in Saul's doublet ;

A cheat that scholars put upon Other men's reason and their own ;

A sort of error to ensconce Absurdity and ignorance,

That renders all the avenues To truth impervious and abtruse,

By making plain things, in debate, By art perplex'd and intricate :

For nothing goes for sense, or light,

That will not with old rules jump right ;

As if rules were not in the schools

Deriv'd from truth, but truth from rules.

This Pagan Heathenish invention Is good for nothing but contention :

For as in sword-and-buckler fight, All blows do on the target light ;

So when men argue, the great'st part

O' the contest falls on terms of art,

Until the fustian stuff be spent, And then they fall to th' argument.

Quoth Hudibras, Friend Ralph, thou hast

Out-run the constable at last :

For thou art fallen on a new Dispute, as senseless as untrue,

But to the former opposite, And contrary as black to white ;

Mere *disparata*, that concerning Presbytery, this human learning ;

Two things s' averse, they never yet But in thy rambling fancy met.

But I shall take a fit occasion T' evince thee by ratiocination,

Some other time, in place more proper

Than this we're in ; therefore let's stop here,

And rest our weary'd bones a-while, Already tir'd with other toil.



## PART II.

## CANTO I.—ARGUMENT.

The Knight, by damnable magician,  
Love brings his action on the case,  
How he receives the Lady's visit,  
Which she defers ; yet, on parole,

Being cast illegally in prison,  
And lays it upon Hudibras,  
And cunningly solicits his suit,  
Redeems him from th' enchanted hole.

BUT now, t' observe romantic method,  
Let bloody steel a while be sheathed ;  
And all those harsh and rugged sounds  
Of bastinados, cuts, and wounds,  
Exchang'd to Love's more gentle style,  
To let our reader breath a-while :

In which that we may be as brief as      Is possible by way of preface,  
Is't not enough to make one strange  
That some men's fancies should ne'er change  
But make all people do and say,  
The same things still the self-same way ?  
Some writers make all ladies purloin'd,  
And knights pursuing like a whirlwind :

Others make all their knights, in fits      Of jealousy, to lose their wits ;  
Till drawing blood o' th' dames, like witches  
Th' are forthwith cur'd of their caprices.

Some always thrive in their amours, By pulling plaisters off their sores ;  
As cripples do to get an alms,      Just so do they, and win their dames.  
Some force whole regions, in despite O' geography, to change their site ;  
Make former times shake hands with latter,  
And that which was before come after.  
But those that write in rhyme, still make  
The one verse for the other's sake ;

For one for sense, and one for rhyme,      I think's sufficient at one time,  
But we forgot in what sad plight      We whilom left the captiv'd Knight,  
And pensive Squire, both bruise'd in body  
And conjur'd into safe custody ;  
Tir'd with dispute, and speaking Latin,  
As well as basting and bear-baiting,

And desperate of any course      To free himself by wit or force ;  
His only solace was, that now      His dog-bolt fortune was so low,  
That either it must quickly end,      Or turn about again, and mend ;  
In which he found th' event, no less Than other times, beside his guess.  
There is a tall long-sided dame,      (But wondrous light) ycleped Fame,  
That like a thin camelion boards      Herself on air, and eats her words :

Upon her shoulders wings she wears,  
Like hanging sleeves, lin'd thro' with ears,  
And eyes and tongues, as poets list,      Made good by deep mythologist,  
With these she through the welkin flies,  
And sometimes carries truth, oft lies ;  
With letters hung, like eastern pigeons,  
And Mercuries of furthest regions,  
Diurnals writ for regulation      Of lying to inform the nation,

And by their public use to bring down  
 The rate of whetstones in the kingdom.  
 About her neck a paquet-mail,  
 Fraught with advice, some fresh, some stale,  
 Of men that walk'd when they were dead,  
 And cows of monsters brought to bed,  
 Of hailstones big as pullets eggs,  
 And puppies whelped with twice two legs,

A blazing star seen in the west,                      By six or seven men at least.  
 Two trumpets she does sound at once,  
 But both of clean contrary tones ;

But whether both with the same wind, Or one before, and one behind,  
 We know not, only this can tell, The one sounds vilely, the other well ;  
 And therefore vulgar authors name The one Good, the other Evil Fame.  
 This tattling gossip knew too well,                      What mischief Hudibras befel,  
 And straight the spiteful tidings bears Of all to th' unkind widow's ears.

Democritus ne'er laugh'd so loud,  
 To see bawds carted through the crowd,

Or funerals with stately pomp                      March slowly on in solemn dump,  
 As she laugh'd out, until her back, As well as sides were like to crack.  
 She vow'd she would go see the sight, And visit the distressed Knight ;  
 To do the office of a neighbour,                      And be a gossip at his labour ;  
 And from his wooden jail, the stocks, To set at large his fetter-locks,  
 And by exchange, parole or ransom,  
 To free him from th' enchanted mansion.

This b'ing resolv'd, she call'd for hood And usher, implements abroad,  
 Which ladies wear, beside a slender  
 Young waiting damsel to attend her.

All which appearing, on she went To find the Knight in limbo pent.  
 And 'twas not long before she found  
 Him and his stout Squire in the pound,

Both coupled in enchanted tether,                      By further leg behind together :  
 For, as he sat upon his rump,                      His head, like one in doleful dump,  
 Between his knees, his hands apply'd                      Unto his ears on either side,  
 And by him, in another hole,                      Afflicted Ralpho, cheek by jowl,  
 She came upon him, in his wooden                      Magician's circle, on the sudden,  
 As spirits do t' a conjurer,                      When in their dreadful shapes th' appear.  
 No sooner did the Knight perceive her, But straight he fell into a fever,  
 Inflam'd all over with disgrace,                      To be seen by her in such a place ;  
 Which made him hang his head, and scoul,  
 And wink and goggle like an owl ;

He felt his brains begin to swim, When thus the Dame accosted him :  
 This place (quoth she) they say's enchanted,  
 And with delinquent spirits haunted,  
 That here are ty'd in chains, and scourg'd,  
 Until their guilty crimes be-purg'd ;  
 Look, there are two of them appear,  
 Like persons I have seen somewhere.

Some have mistaken blocks and posts For spectres, apparitions, ghosts,  
 With saucer eyes and horns ; and some  
 Have heard the devil beat a drum ;

But if our eyes are not false glasses,  
That give a wrong account of faces,  
That beard and I should be acquainted,  
Before 'twas conjur'd and enchanted :

For though it be disfigur'd somewhat, As if't had lately been in combat,  
It did belong to a worthy Knight, Howe'er this goblin is come by't.  
When Hudibras the Lady heard, Discoursing thus upon his beard,  
And speak with such respect and honour,  
Both of the beard and the beard's owner,  
He thought it best to set as good A face upon it as he could,  
And thus he spoke : Lady, your bright  
And radiant eyes are in the right ;

The beard's th' identic beard you knew, The same numerically true ;  
Nor is it worn by fiend or elf, But its proprietor himself.  
O Heavens ! quoth she, can that be true ? I do begin to fear 'tis you :  
Not by your individual whiskers, But by your dialect and discourse,  
That never spoke to man or beast In notions vulgarly express'd.  
But what malignant star, alas ! Has brought you both to this sad pass ?  
Quoth he, The fortune of the war, Which I am less afflicted for,  
Than to be seen with beard and face By you in such a homely case.  
Quoth she, Those need not be asham'd For being honourably maim'd ;  
If he that is in battle conquer'd, Have any title to his own beard,  
Though yours be sorely lugg'd and torn,  
It does your visage more adorn,  
Than if 't were prun'd, and starch'd, and lander'd,  
And cut square by the Russian standard.  
A torn beard 's like a tatter'd ensign,  
That's bravest which there are most rents in.  
That petticoat about your shoulders  
Does not so well become a soldier's ;  
And I'm afraid they are worse handled,  
Although i' th' rear, your beard the van led :

And those uneasy bruises make My heart for company to ach,  
To see so worshipful a friend I' th' pillory set at the wrong end.  
Quoth Hudibras, This thing call'd pain  
Is (as the learned Stoics maintain)

Not bad *simpliciter*, nor good ; But merely as 'tis understood.  
Sense is deceitful, and may feign, As well in counterfeiting pain  
As others gross phænomenas In which it oft mistakes the case.  
But since th' immortal intellect (That's free from error and defect  
Whose objects still persist the same)  
Is free from outward bruise or maim,

Which nought external can expose To gross material bangs or blows,  
It follows, we can ne'er be sure Whether we pain or not endure :  
(And just so far are sore and griev'd As by the fancy is believ'd.)

Some have been wounded with conceit,  
And died of meer opinion straight ;

Others, though wounded sore in reason, Felt no contusion or discretion.  
A Saxon Duke did grow so fat, That mice (as histories relate)  
Ate grots and labyrinths to dwell in  
His postique parts, without his feeling.



Then how's it possible a kick  
Should e'er reach that way to the quick ?

Quoth she, I grant it is in vain    For one that's basted to feel pain,  
Because the pangs his bones endure    Contribute nothing to the cure ;  
Yet honour hurt, is wont to rage    With pain no medicine can assuage.

Quoth he, That honour's very squeamish,  
That takes a basting for a blemish :  
For what's more honourable than scars,  
Or skin to tatters rent in wars ?  
Some have been beaten till they know  
What wood a cudgel's of by th' blow ;  
Some kick'd, until they can feel whether  
A shoe be Spanish or neat's leather ;  
And yet have met after long running,  
With some whom they have taught that cunning.

The furthest way about t' o'ercome, In th' end does prove the nearest home.  
By laws of learned duellists,    They that are bruise'd with wood or fists,  
And think one beating may for once Suffice, are cowards and poltroons :  
But if they dared t' engage a second,  
They're stout and gallant fellows reckon'd.

Th' old Romans freedom did bestow, Our Princes worship with a blow.  
King Pyrrhus cur'd his splenetic    And testy courtiers with a kick.  
The Negus, when some mighty lord,    Or potentate's to be restor'd,  
And pardon'd for some great offence,  
With which he's willing to dispence,

First has him laid upon his belly, Then beaten back and side t' a jelly.  
That done, he rises, humbly bows,  
And gives thanks for the princely blows,  
Departs not meanly proud, and boasting Of his magnificent rib-roasting.  
The beaten soldier proves most manful,  
That like his sword, endures the anvil ;

And justly's held more formidable,    The more his valour's malleable :  
But he that fears a bastinado    Will run away from his own shadow :  
And though I'm now in durance fast,    By our own party basely cast,  
Ransom, exchange, parole, refus'd, And worse than by the en'my us'd ;  
In close *catasta* shut, past hope    Of wit, or valour to elope ;  
As beards the nearer that they tend  
To th' earth still grow more reverend ;  
And cannons shoot the higher pitches,  
The lower we let down their breeches :

I'll make this low dejected fate    Advance me to a greater height.  
Quoth she, Y' have almost made me in love  
With that which did my pity move.  
Great wits and valours, like great states,  
Do sometimes sink with their own weights ;

Th' extremes of glory and of shame, Like east and west, become the same :  
No Indian prince has to his palace  
More foll'wers than a thief to the gallows.

But if a beating seem so brave,    What glories must a whipping have ?  
Such great achievements cannot fail    To cast fault on a woman's tail :



For if I thought your nat'ral talent  
 Of passive courage were so gallant,  
 As you strain hard to have it thought, I could grow amorous, and dote.  
 When Hudibras this language heard,  
 He prick'd up's ears, and strok'd his beard.  
 Thought he, this is the lucky hour,  
 Wines work when vines are in the flow'r ;  
 This crisis then I'll set my rest on And put her boldly to the question.  
 Madam, What you would seem to doubt  
 Shall be to all the world made out ;  
 How I've been drubb'd, and with that spirit And magnanimity I bear it ;  
 And if you doubt it to be true, I'll stake myself down against you :  
 And if I fail in love or troth, Be you the winner, and take both.  
 Quoth she, I've heard old cunning stagers  
 Say, Fools for arguments use wagers ;  
 And though I prais'd your valour, yet I did not mean to baulk your wit ;  
 Which if you have, you must needs know  
 What I have told you before now,  
 And you b' experiment have prov'd, I cannot love where I'm belov'd.  
 Quoth Hudibras, 'Tis a caprich Beyond the infliction of a witch ;  
 So cheats to play with those still aim That do not understand the game.  
 Love in your heart as idly burns As fire in antique Roman urns,  
 To warm the dead, and vainly light Those only that see nothing by't.  
 Have you not power to entertain, And render love for love again ?  
 As no man can draw in his breath, At once, and force out air beneath.  
 Or do you love yourself so much, To bear all rivals else a grutch ?  
 What fate can lay a greater curse Than you upon yourself would force ?  
 For wedlock without love, some say, Is but a lock without a key.  
 It is a kind of rape to marry One that neglects or cares not for ye :  
 For what does make it ravishment But b'ing against the mind's consent ?  
 A rape that is the more inhuman, For being acted by a woman.  
 Why are you fair but to entice us To love you that you may despise us ?  
 But though you cannot love, you say, Out of your own fanatic way,  
 Why should you not at least allow Those that love you to do so too ?  
 For, as you fly me and pursue Love more averse, so I do you ;  
 And am by your own doctrine taught To practise what you call a fault.  
 Quoth she, If what you say is true, You must fly me, as I do you ;  
 But 'tis not what we do, but say In love and preaching that must sway.  
 Quoth he, To bid me not to love, Is to forbid my pulse to move, |  
 My beard to grow, my ears to prick up,  
 Or (when I'm in a fit) to hickup.  
 (Love's power's too great to be withstood By feeble human flesh and blood. |  
 'Twas he that brought upon his knees The Hect'ring kill-cow Hercules ;  
 Transform'd his leager-lion's skin T' a petticoat, and made him spin ;  
 Seiz'd on his club, and made it dwindle T' a feeble distaff and a spindle.  
 'Twas he made Emperors gallants To their own sisters and their aunts ;  
 Set Popes and Cardinals agog, To play with pages at leap-frog.  
 'Twas he that gave our senate purges,  
 And fluxed the house of many a burges ;  
 Made those that represent the nation Submit, and suffer amputation ;  
 And all the grandees o' th' cabal Adjourn to tubs, at spring and fall.

He mounted synod-men, and rode 'em To Dirty Lane and Little Sodom ;  
 Made 'em curvet, like Spanish gennets,  
 And take the ring at Madam Stennet's.  
 'Twas he that made Saint Francis do  
 More than the devil could tempt him to,

In cold and frosty weather grow Enamoured of a wife of snow ;  
 And though she were of rigid temper,  
 With melting flames accost and tempt her.

Quoth she, If love have these effects, Why is it not forbid our sex ?  
 Why is't not damn'd, and interdicted, For diabolical and wicked ;  
 And sung as out of tune against, As Turk and pope are by the saints ?  
 I find, I've greater reason for it, Than I believ'd before t' abhor it.

Quoth Hudibras, These sad effects  
 Spring from your heathenish neglects  
 Of Love's great pow'r, which he returns  
 Upon yourselves with equal scorns ;

And those who worthy lovers slight, Plagues with prepost'rous appetite.

Quoth she, These judgments are severe,  
 Yet such as I should rather bear,  
 Than trust men with their oaths, or prove  
 Their faith and secrecy in love.

Says he, There is as weighty reason For secrecy in love as treason.  
 Love is a burglarer, a felon, That at the windore-eye does steal in.  
 To rob the heart, and with his prey Steals out again a closer way,  
 Which whosoever can discover, He's sure (as he deserves) to suffer.

Love is a fire, that burns, and sparkles  
 In men, as nat'rally as in charcoals,  
 Which sooty chymists stop in holes  
 When out of wood they extract coals ;  
 So lovers should their passions choak,  
 That though they burn, they may not smoke.  
 'Tis like that sturdy thief that stole  
 And dragged beasts backward into's hole :

So love does lovers ; and us men Draws by the tails into his den ;  
 That no impression may discover,  
 And trace t' his cave the wary lover.

But if your doubt I should reveal What you entrust me under seal,  
 I'll prove myself as close and virtuous As your own secretary Albertus.

Quoth she, I grant you may be close  
 In hiding what your aims propose :  
 Love-passions are like parables,  
 By which men still mean something else ;  
 Though love be all the world's pretence,  
 Money's the mythologic sense,  
 The real substance of the shadow,  
 Which all address and courtship's made to.

Thought he, I understand your play,  
 And how to quit you your own way.

He that will win his dame, must do  
 As Love does, when he bends his bow ;

With one hand thrust the Lady from,  
And with the other pull her home.

I grant, quoth he, wealth is a great Provocative to am'rous heat :

It is all philtres, and high diet,  
That makes love rampant, and to fly out ;

'Tis beauty always in the flower, That buds and blossoms at fourscore :

'Tis that by which the sun and moon,  
At their own weapons, are out-done ;  
That makes knights-errant fall in trances,  
And lay about 'em in romances :

'Tis virtue, wit, and worth, and all That men divine and sacred call :  
For what is worth in any thing, But so much money as 'twill bring ?

Or what but riches is there known,  
Which man can solely call his own ;

In which no creature goes his half, Unless it be to squint and laugh ?

I do confess, with goods and land, I'd have a wife at second hand ;

And such you are : nor is 't your person  
My stomach's set so sharp and fierce on ;  
But 'tis (your better part) your riches  
That my enamour'd heart bewitches ;  
Let me your fortune but possess,  
And settle your person how you please ;  
Or make it o'er in trust to th' devil,  
You'll find me reasonable and civil.

Quoth she, I like this plainness better  
Than false mock-passion, speech, or letter  
Or any fate of qualm or sowning,  
But hanging of yourself, or drowning ;

Your only way with me, to break Your mind, is breaking of your neck :

For as when merchants break, o'erthrown  
Like nine-pins, they strike others down :  
So that would break my heart, which done,  
My tempting fortune is your own.

These are but trifles, ev'ry lover Will damn himself, over and over,

And greater matters undertake For a less worthy mistress' sake :

Yet th' are the only ways to prove Th' unfeign'd realities of love ;

For he that hangs, or beats out's brains,  
The devil's in him if he feigns.

Quoth Hudibras, This way's too rough  
For mere experiment and proof ;

It is no jesting trivial matter To swing i' th' air or douce in water,

And, like a water-witch, try love ; That's to destroy, and not to prove :

As if a man should be dissected, To find what part is disaffected :

Your better way is to make over,  
In trust, your fortune to your lover ;

Trust is a trial, if it break, 'Tis not so desp'rate as a neck :

Beside, th' experiment's more certain,  
Men venture necks to gain a fortune :

The soldier does it every day (Eight to the week) for six-pence pay ;

Your pettifoggers damn their souls,  
To share with knaves in cheating fools :



And merchants, vent'ring through the main,  
Slight pirates, rocks, and horns, for gain :

This is the way I advise you to, Trust me, and see what I will do.

Quoth she, I should be loth to run Myself all th' hazard, and you none,  
Which must be done, unless some deed Of your's aforesaid do precede ;  
Give but yourself one gentle swing For trial, and I'll cut the string :  
Or give that rev'rend head a maul, Or two, or three, against a wall :  
To shew you are a man of mettle, And I'll engage myself to settle.

Quoth he, My head's not made of brass, As Friar Bacon's noddle was ;

Nor (like the Indian's skull) so tough,

That authors say, 'twas musket-proof :

As it had need to be, to enter As yet, on any new adventure ;

You see what bangs it has endur'd,

That would before new feats, be cur'd :

But if that's all you stand upon, Here strike me, luck, it shall be done.

Quoth she, The matter's not so far gone,

As you suppose, two words t' a bargain ;

That may be done, and time enough,

When you have given downright proof ;

And yet 'tis no fantastic pique I have to love, nor coy dislike ;

'Tis no implicit nice aversion T' your conversation, mien, or person,

But a just fear lest you should prove False and perfidious in love ;

For if I thought you could be true, I could love twice as much as you.

Quoth he, My faith, as adamantine As chains of destiny, I'll maintain :

True as Apollo ever spoke, Or oracle from heart of oak ;

And if you'll give my flame but vent, Now in close hugger-mugger pent,

And shine upon me but benignly,

With that one and that other pigsney,

The sun and day shall sooner part

Than love for you shake off my heart ;

The sun, that shall no more dispense

His own, but your bright influence ;

I'll carve your name on barks of trees,

With true-love-knots and flourishes,

That shall infuse eternal spring, And everlasting flourishing :

Drink ev'ry letter on't in stum, And make it brisk champaign become :

Where-e'er you tread, your foot shall set The primrose and the violet ;

All spices, perfumes, and sweet powders,

Shall borrow from your breath their odours ;

Nature her charter shall renew, And take all lives of things from you ;

The world depend upon your eye, And when you frown upon it die :

Only our loves shall survive, New worlds and natures to out-live ;

And like to heralds moons remain,

All crescents, without change or wane.

Hold, hold, quoth she, no more of this,

Sir Knight, you take your aim amiss :

For you will find it a hard chapter To catch me with poetic rapture,

In which your mastery of art Doth shew itself, and not your heart ;

Nor will you raise in mine combustion, By dint of high heroic fustian.

She that with poetry is won Is but a desk to write upon ;

And what men say of her they mean

No more than on the thing they lean.



Some with Arabian spices strive           T' embalm her cruelly alive ;  
     Or season her, as French cooks use  
     Their haut-gousts, bouillies, or ragousts :  
 Use her so barbarously ill,           To grind her lips upon a mill,  
 Until the facet doublet doth   Fit their rhimes rather than her mouth :  
     Her mouth compar'd t' an oyster's, with  
     A row of pearl in't, 'stead of teeth :  
     Others make poesies of her cheeks,  
     Where red and whitest colours mix ;  
 In which the lilly and the rose,       For Indian lake and ceruse goes :  
     The sun, and moon, by her bright eyes  
     Eclips'd, and darken'd in the skies,  
     Are but black patches, that she wears,  
     Cut into suns, and moons, and stars :  
 By which astrologers, as well       As those in heaven above, can tell  
 What strange events they do foreshow   Unto her under world below :  
 Her voice, the music of the spheres,   So loud, it deadens mortals ears,  
 As wise philosophers have thought,   And that's the cause we hear it not.  
     This has been done by some, who those  
     Th' ador'd in rhyme, would kill in prose ;  
     And in those ribbons would have hung,  
     Of which melodiously they sung,  
     That have the hard fate to write best  
     Of those still that deserve it least ;  
     It matters not how false, or forc'd,  
     So the best things be said o' th' worst ;  
 It goes for nothing when 'tis said,   Only th' arrows drawn to th' head,  
 Whether it be a swan or goose,       They level at ; so shepherds use  
 To set the same mark on the hip   Both of their sound and rotten sheep.  
 For wits that carry low or wide       Must be aim'd higher, or beside  
     The mark, which else they ne'er come nigh,  
     But when they take their aim awry.  
     But I do wonder you should chuse  
     This way t' attack me, with your muse,  
 As one cut out to pass your tricks on,   With Fulhams of poetic fiction :  
 I rather hop'd I should no more   Hear from you o' th' gallanting score :  
 For hard dry-bastings us'd to prove   The readiest remedies of love ;  
 Next a dry diet : but if those fail,       Yet this uneasy loop-hold jail,  
     In which y' are hamper'd by the fetlock,  
     Cannot but put y' in mind of wedlock ;  
     Wedlock, that's worse than any hole here,  
     If that may serve you for a cooler,  
 T' allay your mettle, all agog       Upon a wife, the heavier clog :  
 Nor rather thank your gentler fate,   That, for a bruis'd or broken pate,  
     Has freed you from those knobs that grow  
     Much harder on th' marry'd brow.  
     But if no dread can cool your courage,  
     From vent'ring on that dragon, marriage,  
 Yet give me quarter, and advance       To nobler aims your puissance ;  
 Level at beauty and at wit,       The fairest mark is easiest hit.  
 Quoth Hudibras, I'm beforehand,   In that already, with your command ;

For where does beauty and high wit      But in your constellation meet ?

Quoth she, What does a match imply,      But likeness and equality ?  
I know you cannot think me fit      To be the yoke-fellow of your wit ;  
Nor take one of so mean deserts,      To be the partner of your parts ;  
A grace which, if I could believe,      I've not the conscience to receive.

That conscience, quoth Hudibras, Is misinform'd—I'll state the case :  
A man may be a legal donor      Of any thing whereof he's owner,  
And may confer it where he lists,      I' th' judgment of all casuists :  
Then wit, and parts, and valour may      Be ali'nated, and made away,  
By those that are proprietors,      As I may give or sell my horse.

Quoth she, I grant the case is true,  
And proper 'twixt your horse and you ;  
But whether I may take, as well,      As you may give away or sell ;  
Buyers you know are bid beware,  
And worse than thieves receivers are.  
How shall I answer hue and cry,  
For a roan gelding, twelve hands high,  
All spurr'd and switch'd, a lock on's hoof,  
A sorrel mane ? Can I bring proof,  
Where, when, by whom, and what y' were sold for,  
And in the open market toll'd for ?

Or, should I take you for a stray,      You must be kept a year and day  
(Ere I can own you) here i' th' pound,  
Where, if y' are sought, you may be found ;

And in the mean time I must pay      For all your provender and hay.  
Quoth he, It stands me much upon      T' enervate this objection,  
And prove myself, by topic clear,      No gelding, as you would infer.  
Loss of verility's averr'd      To be the cause of loss of beard,  
That does (like embryo in the womb)      Abortive on the chin become :  
This first a woman did invent,      In envy of man's ornament,  
Semiramis of Babylon,      Who first of all cut men o' th' stone,  
To mar their beards, and laid foundation      Of sow-gelding operation :  
Look on this beard, and tell me whether  
Eunuchs were such, or geldings either.

Next it appears I am no horse,      That I can argue and discourse,  
Have but two legs, and ne'er a tail—  
Quoth she, That nothing will avail ;  
For some philosophers of late here,  
Write, men have four legs by nature,

And that 'tis custom makes them go      Erroneously upon but two ?  
As 'twas in Germany made good, B' a boy that lost himself in a wood,  
And, growing down t' a man, was wont  
With wolves upon all four to hunt.  
As for your reasons drawn from tails,  
We cannot say they're true or false,

Till you explain yourself, and show      B' experiment 'tis so or no.  
Quoth he, If you'll join issue on't,      I'll give you sat'sfact'ry account ;  
So you will promise, if you lose,      To settle all, and be my spouse.  
That never shall be done (quoth she)      To one that wants a tail by me ;  
For tails by nature sure were meant,      As well as beards, for ornament :  
And though the vulgar count them homely,  
In men or beast they are so comely,

So gentee, alamode, and handsome,  
I'll never marry man that wants one :

And till you can demonstrate plain, You have one equal to your mane,  
I'll be torn piece-meal by a horse, Ere I'll take you for better or worse.  
The Prince of Cambay's daily food      Is asp, and basilisk, and toad,

Which makes him have so strong a breath,

Each night he stinks a queen to death ;

Yet I shall rather lie in's arms      Than yours on any other terms.

Quoth he, What Nature can afford      I shall produce upon my word ;

And if she ever gave that boon      To man, I'll prove that I have one ;

I mean by postulate illation,      When you shall offer just occasion :

But since y' have yet deny'd to give

My heart, your pris'ner, a reprieve,

But made it sink down to my heel,      Let that at least your pity feel,

And for the sufferings of your martyr,

Give its poor entertainer quarter ;

And by discharge, or mainprise, grant

Delivery from this base restraint.

Quoth she, I grieve to see your leg      Stuck in a hole here like a peg,

And if I knew which way to do't,      (Your honour safe) I'd let you out.

That dames, by jail-delivery      Of errant knights, have been set free,

When by enchantment they have been,

And sometimes for it too, laid in,

Is that which knights are bound to do      By order, oath, and honour too ;

For what are they renowned and famous else,

But aiding of distressed damosels ;

But for a lady, no ways errant,      To free a knight, we have no warrant

In any authentical romance,      Or classic author yet of France ;

And I'd be loth to have you break      An ancient custom for a freak,

Or innovation introduce,      In place of things of antique use,

To free your heels by any course,

That might b' unwholesome to your spurs.

Which if I should consent unto,      It is not in my power to do ;

For 'tis a service must be done ye,      With solemn previous ceremony,

Which always has been us'd t' untie

The charms of those who here do lie :

For as the Ancients heretofore      To Honour's temple had no door

But that which thorough Virtue's lay,

So from this dungeon there's no way

To honour'd Freedom, but by passing

That other virtuous school of lashing,

Where knights are kept in narrow lists,

With wooden lockets 'bout their wrists ;

In which they for a while are tenants,

And for their ladies suffer penance :

Whipping, that's Virtue's governess,      Tutress of arts and sciences ;

That mends the gross mistakes of nature,

And puts new life into dull matter ;

That lays foundation for renown,      And all the honours of the gown.

This suffer'd, they are set at large,

And freed with honourable discharge ;



Then, in their robes the penitentials  
 Are straight presented with credentials,  
 And in their way attended on      By magistrates of every town ;  
     And, all respect and charges paid,  
     They're to their ancient seats convey'd.  
 Now if you'll venture, for my sake,      To try the toughness of your back,  
 And suffer (as the rest have done)      The laying of a whipping on,  
 (And may you prosper in your suit,      As you with equal vigour do't),  
     I here engage myself to loose ye,  
     And free your heels from caperdewsie.  
 But since our sex's modesty      Will not allow I should be by,  
     Bring me, on oath, a fair account,  
     And honour too, when you have don't ;  
 And I'll admit you to the place,      You claim as due in my good grace.  
 If matrimony and hanging go      By dest'ny, why not whipping too !  
     What med'cine else can cure the fits  
     Of lovers when they lose their wits ?  
     Love is a boy, by poets styl'd,  
     Then spare the rod, and spoil the child.  
     A Persian Emp'ror whipp'd his grannam,  
     The sea, his mother Venus came on ;  
 And hence some rev'rend men approve      Of rosemary in making love ;  
     As skilful coopers hoop their tubs  
     With Lydian and with Phrygian dubs ;  
     Why may not whipping have as good  
     A grace, perform'd in time and mood,  
 With comely movement, and by art,      Raise passion in a lady's heart ?  
 It is an easier way to make      Love by, than that which many take.  
     Who would not rather suffer whipping,  
     Than swallow toasts of bits of ribbon ?  
     Make wicked verses, treats, and faces,  
     And spell names over with beer-glasses ?  
 Be under vows to hang and die      Love's sacrifice, and all a lie ?  
 With China oranges and tarts,      And whining plays, lay baits for hearts ;  
     Bribe chamber-maids with love and money,  
     To break no roguish jests upon ye ?  
     For lillies limn'd on cheeks, and roses,  
     With painted perfumes, hazard noses ;  
 Or vent'ring to be brisk and wanton,      Do penance in a paper lanthorn ?  
 All this you may compound for now,      By suffering what I offer you ;  
     Which is no more than has been done  
     By knights for ladies long ago.  
 Did not the great La Mancha do so      For the Infanta Del Taboso ?  
 Did not th' illustrious Bassa make      Himself a slave for Miss's sake ?  
 And with bull's pizzle for her love,      Was taw'd as gentle as a glove ;  
     Was not young Florio sent (to cool  
     His flame for Biancafiore) to school,  
 Where pedant made his pathic bum,      For her sake suffer martyrdom ?  
 Did not a certain lady whip      Of late her husband's own lordship ?  
     And, though a grandee of the house,  
     Claw'd him with fundamental blows ;



Ty'd him stark naked to a bed-post ;  
 And sirk'd his hide, as if sh' had rid post ;  
 And after in the sessions-court,  
 Where whipping's judg'd, had honour for't ?  
 This swear you will perform, and then  
 I'll set you from th' enchanted den,

And the magician's circle clear.      Quoth he, I do profess and swear,  
 And will perform what you enjoin,      Or may I never see you mine.

Amen (quoth she), then turn'd about, And bid her squire let him out.  
 But ere an artist could be found      T'undo the charms another bound,

The sun grew low, and left the skies,  
 Put down (some write) by ladies eyes ;  
 The moon pull'd off her veil of light,  
 That hides her face by day from sight,  
 (Mysterious veil, of brightness made,  
 That's both her lustre and her shade)  
 And in the lanthorn of the night,  
 With shining horns hung out her light :  
 For darkness is the proper sphere  
 Where all false glories use t' appear.  
 The twinkling stars began to muster,  
 And glitter with their borrow'd lustre,  
 While sleep the weary'd world reliev'd,  
 By counterfeiting death reviv'd.

His whipping penance, till the morn,  
 Our vot'ry thought it best t' adjourn,

And not to carry on a work      Of such importance in the dark,  
 With erring haste, but rather stay,      And do't in th' open face of day :  
 And in the mean time go in quest      Of next retreat to take his rest.



## CANTO II.—ARGUMENT.

The Knight and Squire in hot dispute,  
 Are parted with a sudden fright  
 With which adventuring to stickle,

Within an ace of falling out.  
 Of a strange alarm, and stranger sight ;  
 They're sent away in nasty pickle.

'TIS strange how some mens tempers suit  
 (Like bawd and brandy) with dispute,  
 That for their own opinions stand fast  
 Only to have them claw'd and canvass'd ;  
 That keep their consciences in cases,  
 As fiddlers do their crowds and bases,

Ne'er to be us'd but when they're bent      To play a fit for argument ;  
 Make true and false, unjust and just,      Of no use but to be discuss'd ;  
 Dispute and set a paradox,      Like a straight boot upon the stocks,  
 And stretch it more unmercifully  
 Than Helmont, Montaign, White, or Tully.

So th' ancient Stoics, in their porch,  
 With fierce dispute maintain'd their church,  
 Beat out their brains in fight and study, To prove that virtue is a body ;  
 That *bonum* is an animal,      Made good with stout polemic brawl ;  
     In which, some hundreds on the place  
     Were slain outright, and many a face  
     Retrench'd of nose, and eyes, and beard,  
     To maintain what their sect averr'd.  
     All which the Knight and Squire in wrath  
     Had like t' have suffer'd for their faith,  
 Each striving to make good his own,      As by the sequel shall be shown.  
     The sun had long since, in the lap      Of Thetis, taken out his nap,  
 And, like a lobster boil'd, the morn      From black to red began to turn ;  
     When Hudibras, whom thoughts and aching  
     'Twixt sleeping kept, all night, and waking,  
 Began to rub his drousy eyes,      And from his couch prepar'd to rise,  
 Resolving to dispatch the deed      He vow'd to do, with trusty speed.  
     But first with knocking loud, and bawling,  
     He rous'd the Squire, in truckle lolling :  
 And, after many circumstances,      Which vulgar authors in romances  
 Do use to spend their time and wits on, To make impertinent description,  
 They got (with much ado) to horse,      And to the castle bent their course,  
 In which he to the dame before      To suffer whipping duty swore.  
 Wherewith arriv'd, and half unharness'd To carry on the work in earnest,  
     He stopp'd and paus'd upon the sudden,  
     And with a serious forehead plodding,  
 Sprung a new scruple in his head, Which first he scratch'd, and after said :  
 Whether it be direct infringing,      An oath, if I should wave this swinging,  
 And what I've sworn to bear, forbear,      And so b' equivocation swear ;  
 Or whether 't be a lesser sin      To be forsworn, than act the thing ;  
     Are deep and subtle points, which must,  
     T' inform my conscience, be discuss'd ;  
 In which to err a tittle may      To errors infinite make way ;  
 And therefore I desire to know      Thy judgment, ere we further go.  
     Quoth Ralpho, Since you do enjoin't,      I shall enlarge upon the point ;  
 And for my own part do not doubt      Th' affirmative may be made out.  
 But first, to state the case aright,      For best advantage of our light ;  
 And thus 'tis : Whether 't be a sin      To claw and curry your own skin,  
 Greater, or less, than to forbear.      And that you are forsworn forswear.  
 But first, o' th' first : The inward man,      And outward, like a clan and clan,  
 Have always been at daggers-drawing,      And one another clapper-clawing,  
 Not that they really cuff, or fence,      But in a spiritual mystic sense ;  
     Which to mistake, and make 'em squabble,  
     In literal fray's abominable :  
 'Tis Heathenish, in frequent use      With Pagans, and apostate Jews,  
 To offer sacrifice of Bridwells,      Like modern Indians to their idols ;  
     And mongrel Christians of our times,  
     That expiate less with greater crimes,  
 And call the foul abomination      Contrition and mortification.  
     Is't not enough we're bruise'd and kicked,  
     With sinful members of the wicked,

Our vessels that are sanctify'd, Prophan'd and curry'd back and side ;  
 But we must claw ourselves with shameful  
 And Heathen stripes, by their example ?  
 Which (were there nothing to forbid it) Is impious, because they did it :  
 This therefore may be justly reckon'd  
 A heinous sin. Now, to the second,  
 That Saints may claim a dispensation  
 To swear and forswear, on occasion,  
 I doubt not, but it will appear With pregnant light : The point is clear.  
 Oaths are but words, and words but wind,  
 Too feeble implements to bind,  
 And hold with deeds proportion, so, As shadows to a substance do.  
 Then when they strive for place, 'tis fit  
 The weaker vessel should submit.  
 Although your church be opposite  
 To ours, as Black Friars are to White,  
 In rule and order, yet I grant You are a reformato saint ;  
 And what the saints do claim as due, You may pretend a title to.  
 But saints, whom oaths and vows oblige, Know little of their privilege,  
 Further (I mean) than carrying on Some self-advantage of their own :  
 For if the dev'l, to serve his turn,  
 Can tell truth, why the saints should scorn,  
 When it serves theirs, to swear and lie,  
 I think there's little reason why ;  
 Else h' has a greater power than they, Which 'twere impiety to say.  
 W' are not commanded to forbear, Indefinitely, at all to swear ;  
 But to swear idly, and in vain, Without self-interest or gain ;  
 For breaking of an oath and lying, Is but a kind of self-denying,  
 A saint-like virtue, and from hence  
 Some have broke oaths by providence ;  
 Some, to the glory of the Lord,  
 Perjur'd themselves, and broke their word :  
 And this the constant rule and practice Of all our late apostles acts is.  
 Was not the cause at first begun With perjury, and carry'd on ?  
 Was there an oath the godly took,  
 But in due time and place they broke ?  
 Did we not bring our oaths in first,  
 Before our plate, to have them burst,  
 And cast in fitter models, for The present use of church and war ?  
 Did not our worthies of the House,  
 Before they broke the peace, break vows ?  
 For, having freed us, first from both Th' allegiance and supremacy oath,  
 Did they not next compel the nation  
 To take and break the protestation ?  
 To swear, and after to recant, The solemn league and covenant ?  
 To take th' engagement and disclaim it,  
 Enforc'd by those, who first did frame it ?  
 Did they not swear, at first, to fight  
 For the King's safety, and his right ?  
 And after march'd to find him out,  
 And charg'd him home with horse and foot :

But yet still had the confidence      To swear it was in his defence?  
     Did they not swear to live and die  
     With Essex, and straight laid him by?  
     If that were all, for some have sworn  
     As false as they if they did no more.  
     Did they not swear to maintain law,  
     In which that swearing made a flaw?  
 For Protestant religion vow,      That did that vowing disallow?  
 For privilege of parliament,      In which that swearing made a rent?  
 And since, of all the three, not one      Is left in being, 'tis well known.  
     Did they not swear, in express words,  
     To prop and back the House of Lords?  
     And after turn'd out the whole houseful  
     Of peers, as dang'rous and unuseful :  
     So Cromwell, with deep oaths and vows,  
     Swore all the Commons out o' th' house,  
     Vowed that the red-coats would disband,  
     Ay marry would they, at their command ;  
     And trol'd them on, and swore, and swore,  
     Till th' army turn'd them out of door.  
     This tells us plainly what they thought,  
     That oaths and swearing go for nought,  
 And that by them th' were only meant,      To serve for an expedient :  
     What was the public faith found out for,  
     But to slur men of what they fought for?  
     The public faith, which every one  
     Is bound to observe, yet kept by none ;  
 And if that go for nothing, why      Should private faith have such a tie?  
     Oaths were not purpos'd, more than law,  
     To keep the good and just in awe,  
 But to confine the bad and sinful,      Like moral cattle in a pincfold.  
     A saint's of th' heav'nly realm a peer ;  
     And as no peer is bound to swear,  
 But on the gospel of his honour,      Of which he may dispose, as owner,  
     It follows, though the thing be forgery,  
     And false, th' affirm, it is no perjury,  
 But a mere ceremony, and a breach      Of nothing but a form of speech :  
 And goes for no more, when 'tis took,      Than mere saluting of the book.  
 Suppose the Scriptures are of force,      They're but commissions of course,  
     And saints have freedom to digress,  
     And vary from 'em, as they please :  
 Or misinterpret them by private      Instructions, to all aims they drive at.  
 Then why should we ourselves abridge,      And curtail our own privilege?  
     Quakers (that, like to lanthorns, bear  
     Their light within 'em) will not swear.  
 Their gospel is an accident,      By which they construe conscience,  
 And hold no sin so deeply red,      As that of breaking Priscian's head.  
     (The head and founder of their order,  
     That stirring hats held worse than murder.)  
     These thinking th' are oblig'd to troth  
     In swearing, will not take an oath :



Like mules, who, if th' have not their will  
 To keep their own pace, stand stock-still ;  
 But they are weak, and little know  
 What free-born consciences may do.

'Tis the temptation of the devil, That makes all human actions evil :  
 For saints may do the same things by The spirit, in sincerity,  
 Which other men are tempted to, And at the devil's instance do ;  
 And yet the actions be contrary, Just as the saints and wicked vary.  
 For as on land there is no beast, But in some fish at sea's express'd ;  
 So in the wicked there's no vice, Of which the saints have not a spice ;  
 And yet that thing that's pious in The one, in th' other is a sin.

Is 't not ridiculous, and nonsense,  
 A saint should be a slave to conscience ;

That ought to be above such fancies, As far, as above ordinances ?  
 She's of the wicked, as I guess,  
 B' her looks, her language, and her dress ;  
 And though, like constables, we search,  
 For false wares, one another's church ;

Yet all of us hold this for true, No faith is to the wicked due ?  
 For truth is precious and divine, Too rich a pearl for carnal swine.

Quoth Hudibras, All this is true, Yet 'tis not fit that all men knew  
 Those mysteries and revelations ; And therefore topical evasions  
 Of subtle turns and shifts of sense,  
 Serve best with th' wicked for pretence.

Such as the learned Jesuits use, And Presbyterians for excuse,  
 Against the Protestants, when th' happen  
 To find their churches taken napping.

As thus : a breach of oath is duple, And either way admits a scruple,  
 And may be *ex parte* of the maker,  
 More criminal than th' injured taker ;

For he that strains too far a vow, Will break it, like an o'er-bent bow :  
 And he that made, and forc'd it, broke it,  
 Not he that for convenience took it :

A broken oath is, *quatenus* oath, As found t' all purposes of troth,  
 As broken laws are ne'er the worse,  
 Nay, till th' are broken have no force.

What's justice to a man, or laws, That never comes within their claws ?  
 They have no power, but to admonish,  
 Cannot control, coerce, or punish,  
 Until they're broken, and then touch  
 Those only that do make 'em such.

Beside, no engagement is allowed By men in prison made, for good ;  
 For when they're set at liberty,  
 They're from th' engagement too set free.

The Rabbins write, when any Jew Did make to God or man a vow,  
 Which afterwards he found untoward,  
 And stubborn to be kept, or too hard,  
 Any three other Jews o' th' nation  
 Might free him from the obligation :  
 And have not two saints power to use  
 A greater privilege than three Jews ?

The court of conscience, which in man  
 Should be supreme and sovereign,  
 Is't fit should be subordinate      To every petty court i' th' state,  
 And have less power than the lesser,      To deal with perjury at pleasure?  
 Have its proceedings disallow'd, or      Allow'd, at fancy of py-powder?  
 Tell all it does or does not know,      For swearing *ex officio* ?  
     Be forc'd t' impeach a broken hedge,  
     And pigs unring'd at *Vis. Franc.* pledge?  
     Discover thieves, and bawds, recusants,  
     Priests, witches, eves-droppers, and nuisance ;  
     Tell who did play at games unlawful,  
     And who fill'd pots of ale but half-full ;  
 And have no power at all, nor shift,      To help itself at a dead lift !  
     Why should not conscience have vacation  
     As well as other courts o' th' nation ;  
 Have equal power to adjourn,      Appoint appearance and return ;  
 And make as nice distinction serve      To split a case as those that carve  
     Invoking cuckolds names, hit joints ?  
     Why should not tricks as slight do points ?  
     Is not th' high court of justice sworn  
     To judge that law that serves their turn ?  
     Make their own jealousies high-treason.  
     And fix 'em whomsoe'er they please on ?  
 Cannot the learned counsel there      Make laws in any shape appear ?  
 Mould 'em as witches do their clay,      When they make pictures to destroy,  
 And vex 'em in any form      That fits their purpose to do harm ?  
 Rack 'em until they do confess,      Impeach of treason whom they please,  
 And most perfidiously condemn      Those that engag'd their lives for them ?  
     And yet do nothing in their own sense,  
     But what they ought by oath and conscience.  
     Can they not juggle, and, with slight  
     Conveyance, play with wrong and right ;  
 And sell their blasts of wind as dear,      As Lapland witches bottled air ?  
     Will not fear, favour, bribe, and grudge,  
     The same case sev'ral ways adjudge ?  
 As seamen with the self-same gale,      Will sev'ral different courses sail.  
     As when the sea breaks o'er its bounds,  
     And overflows the level grounds,  
     Those banks and dams, that like a screen  
     Did keep it out, now keep it in :  
 So when tyrannic usurpation      Invades the freedom of a nation,  
 The laws o' th' land that were intended      To keep it out, are made defend it.  
     Does not in chanc'ry every man swear  
     What makes best for him in his answer ?  
     Is not the winding up witnesses  
     And nicking more than half the bus'ness ?  
 For witnesses, like watches, go      Just as they're set, too fast or slow,  
     And where in conscience they're strait-lac'd,  
     ' Tis ten to one that side is cast.  
     Do not your juries give their verdict  
     As if they felt the cause, not heard it ?

And as they please make matter of fact

Run all on one side, as they're pack'd?

Nature has made man's breast no windores,

To publish what he does within doors;

Nor what dark secrets there inhabit, Unless his own rash folly blab it.

If oaths can do a man no good

In his own bus'ness, why they should

In other matters do him hurt, I think there's little reason for't.

He that imposes an oath makes it,

Not he that for convenience takes it;

Then how can any man be said To break an oath he never made?

These reasons may perhaps look oddly

To the wicked, though they evince the godly;

But if they will not serve to clear My honour, I am ne'er the near.

Honour is like that glassy bubble That finds philosophers such trouble,

Whose least part crack'd, the whole does fly,

And wits are crack'd, to find out why.

Quoth Ralpho, Honour's but a word To swear by, only in a lord:

In other men 'tis but a huff, To vapour with, instead of proof,

That like a wen, looks big and swells,

Is senseless, and just nothing else.

Let it (quoth he) be what it will It has the world's opinion still.

But as men are not wise that run The slightest hazard they may shun,

There may a medium be found out,

To clear to all the world the doubt;

And that is, if a man may do't, By proxy whipp'd, or substitute.

Though nice and dark the point appear,

(Quoth Ralph) it may hold up and clear.

That sinners may supply the place Of suffering saints is a plain case.

Justice gives sentence many times On one man for another's crimes.

Our brethren of New England use Choice malefactors to excuse,

And hang the guiltless in their stead,

Of whom the churches have less need;

As lately 't happen'd: In a town There liv'd a cobbler, and but one,

That out of doctrine could cut use,

And mend mens lives, as well as shoes.

This precious brother having slain, In times of peace an Indian,

Not out of malice, but mere zeal, Because he was an infidel,

The mighty Tottipotymoy Sent to our elders an envoy,

Complaining sorely of the breach

Of league, held forth by brother Patch,

Against the articles in force Between both churches, his and ours;

For which he crav'd the saints to render

Into his hands, or hang th' offender:

But they maturely having weigh'd,

They had no more but him o' th' trade,


(A man that serv'd them in a double Capacity, to teach and cobble)

Resolv'd to spare him; yet to do The Indian Hoghan Moghan too.

Impartial justice, in his stead did Hang an old weaver that was bed-rid.

Then wherefore may not you be skipp'd,

And in your room another whipp'd;

For all philosophers, but the sceptic,  
 Hold whipping may be sympathetic.  
 It is enough, quoth Hudibras, Thou hast resolv'd and clear'd the case ;  
 And canst, in conscience, not refuse,  
 From thy own doctrine, to raise use.  
 I know thou wilt not (for my sake)  
 Be tender-conscienc'd of thy back :  
 Then strip thee of thy carnal jerkin,  
 And give thy outward fellow a ferking ;  
 For when thy vessel is new hoop'd,  
 All leaks of sinning will be stopp'd.  
 Quoth Ralpho, You mistake the matter,  
 For, in all scruples of this nature,  
 No man includes himself, nor turns    The point upon his own concerns.  
 For no man does himself convince,    By his own doctrine, of his sins :  
 And though all cry down self, none means  
 His own self in a literal sense :  
 Beside, it is not only foppish,                      But vile, idolatrous, and Popish ;  
 For one man out of his own skin,              To frisk and whip another's sin :  
 As pedants, out of school-boys breeches,  
 Do claw and curry their own itches.  
 But in this case it is profane,                      And sinful too, because in vain :  
 For we must take our oaths upon it  
 You did the deed, when I have done it.  
 Quoth Hudibras, That's answered soon ;  
 Give us the whip, we'll lay it on.  
 Quoth Ralpho, That we may swear true,  
 'Twere properer that I whipp'd you :  
 For when with your consent 'tis done,              The act is really your own.  
 Quoth Hudibras, It is in vain              (I see) to argue 'gainst the grain ;  
 Or, like the stars, incline men to  
 What they're averse themselves to do :  
 For when disputes are weary'd out,  
 'Tis interest still resolves the doubt.  
 But since no reason can confute ye,    I'll try to force you to your duty ;  
 For so it is, howe'er you mince it,              As, e'er we part, I shall evince it,  
 And curry (if you stand out), whether  
 You will or no, your stubborn leather.  
 Canst thou refuse to bear thy part    I' th' public work, base as thou art ?  
 To higgles thus, for a few blows,  
 To gain thy Knight an opulent spouse ;  
 Whose wealth his bowels yearn to purchase,  
 Merely for th' int'rest of the churches ?  
 And when he has it in his claws,  
 Will not be hide-bound to the cause :  
 Nor shalt thou find him a curmudgeon,  
 If thou dispatch it without grudging :  
 If not, resolve before we go,  
 That you and I must pull a crow.   
 Y' had best (quoth Ralpho), As the Ancients  
 Say wisely, have a care o' th' main chance,



And look before you ere you leap ; For as you sow, y' are like to reap :  
 And were y' as good as George a Green,  
 I shall make bold to turn again ;  
 Nor am I doubtful of the issue      In a just quarrel, and mine is so.  
 Is't fitting for a man of honour To whip the saints, like Bishop Bonner?  
 A knight t' usurp the beadle's office,  
 For which y' are like to raise brave trophies :  
 But I advise you (not for fear,      But for your own sake) to forbear ;  
 And for the churches, which may chance  
 From hence, to spring a variance ;  
 And raise among themselves new scruples,  
 Whom common danger hardly couples,  
 Remember how in arms and politics,  
 We still have worsted all your holy tricks,  
 Trepann'd your party with intrigue,  
 And took your grandees down a peg ;  
 New modell'd th' army, and cashier'd All that to Legion SMEC adher'd ;  
 Made a mere utensil o' your church,      And after left it in the lurch ;  
 A scaffold to build up our own,  
 And when w' had done with 't, pull'd it down ;  
 Capoch'd your Rabbins of the synod,  
 And snapp'd their cannons with a why-not :  
 (Grave synod-men, that were rever'd  
 For solid face, and depth of beard)  
 Their classic model prov'd a maggot, Their directory an Indian pagod ;  
 And drown'd their discipline like a kitten,  
 On which they had been so long a sitting ;  
 Decry'd it as a holy cheat,      Grown out of date and obsolete,  
 And all the saints of the first grass,      As castling foals of Balam's ass.  
 At this the Knight grew high in chafe, And, staring furiously on Ralph,  
 He trembled and look'd pale with ire, Like ashes first, then red as fire.  
 Have I (quoth he) been ta'en in fight, And for so many moons lain by't,  
 And, when all other means did fail,  
 Have been exchang'd for tubs of ale ?  
 Not but they thought me worth a ransom  
 Much more consid'able and handsome,  
 But for their own sakes, and for fear  
 They were not safe when I was there ;  
 Now to be baffled by a scoundrel,      An upstart sect'ry, and a mungrel,  
 Such as breed out of peccant humours  
 Of our own church, like wens, or tumours,  
 And like a maggot in a sore,      Would that which gave it life devour ;  
 It never shall be done or said :      With that he seized upon his blade :  
 And Ralpho too, as quick and bold,      Upon his basket-hilt laid hold,  
 With equal readiness prepar'd      To draw and stand upon his guard :  
 When both were parted on the sudden,  
 With hideous clamour, and a loud one,  
 As if all sorts of noise had been      Contracted into one loud din :  
 Or that some member to be chosen,  
 Had got the odds above a thousand,  
 And by the greatness of his noise,  
 Proved fittest for his country's choice.

This strange surprisal put the Knight  
 And wrathful Squire into a fright ;  
 And though they stood prepar'd, with fatal  
 Impetuous rancour to join battle,  
 Both thought it was the wisest course  
 To wave the fight and mount to horse,  
 And to secure, by swift retreating,  
 Themselves from danger of worse beating :  
 Yet neither of them would disparage,  
 By utt'ring of his mind, his courage,  
 Which made 'em stoutly keep their ground,  
 With horror and disdain wind-bound.  
 And now the cause of all their fear,  
 By slow degrees approach'd so near,  
 They might distinguish diff'rent noise  
 Of horns, and pans, and dogs, and boys,  
 And kettle drums, whose sullen dub Sounds like the hooping of a tub.  
 But when the sight appear'd in view,  
 They found it was an antique show ;  
 A triumph, that for pomp and state, Did proudest Romans emulate :  
 For as the aldermen of Rome Their foes at training overcome,  
 And not enlarging territory, (As some mistaken write in story)  
 Being mounted in their best array, Upon a car, and who but they ?  
 And follow'd with a world of tall lads,  
 That merry ditties troll'd, and ballads,  
 Did ride with many a good-morrow,  
 Crying, hey for our town, thro' the borough ;  
 So when this triumph drew so nigh They might particulars descry,  
 They never saw two things so pat, In all respects as this and that.  
 First, he that led the cavalcade, Wore a sow-gelder's flaggellet,  
 On which he blew as strong a levet,  
 As well-fee'd lawyer on his breviate ;  
 When, over one another's heads,  
 They charge (three ranks at once) like Swedes.  
 Next pans and kettles of all keys, From trebles down to double base ;  
 And after them, upon a nag, That might pass for a forehand stag,  
 A cornet rode, and on his staff A smock display'd did proudly wave :  
 Then bagpipes of the loudest drones,  
 With snuffling broken-winded tones,  
 Whose blasts of air in pockets shut, Sound filthier than from the gut,  
 And make a viler noise than swine In windy weather when they whine.  
 Next one upon a pair of panniers,  
 Full fraught with that, which for good manners  
 Shall here be nameless, mix'd with grains,  
 Which he dispens'd among the swains,  
 And busily upon the crowd At random round about bestow'd.  
 Then mounted on a horned horse, One bore a gauntlet and gilt spurs,  
 Ty'd to the pummel of a long sword  
 He held revers'd, th' point turn'd downward.  
 Next after, on a raw-bon'd steed, The conqueror's standard-bearer rid,  
 And bore aloft before the champion A petticoat display'd and rampant :

Near whom the Amazon triumphant  
 Bestrid her beast, and, on the rump on't,  
 Sat face to tail, and bum to bum,      The warrior whilom overcome,  
 Arm'd with a spindle and a distaff,  
 Which, as he rode, she made him twist off :  
 And when he loiter'd, o'er her shoulder Chastis'd the reformato soldier.  
 Before the dame and round about,  
 March'd whiffers, and staffiers on foot,  
 With lackies, grooms, valets, and pages,  
 In fit and proper equipages ;  
 Of whom, some torches bore, some links,  
 Before the proud virago minx,  
 That was both Madam, and a Don, Like Nero's Sporus or Pope Joan ;  
 And at fit periods the whole rout  
 Set up their throats with clamorous shout,  
 The knight transported, and the Squire,  
 Put up their weapons and their ire ;  
 And Hudibras, who us'd to ponder On such sights, with judicious wonder,  
 Could hold no longer to impart      His animadversions, for his heart.  
 Quoth he, In all my life till now      I ne'er saw so prophane a show.  
 It is a Paganish invention,      Which Heathen writers often mention ;  
 And he who made it had read Goodwin, Or Ross, or Cælius Rhodogine,  
 With all the Grecian Speeds and Stows,  
 That best describ'd those ancient shows  
 And has observ'd all fit decorums We find describ'd by old historians :  
 For as the Roman conqueror,      That put an end to foreign war,  
 Ent'ring the town in triumph for it, Bore a slave with him, in his chariot :  
 So this insulting female brave,      Carries behind her here a slave ;  
 And as the Ancients long ago,      When they in field defy'd the foe,  
 Hung out their mantles *della guerre*, So her proud standard-bearer here,  
 Waves on his spear, in dreadful manner, A Tyrian petticoat for banner.  
 Next links, and torches, heretofore      Still borne before the Emperor :  
 And as in antique triumphs eggs      Were borne for mystical intrigues :  
 There's one in truncheon, like a ladder,  
 That carries eggs too, fresh or addle ;  
 And still at random, as he goes,      Among the rabble-rout bestows.  
 Quoth Ralpho, You mistake the matter ;  
 For all th' antiquity you smatter,  
 Is but a riding, us'd of course,      When the grey mare's the better horse :  
 When o'er the breeches greedy women  
 Fight, to extend their vast dominion :  
 And in the cause impatient Grizel  
 Has drubb'd her husband with bull's pizzle,  
 And brought him under covert baron, To turn her vassal with a murrain ;  
 When wives their sexes shift, like hares,  
 And ride their husbands, like night-mares,  
 And they in mortal battle vanquish'd,  
 Are of their charter dis-enfranchis'd,  
 And by the right of war, like gills,  
 Condemn'd to distaff, horns, and wheels,  
 For when men by their wives are cow'd,  
 Their horns of course are understood.

Quoth Hudibras, Thou still giv'st sentence  
Impertinently, and against sense :

'Tis not the least disparagement      To be defeated by th' event,  
Nor to be beaten by main force,      That does not make a man the worse,  
Although his shoulders with battoon  
Be claw'd and cudgel'd to some tune :

A tailor's prentice has no hard      Measure, that's bang'd with a true yard ;  
But to turn tail, or run away,      And without blows give up the day,  
Or to surrender ere th' assault,      That's no man's fortune, but his fault ;  
And renders men of honour less      Then all the adversity of success :  
And only unto such this shew      Of horns and petticoats is due.  
Where is a lesser profanation,      Like that the Romans call'd ovation :  
For as ovation was allow'd      For conquest purchas'd without blood ;  
So men decree those lesser shows,      For vict'ry gotten without blows,  
By dint of sharp hard words, which some      Give battle with, and overcome ;  
These mounted in a chair-curule,      Which moderns call a cucking-stool,  
March proudly to the river's side,      And o'er the waves in triumph ride ;  
Like Dukes of Venice, who are said      The Adriatic sea to wed ;

And have a gentler wife than those  
For whom the state decrees those shows.  
But both are Heathenish, and come  
From th' whores of Babylon and Rome ;

And by the saints should be withstood,      As Antichristian and lewd ;  
And we, as such, should now contribute  
Our utmost strugglings to prohibit.

This said, they both advanc'd, and rode  
A dog-trot through the bawling crowd,  
T' attack the leader, and still press'd,  
Till they approach'd him breast to breast :  
Then Hudibras, with face and hand,  
Made signs to silence ; which obtain'd,  
What means (quoth he) this dev'l's procession  
With men of orthodox profession ?

'Tis ethnique and idolatrous,      From Heathenism deriv'd to us.  
Does not the whore of Babylon ride      Upon her horned beast astride,  
Like this proud dame, who either is      A type of her, or she of this ?  
Are things of superstitious function,      Fit to be us'd in gospel sun-shine ?  
It is an Antichristian opera,      Much us'd in midnight times of Popery ;  
Of running after self-inventions ;      Of wicked and prophane intentions ;  
To scandalize that sex, for scolding,      To whom the saints are so beholden.

Women, who were our first apostles,  
Without whose aid w' had all been lost else ;  
Women, that left no stone unturn'd  
In which the cause might be concern'd ;  
Brought in their children's spoons and whistles,  
To purchase swords, carbines, and pistols ;  
Their husbands, cullies, and sweet-hearts,  
To take the saints and churches parts ;

Drew several gifted brethren in,      That for the bishops would have been,  
And fix'd 'em constant to the party,      With motives powerful and hearty :  
Their husbands robb'd, and made hard shifts  
T' administer unto their gifts,



All they could rap, and rend, and pilfer,  
 To scraps and ends of gold and silver ;  
 Rubb'd down the teachers, tir'd and spent,  
 With holding forth for parliament :

Pamper'd and edify'd their zeal With marrow puddings many a meal :  
 Enabled them with store of meat, On controverted points to eat ;

And cramm'd 'em, till their guts did ache,  
 With cawdle, custard, and plumb-cake.  
 What have they done, or what left undone,  
 That might advance the cause at London ?  
 March'd rank and file with drum and ensign,  
 T' entrench the city for defence in ?

Rais'd rampiers with their own soft hands, To put the enemy to stands ;  
 From ladies down to oyster-wenches Labour'd like pioneers in trenches,  
 Fell to their pick-axes, and tools, And help'd the men to dig like moles ?  
 Have not the handmaids of the city  
 Chose of their members a committee ?

For raising of a common purse Out of their wages to raise horse ?  
 And do they not as triers sit, To judge what officers are fit ?  
 Have they——At that an egg let fly, Hit him directly o'er the eye,  
 And running down his cheek, besmear'd  
 With orange-tawny slime his beard ;  
 But beard and slime being of one hue,  
 The wound the less appear'd in view.

Then he that on the panniers rode, Let fly on th' other side a load ;  
 And quickly charg'd again, gave fully, In Ralpho's face, another volley.  
 The Knight was startled with the smell,  
 And for his sword began to feel :  
 And Ralpho, smother'd with the stink,  
 Grasp'd his, when one that bore a link,  
 O' th' sudden clapp'd his flaming cudgel,  
 Like linstock, to the horse's touch-hole ;  
 And straight another with his flambeau,  
 Gave Ralpho o'er the eyes a damn'd blow.

The beasts began to kick and fling, And forc'd the rout to make a ring :  
 Thro' which they quickly broke their way  
 And brought them off from further fray,  
 And though disorder'd in retreat, Each of them stoutly kept his seat :  
 For quitting both their swords and reins,  
 They grasp'd with all their strength the manes,  
 And, to avoid the foe's pursuit, With spurring put their cattle to't ;  
 And till all four were out of wind, And danger too, ne'er look'd behind.

After th' had paus'd a while, supplying  
 Their spirits, spent with fight and flying,  
 And Hudibras recruited force Of lungs, for action, or discourse,

Quoth he, That man is sure to lose,  
 That fouls his hands with dirty foes :  
 For where no honour's to be gain'd,  
 'Tis thrown away in being maintain'd ;

'Twas ill for us, we had to do With so dishonourable a foe :  
 For though the law of arms doth bar The use of venom'd shot in war,

Yet by the nauseous smell, and noisome,  
 Their case-shot savours strong of poison,  
 And doubtless have been chew'd with teeth  
 Of some that had a stinking breath ;

Else when we put it to the push, They had not giv'n us such a brush :  
 But as those poltroons that fling dirt, Do but defile, but cannot hurt ;  
 So all the honour they have won, Or we have lost, is much at one.  
 'Twas well we made so resolute A brave retreat, without pursuit :  
 For if we had not, we had sped Much worse, to be in triumph led ;  
 Than which the Ancients held no state Of man's life more unfortunate,  
 But if this bold adventure e'er Do chance to reach the widow's ear,  
 It may, being destin'd to assert Her sex's honour, reach her heart :  
 And as such homely treats (they say)

Portend good fortune, so this may.

Vespasian being dawb'd with dirt, Was destin'd to the empire for't ;  
 And from a scavenger did come To be a mighty prince in Rome :  
 And why may not this foul address Presage in love the same success ?

Then let us straight , to cleanse our wounds,

Advance in quest of nearest ponds ;

And after (as we first design'd) Swear I've perform'd what she enjoin'd.

### C A N T O III.—A R G U M E N T.

The Knight, with various doubts possess'd  
 Of Sidrophel, the Rosicrucian,  
 With whom b'ing met, they both chop logic  
 Till, falling from dispute to fight,

To win the Lady, goes in quest  
 To know the Destinies resolution ;  
 About the science astrologic ;  
 The conj'r's worsted by the Knight.

DOUBTLESS the pleasure is as great Of being cheated as to cheat ;  
 As lookers on feel most delight, That least perceive a juggler's slight ;  
 And still the less they understand, Themore th' admire his slight of hand.

Some with a noise, and greasy light,

Are snapp'd, as men catch larks by night,

Ensna'd and hamper'd by the soul, As nooses by the legs catch fowl.  
 Some with med'cine and receipt Are drawn to nibble at the bait ;  
 And though it be a two-foot trout, 'Tis with a single hair pull'd out.

Others believe no voice t' an organ

(So sweet as lawyer's in his bar-gown ;

Until with subtle cobweb-cheats, Th' are catch'd in knotted law, like nets ;  
 In which, when once they are imbrangled,,

The more they stir, the more they're tangled ;

And while their purses can dispute, There's no end of the immortal suit.

Others still gape t' anticipate The cabinet designs of fate,

Applying to wizards, to foresee What shall, and what shall never be.

And as those vultures do forebode, Believe events prove bad or good.

A flam more senseless than the roguery Of old aruspicy and aug'ry,

That out of garbages of cattle Presag'd th' events of truce or battle ;

From flight of birds, or chickens pecking,

Success of great'st attempts would reckon :

Though cheats, yet more intelligible  
Than those that with the stars do fribble.

This Hudibras by proof found true, As in due time and place we'll show:  
For he with beard and face made clean, Being mounted on his steed again;  
(And Ralpho got a cock-horse too Upon his beast, with much ado)  
Advanc'd on for the widow's house, T'acquit himself, and pay his vows;  
When various thoughts began to bustle,  
And with his inward man to juggle;  
He thought what danger might accrue,  
If she should find he swore untrue:

Or if his Squire or he should fail, And not be punctual in their tale,  
It might at once the ruin prove Both of his honour, faith, and love.  
But if he should forbear to go, She might conclude h' had broke his vow;  
And that he durst not now for shame Appear in court, to try his claim.  
This was the penn'worth of his thought, To pass time, and uneasy trot.

Quoth he, In all my past adventures, I ne'er was set so on the tenters;  
Or taken tardy with dilemma, That ev'ry way I turn does hem me;  
And with inextricable doubt, Besets my puzzled wits about:  
For though the dame has been my bail, To free me from enchanted jail,  
Yet as a dog, committed close For some offence, by chance breaks loose;  
And quits his clog, but all in vain, He still draws after him his chain;  
So, though my ancles she has quitted, My heart continues still committed;  
And like a bail'd and main-priz'd lover,  
Altho' at large, I am bound over;

And when I shall appear in court, To plead my cause, and answer for't,  
Unless the judge do partial prove, What will become of me and love?  
For if in our account we vary, Or but in circumstance miscarry,  
Or if she put me to strict proof, And make me pull my doublet off,  
To shew, by evident record, Writ on my skin, I've kept my word,  
How can I ne'er expect to have her, Having demurr'd unto her favour?  
But, faith, and love, and honour lost,  
Shall be reduc'd t' a knight o' th' post?

Beside, that stripping may prevent What I'm to prove by argument,  
And justify I have a tail; And that way too my proof may fail.  
Oh! that I cou'd enucleate, And solve the problem of my fate;  
Or find, by necromantic art, How far the dest'nies take my part;  
For if I were not more than certain To win and wear her, and her fortune,  
I'd go no farther in this courtship, To hazard soul, estate, and worship;  
For though an oath obliges not, Where anything is to be got,  
(As thou hast prov'd) yet 'tis prophane,  
And sinful, when men swear in vain.

Quoth Ralph, Not far from hence doth dwell

A cunning man, hight Sidrophel,

That deals in destiny's dark counsels, And sage opinions of the moon sells;  
To whom all people, far and near, On deep importances repair;  
When brass and pewter hap to stray, And linen slinks out of the way;  
When geese and pullen are seduc'd, And sows of sucking pigs are chous'd;  
When cattle feel indisposition, And need th' opinion of physician;  
When murrain reigns in hogs or sheep, And chickens languish of the pip;  
When yest and outward means do fail,  
And have no power to work on ale;



When butter does refuse to come,  
 And love proves cross and humoursome ;  
 To him with questions, and with urine, They for discov'ry flock, or curing.  
 Quoth Hudibras, This Sidrophel I've heard of, and should like it well,  
 If thou canst prove the saints have freedom  
 To go to sorc'ers when they need 'em.

Says Ralpho, There's no doubt of that ; Those principles I quoted late  
 Prove that the godly may alledge For anything their privilege ;  
 And to the dev'l himself may go, If they have motives thereunto.  
 For, as there is a war between The dev'l and them, it is no sin  
 If they, by subtle stratagem, Make use of him, as he does them,  
 Has not this present parliament A leger to the devil sent,  
 Fully empower'd to treat about Finding revolted witches out ?  
 And has not he, within a year, Hang'd threescore of 'em in one shire ?  
 Some only for not being drown'd, And some for sitting above ground,  
 Whole days and nights, upon their breeches,  
 And, feeling pain, were hang'd for witches,

And some for putting knavish tricks Upon green geese and turkey chicks,  
 Or pigs, that suddenly deceas'd Of griefs unnat'ral, as he guess'd ;  
 Who after prov'd himself a witch, And made a rod for his own breech.  
 Did not the devil appear to Martin Luther in Germany, for certain ?  
 And wou'd have gull'd him with a trick, But Mart. was too too politic.  
 Did he not help the Dutch to purge At Antwerp their cathedral church ?

Sing catches to the saints at Mascon,  
 And tell them all they came to ask him ?

Appear in divers shapes to Kelly, And speak i' th' nun of Loudon's belly ?  
 Meet with the Parliament's committee, At Woodstock on a pers'nal treaty ?  
 At Sarum take a cavalier I' th' cause's service prisoner ;  
 As Withers in immortal rhyme Has register'd to after time ?  
 Do not our great reformers use This Sidrophel to forebode news ;  
 To write of victories next year, And castles taken yet i' th' air ?  
 Of battles fought at sea, and ships  
 Sunk two years hence, the last eclipse ?

A total overthrow giv'n the King In Cornwall, horse and foot, next spring ?  
 And has not he point-blank foretold  
 Whats'e'er the close committee would ?

Made Mars and Saturn for the cause, The moon for fundamental laws :  
 The ram, the bull, and goat declare Against the book of common-prayer ?  
 The Scorpion take the protestation, And bear engage for reformation ?  
 Made all the royal stars recant, Compound, and take the covenant ?

Quoth Hudibras, The case is clear, The Saints may 'mploy a conjurer,  
 As thou hast prov'd it by their practice ; No argument like matter of facts is,  
 And we are best of all led to Men's principles, by what they do.  
 Then let us strait advance in quest Of this profound gymnosophist ;  
 And as the fates and he advise, Pursue or wave this enterprise.

This said, he turn'd about his steed, And eftsoons on th' adventure rid ;

Where leave we him and Ralph a while,

And to the conjurer turn our style,

To let our reader understand What's useful of him before hand  
 He had been long t'wards mathematics, Optics, philosophy, and statics,  
 Magic, horoscopy, astrology, And was old dog at physiology ;



But as a dog that turns the spit,      Bestirs himself, and plies his feet,  
     To climb the wheel, but all in vain,  
     His own weight brings him down again,  
 And still he's in the self-same place      Where at his setting out he was ;  
 So in the circle of the arts,      Did he advance his nat'ral parts,  
 Till falling back still, for retreat,      He fell to juggles, cant, and cheat ;  
 For as those fowls that live in water      Are never wet, he did but smatter ;  
 Whate'er he labour'd to appear,      His understanding still was clear ;  
     Yet none a deeper knowledge boasted,  
     Since old Hodge Bacon, and Bob Grosted,  
 Th' intelligible world he knew,      And all men dream on't to be true :  
 That in this world there's not a wart      That has not there a counterpart ;  
 Nor can there on the face of ground      An individual beard be found,  
 That has not, in that foreign nation,      A fellow of the self-same fashion ;  
 So cut, so colour'd, and so curl'd,      As those are in th' inferior world,  
 H' had read Dee's prefaces before      The Dev'l, and Euclid, o'er and o'er,  
     And all the intrigues 'twixt him and Kelly,  
     Lescus and th' Emperor, would tell ye :  
 But with the moon was more familiar      Than e'er was almanac well-willer ;  
 Her secrets understood so clear,      That some believ'd he had been there ;  
 Knew when she was in fittest mood      For cutting corns, or letting blood ;  
     When sows and bitches may be spay'd,  
     And in what sign best cyder's made ;  
 Whether the wane be or increase      Best to set garlic, or sow pease :  
     Who first found out the man i' th' moon.  
     That to the ancients was unknown ;  
 How many dukes, and earls, and peers,      Are in the planetary spheres ;  
 Their airy empire, and command,      Their sev'ral strengths by sea and land ;  
     What factions th' have, and what they drive at  
     In public vogue, or what in private ;  
 With what designs and interests      Each party manages contests.  
 He made an instrument to know      If the moon shine at full or no ;  
     That would, as soon as e'er she shone, straight  
     Whether 'twere day or night demonstrate ;  
     Tell what her di'meter t' an inch is,  
     And proof that she's not made of green cheese. ✓  
 It would demonstrate, that the man in      The moon's a sea mediterranean ;  
 And that it is no dog nor bitch,      That stands behind him at his breech ;  
 But a huge Caspian sea, or lake,      With arms, which men for legs mistake ;  
 How large a gulph his tail composes,      And what a goodly bay his nose is ;  
     How many German leagues by th' scale  
     Cape snout's from promontory tail.  
 He made a planetary gin,      Which rats would run their own heads in,  
     And come on purpose to be taken,  
     Without th' expence of cheese or bacon ;  
     With lute-strings he would counterfeit  
     Maggots that crawl on dish of meat ;  
 Quoth moles and spots on any place      O' th' body, by the index face ;  
 Cure warts and corns, with application      Of med'cines to th' imagination ;  
     Fright agues into dogs, and scare  
     With rhymes, the tooth-ach and catarrh :

Chase evil spirits away by dint      Of cickle, horse-shoe, hollow-flint ;  
 Spit fire out of a walnut-shell,      Which made the Roman slaves rebel ;  
 And fire a mine in China here,      With sympathetic gunpowder.  
     He knew what's ever's to be known,  
     But much more than he knew would own :  
     What med'cine 'twas that Paracelsus  
     Could make a man with, as he tells us ;  
 What figur'd slates are best to make      On wat'ry surface duck or drake ;  
     What bowling-stones, in running race  
     Upon a board, have swiftest pace ;  
 Whether a pulse beat in the black      List of a dappled louse's back ;  
 If systole or diastole move      Quickest when he's in wrath or love ;  
 When two of them do run a race,      Whether they gallop, trot, or pace ;  
     How many scores a flea will jump,  
     Of his own length, from head to rum ;  
 Which Socrates and Chærephon,      In vain essay'd so long agon ;  
 Whether his snout a perfect nose is,      And not an elephant's proboscis ;  
 How many diff'rent species      Of maggots breed in rotten cheese ;  
 And which are next of kin to those      Engender'd in a chandler's nose ;  
 Or those not seen, but understood,      That live in vinegar and wood.  
     A paultry wretch he had, half-starv'd,  
     That him in place of Zany serv'd,  
     Hight Whachum, bred to dash and draw,  
     Not wine, but more unwholesome law ;  
 To make 'twixt words and lines huge gaps,      Wide as meridians in maps ;  
     To squander paper, and spare ink,  
     Or cheat men of their words, some think.  
 From this, by merited degrees,      He'd to more high advancement rise ;  
 To be an under-conjuror,      Or journeyman astrologer :  
     His bus'ness was to pump and wheedle,  
     And men with their own keys unriddle,  
     To make them to themselves give answers,  
     For which they pay the necromancers ;  
     To fetch and carry intelligence,  
     Of whom, and what, and where, and whence,  
 And all discoveries disperse      Among th' whole pack of conjurers ;  
 What cutpurses have left with them,      For the right owners to redeem :  
     And what they dare not vent, find out,  
     To gain themselves and th' art repute ;  
     Draw figures, schemes, and horoscopes,  
     Of Newgate, Bridewell, brokers shops,  
 Of thieves ascendant in the cart ;      And find out all by rules of art :  
     Which way a serving-man, that's run  
     With cloaths or money away, is gone ;  
     Who pick'd a fob at holding forth,  
     And where a watch for half the worth,  
 May be redeem'd ; or stolen plate      Restor'd at conscionable rate.  
 Beside all this, he serv'd his master      In quality of poetaster ;  
 And rhymes appropriate could make      To ev'ry month i' th' almanac ;  
 When terms begin and end could tell,      With their returns in doggerel ;  
 When the exchequer opes and shuts ;      And sow-gelder with safety cuts ;

When men may eat and drink their fill ;  
 And when be temp'rate, if they will ;  
 When use and when abstain from vice,  
 Figs, grapes, phlebotomy, and spice.

And as in prison mean rogues beat Hemp, for the service of the great ;  
 So Whachum beat his dirty brains,  
 T' advance his master's fame and gains ;  
 And like the devil's oracles, Put into doggrel rhymes his spells,  
 Which over every month's blank page  
 I' th' almanac strange bilks presage.

He would an elegy compose On maggots squeez'd out of his nose ;  
 In lyric numbers write an ode on His mistress eating a black pudding.  
 His sonnets charm'd th' attentive croud,  
 By wide mouth'd mortal troll'd aloud,  
 That, circled with his long-ear'd guests,  
 Like Orpheus look'd among the beasts ;

A carman's horse could not pass by, But stood ty'd up to poetry ;  
 No porter's burthen pass'd along But serv'd for burthen to his song ;  
 Each window like a pill'ry appears,  
 With head thrust through nail'd by the ears ;

All trades run in as to the fight Of monsters, or their dear delight,  
 The gallow tree, when cutting purse Breeds bus'ness for heroic verse,  
 Which none does hear but would have hung  
 T' have been the theme of such a song.

Those two together long had liv'd, In mansion prudently contriv'd,  
 Where neither tree nor house could bar The free detection of a star ;  
 And nigh an ancient obelisk Was rais'd by him, found out by Fisk,  
 On which was written, not in words, But hieroglyphic mute of birds,  
 Many rare pithy saws concerning The worth of astrologic learning :  
 From top of this there hung a rope To which he fasten'd telescope,  
 The spectacles with which the stars He reads in smallest characters.  
 It happen'd as a boy, one night, Did fly his tarsel of a kite ;

The strangest long-wing'd hawk that flies,  
 That, like a bird of paradise,  
 Or herald's martlet, has no legs,  
 Nor hatches young ones, nor lays eggs ;  
 His train was six yards long, milk-white,  
 At th' end of which there hung a light,

Inclos'd in lanthorn made of paper, That far off like a star did appear,  
 This Sidrophel by chance espy'd, And with amazement staring wide,  
 Bless us, quoth he, what dreadful wonder  
 Is that appears in heaven yonder ;

A comet, and without a beard ! Or star that ne'er before appear'd ?  
 I'm certain 'tis not in the scrol Of all those beasts, and fish, and fowl,  
 With which, like Indian plantations,  
 The learned stock the constellations ;  
 Nor those that drawn for signs have been,  
 To th' houses where the planets inn.

It must be supernatural, Unless it be that cannon-ball  
 That, shot i' th' air point-blank upright,  
 Was borne to that prodigious height,



That learn'd philosophers maintain,  
 It ne'er came backwards down again ;  
 But in the airy region yet                      Hangs like the body of Mahomet :  
 For if it be above the shade      That by the earth's round bulk is made,  
 'Tis probable it may from far                      Appear no bullet but a star.  
 This said, he to his engine flew,      Placed near at hand, in open view,  
 And raised it till it levell'd right      Against the glow-worm tail of kite.  
     Then peeping through, Bless us ! (quoth he)  
     It is a planet now I see ;  
 And, if I err not, by his proper      Figure, that's like tobacco-stopper,  
     It should be Saturn : yet 'tis clear,  
     'Tis Saturn ; but what makes him there ?  
 He's got between the dragon's tail, And further leg behind o' th' whale ;  
 Pray heaven avert the fatal omen,      For 'tis a prodigy not common ;  
 And can no less than the world's end,      Or nature's funeral, portend.  
 With that he fell again to pry,      Through perspective more wistfully,  
     When by mischance the fatal string,  
     That kept the tow'ring fowl on wing,  
     Breaking, down fell the star : Well shot,  
     Quoth Whachum, who right wisely thought  
 H' had levell'd at a star, and hit it : But Sidrophel, more subtle-witted,  
 Cry'd out, what horrible and fearful      Portent is this, to see a star fall ;  
 It threatens nature, and the doom      Will not be long before it come !  
     When stars do fall, 'tis plain enough,  
     The day of judgment's not far off ;  
     As lately 'twas revealed to Sedgwick,  
     And some of us find out by magic.  
     Then since the time we have to live  
     In this world's shorten'd, let us strive  
 To make our best advantage of it,      And pay our losses with our profit.  
     This feat fell out not long before  
     The Knight upon the fore-nam'd score,  
 In quest of Sidrophel advancing,      Was now in prospect of the mansion ;  
     Whom he discovering, turned his glass,  
     And found far off, 'twas Hudibras.  
     Whachum (quoth he), look yonder some  
     To try or use our art are come :  
     The one's the learned Knight ; seek out,  
     And pump 'em what they come about.  
     Whachum advanc'd, with all submiss'ness  
     T' accost 'em, but much more their bus'ness :  
     He held a stirrup while the Knight  
     From leathern bare-bones did alight ;  
     And taking from his hand the bridle,  
     Approach'd the dark Squire to unriddle :  
     He gave him first the time o' th' day,  
     And welcom'd him as he might say :  
     He ask'd him whence they came, and whether  
     Their bus'ness lay ? quoth Ralpho, Hither.  
     Did you not lose—quoth Ralpho, Nay ;  
     Quoth Whachum, Sir, I meant your way !



Your Knight, quoth Ralpho, is a lover,  
 And pains intolerable doth suffer ;  
 For lovers hearts are not their own hearts,  
 Nor lights, nor lungs, and so forth downwards.  
 What time?—quoth Ralpho, Sir, too long  
 Three years it off and on has hung—  
 Quoth he, I meant what time o' th' day 'tis ;  
 Quoth Ralpho between seven and eight 'tis.  
 Why then (quoth Whachum) my small art  
 Tells me, the dame has a hard heart,  
 Or great estate—quoth Ralph, A jointure,  
 Which makes him have so hot a mind t' her.

Meanwhile the Knight was making water, Before he fell upon the matter ;  
 Which having done, the wizard steps in, To give him suitable reception ;  
 But kept his bus'ness at a bay, Till Whachum put him in the way ;  
 Who having now, by Ralpho's light,  
 Expounded th' errand of the Knight ;

And what he came to know, drew near, To whisper in the conj'rer's ear,  
 Which he prevented thus : What was't, Quoth he, that I was saying last,  
 Before these gentlemen arriv'd ? Quoth Whachum, Venus you retriev'd,  
 In opposition with Mars, And no benign friendly stars  
 T' allay the effect. Quoth wizard, So !  
 In Virgo ? Ha ! quoth Whachum, No :

Has Saturn nothing to do in it ? One tenth o' s circle to a minute.  
 'Tis well, quoth he.—Sir, you'll excuse This rudeness I am forc'd to use,  
 It is a scheme and face of heaven, As th' aspects are dispos'd this even,  
 I was contemplating upon, When you arriv'd ; but now I've done.  
 Quoth Hudibras, If I appear Unseasonable in coming here,  
 At such a time to interrupt Your speculations, which I hop'd  
 Assistance from, and come to use, 'Tis fit that I asked your excuse.  
 By no means, Sir, quoth Sidrophel, The stars your coming did fortel ;  
 I did expect you here, and knew, Before you spake, your bus'ness too.  
 Quoth Hudibras, Make that appear, And I shall credit whatsoe'er  
 You tell me after, on your word, Howe'er unlikely or absurd.

You are in love, Sir, with a widow,  
 Quoth he, that does not greatly heed you.  
 And for three years has rid your wit And passion, without drawing bit ;  
 And now your bus'ness is to know If you shall carry her or no.  
 Quoth Hudibras, You're in the right, But how the devil you come by't  
 I can't imagine ; for the stars, I'm sure, can tell no more than a horse ;  
 Nor can their aspects (though you pore  
 Your eyes out on 'em) tell you more  
 Than th' oracle of sieve and sheers, That turns as certain as the spheres :  
 But if the devil's of your counsel, Much may be done, my noble Donzel ;  
 And 'tis on his account I come, To know from you my fatal doom.  
 Quoth Sidrophel, If you suppose, Sir Knight, that I am one of those,  
 I might suspect, and take the alarm, Your bus'ness is but to inform ;  
 But if it be, 'tis ne'er the near, You have a wrong sow by the ear ;  
 For I assure you, for my part, I only deal by rules of art ;

Such as are lawful, and judge by                      Conclusions of astrology :  
     But for the devil know nothing by him,  
     But only this, that I defy him.

Quoth he, Whatever others deem ye, I understand your metonymy :  
     Your words of second-hand intention ;  
     When things by wrongful names you mention ;

The mystic sense of all your terms, That are indeed but magic charms,  
     To raise the devil, and mean one thing,  
     And that is down-right conjuring :

And in itself more warrantable,              Than cheat or canting to a rabble,  
 Or putting tricks upon the moon,              Which by confed'racy are done.  
     Your ancient conjurers were wont  
     To make her from her sphere dismount,

And to their incantations stoop ; They scorn'd to pore through telescope,  
 Or idly play at bo-peep with her,              To find out cloudy or fair weather,  
 Which every almanac can tell              Perhaps as learnedly and well  
 As you yourself—Then, friend, I doubt You go the farthest way about.  
 The Rosicrucian way's more sure              To bring the devil to the lure.  
 Each of 'em has a several gin,              To catch intelligences in :  
     Some by the nose with fumes trepan 'em,  
     As Dunstan did the devil's grannum ;

Others with characters and words, Catch 'em, as men in nets do birds ;  
 And some with symbols, signs, and tricks, Engrav'd in planetary nicks,  
     With their own influences will fetch 'em  
     Down from their orbs, arrest, and catch 'em ;

Make 'em depose and answer to              All questions, ere they let them go.  
 Bumbastus kept a devil's bird              Shut in the pommel of his sword,  
 That taught him all the cunning pranks Of past and future mountebanks.  
 Kelly did all his feats upon              The devil's looking-glass, a stone ;  
 Where playing with him at bo-peep, He solv'd all problems ne'er so deep.  
 Agrippa kept a Stygian pug,              I' th' garb and habit of a dog,  
 That was his tutor, and the cur              Read to the occult philosopher,  
 And taught him subt'ly to maintain              All other sciences are vain.  
     To this quoth Sidrophello, Sir,              Agrippa was no conjurer,  
 Nor Paracelsus, no nor Behmen ;              Nor was the dog a cacodæmon,  
     But a true dog that would shew tricks  
     For th' Emperor, and leap o'er sticks ;

Would fetch and carry, was more civil Than other dogs, but yet no devil ;  
 And whatso'er he's said to do,              He went the self-same way we go.  
     As for the Rosicross philosophers,  
     Whom you will have to be but sorcerers,

What they pretend to is no more              Than Trismegistus did before,  
 Pythagoras, old Zoroaster,              And Apollonius their master ;  
 To whom they do confess they owe All that they do, and all they know.

Quoth Hudibras, Alas ! what is't us,  
     Whether 't was said by Trismegistus,  
 If it be nonsense, false, or mystic,              Or not intelligible, or sophistic ?  
     'Tis not antiquity, nor author,  
     That makes truth truth, altho' time's daughter ;

'Twas he that put her in the pit,              Before he pull'd her out of it :  
 And as he eats his sons, just so              He feeds upon his daughters too :

Nor does it follow, 'cause a herald  
 Can make a gentleman, scarce a year old,  
 To be descended of a race                      Of ancient kings in a small space,  
 That we should all opinions hold                      Authentic that we can make old.  
 Quoth Sidrophel, It is no part                      Of prudence to cry down an art ;  
 And what it may perform deny,                      Because you understand not why.  
 (As Averrhois play'd but a mean trick,  
 To damn our whole art for eccentric)  
 For who knows all that knowledge contains ?  
 Men dwell not on the tops of mountains,  
 But on their sides, or risings seat ; So 'tis with knowledge's vast height.  
 Do not the hist'ries of all ages                      Relate miraculous presages  
 Of strange turns in the world's affairs  
 Foreseen b' astrologers, soothsayers,  
 Chaldeans, learn'd Genethliacs,                      And some that have writ almanacs ?  
 When Cæsar in the senate fell,                      Did not the sun eclips'd fortel,  
 And, in resentment of his slaughter,                      Look'd pale for almost a year after ?  
 Augustus having b' oversight                      Put on his left shoe 'fore his right,  
 Had like to have been slain that day,                      By soldiers mutiny'ng for pay,  
 Are there not myriads of this sort,                      Which stories of all times report ?  
 Is it not ominous in all countries,  
 When crows and ravens croak upon trees ?  
 The Roman senate, when within                      The city walls an owl was seen,  
 Did cause their clergy, with lustrations, (Our synod calls humiliations)  
 The round-fac'd prodigy t'avert                      From doing town or country hurt ?  
 And if an owl have so much power,  
 Why should not planets have much more ?  
 That in a region far above                      Inferior fowls of the air move,  
 And should see further, and foreknow                      More than their augury below ?  
 Though that once serv'd the polity                      Of mighty states to govern by ;  
 And this is what we take in hand                      By powerful art to understand ;  
 Which, how we have perform'd, all ages  
 Can speak the events of our presages.  
 Have we not lately, in the moon,  
 Found a new world, to th' old unknown ?  
 Discover'd sea and land, Columbus And Magellan could never compass ?  
 Made mountains with our tubes appear, And cattle grazing on 'em there ?  
 Quoth Hudibras, You lie so ope,                      That I, without a telescope,  
 Can find your tricks out, and descry  
 Where you tell truth, and where you lie :  
 For Anaxagoras long agon,                      Saw hills as well as you i' th' moon :  
 And held the sun was but a piece                      Of red hot ir'n, as big as Greece ;  
 Believ'd the heavens were made of stone,  
 Because the sun had voided one :  
 And, rather than he would recant                      Th' opinion, suffer'd banishment.  
 But what, alas ! is it to us,                      Whether i' th' moon men thus or thus  
 Do eat their porridge, cut their corns,  
 Or whether they have tails or horns ?  
 What trade from thence can you advance,  
 But what we nearer have from France ?  
 What can our travellers bring home, That is not to be learnt at Rome ?



What politics, or strange opinions, That are not in our own dominions ?  
 What science can be brought from thence,  
 In which we do not here commence ?  
 What revelations, or religions, That are not in our native regions ?  
 Are sweating lanthorns, or screen-fans,  
 Made better there, than th' are in France ?  
 Or do they teach to sing and play O' th' guittar there a newer away ?  
 Can they make plays there, that shall fit  
 The public humour, with less wit ?  
 Write wittier dances, quainter shows,  
 Or fight with more ingenious blows ?  
 Or does the man i' th' moon look big, And wear a huger periwig,  
 Shew in his gait, or face, more tricks Than our own native lunatics ?  
 But if w' out-do him here at home, What good of your design can come ?  
 As wind i' th' hypocondries pent, Is but a blast if downward sent ;  
 But if it upward chance to fly, Becomes new light and prophecy :  
 So when your speculations tend, Above their just and useful end,  
 Although they promise strange and great Discoveries of things far fet,  
 They are but idle dreams and fancies, And favour strongly of the Ganzas.  
 Tell me but what's the natural cause, Why on a sign no painter draws  
 The full-moon ever, but the half, Resolve that with your Jacob's staff ;  
 Or why wolves raise a hubbub at her,  
 And dogs howl when she shines in water ?  
 And I shall freely give my vote, You may know something more remote.  
 At this deep Sidrophel look'd wise,  
 And staring round with owl-like eyes,  
 He put his face into a posture Of sapience, and began to bluster :  
 For having three times shook his head, To stir his wit up, this he said :  
 Art has no mortal enemies Next ignorance, but owls and geese ;  
 Those consecrated geese in orders, That to the capitol were warders ;  
 And being then upon patrol, With noise alone beat off the Gaul :  
 Or those Athenian sceptic owls That will not credit their own souls !  
 Or any science understand, Beyond the reach of eye or hand ;  
 But meas'ring all things, by their own  
 Knowledge, hold nothing's to be known :  
 Those wholesale critics, that in coffee- Houses, cry down all philosophy,  
 And will not know upon what ground In nature we our doctrine found,  
 Although with pregnant evidence We can demonstrate it to sense,  
 As I just now have done to you, Foretelling what you came to know.  
 Were the stars only made to light Robbers and burglarers by night ?  
 To wait on drunkards, thieves, gold-finders  
 And lovers solacing behind doors,  
 Or giving one another pledges Of matrimony under hedges ?  
 Or witches simpling, and on gibbets Cutting from malefactors snippets ?  
 Or from the pillory tips of ears Of rebel-saint and perjurers ?  
 Only to stand by, and look on, But not know what is said or done ?  
 Is there a constellation there, That was not born and bred up here ?  
 And therefore cannot be to learn In any inferior concern.  
 Were they not, during all their lives,  
 Most of 'em pirates, whores, and thieves ?  
 And is it like they have not still In their own practices some skill ?



Is there a planet that by birth Does not derive its house from earth?  
And therefore probably must know What is, and hath been done below :

Who made the Balance, or whence came

The Bull, the Lion, and the Ram?

Did not we here the Argo rig? Make Berenice's periwig?

Whose livery does the coachman wear? Or who made Cassiopeia's chair?

And therefore, as they came from hence, With us may hold intelligence.

Plato deny'd the world can be Govern'd without geometry,

(For money being the common scale

Of things by measure, weight, and tale,

In all th' affairs of church and state,

'Tis both the balance and the weight :)

Then much less can it be without Divine astrology made out ;

That puts the other down in worth, As far as heaven's above the earth.

These reasons (quoth the Knight) I grant

Are something more significant

Than any that the learned use Upon this subject to produce ;

And yet th' are far from satisfactory,

T' establish and keep up your factory.

Th' Egyptians say, the sun has twice Shifted his setting and his rise ;

Twice has he risen in the west, As many times set in the east :

But whether that be true, or no The devil any of you know,

Some hold the heavens, like a top, Are kept by circulation up,

And weren't not for their wheeling round,

They'd instantly fall to the ground ;

As sage Empedocles of old, And from him modern authors hold.

Plato believ'd the sun and moon Below all other planets run.

Some Mercury, some Venus seat Above the sun himself in height.

The learned Scaliger complain'd 'Gainst what Copernicus maintain'd,

That in twelve hundred years and odd,

The sun had left its ancient road,

And nearer to the earth is come 'Bove fifty thousand miles from home ;

Swore 'twas a most notorious flam, And he that had so little shame

To vent such fopperies abroad, Deserv'd to have his rump well claw'd :

Which Monsieur Bodin hearing, swore

That he deserv'd the rod much more,

That durst upon a truth give doom,

He knew less than the Pope of Rome.

Cardan believ'd great states depend Upon the tip o' th' bear's tail's end ;

That as she whisk'd it t'wards the sun,

Strow'd mighty empires up and down ;

Which others say must needs be false,

Because your true bears have no tails.

Some say the zodiac constellations

Have long since chang'd their antique stations

Above a sign, and prove the same In Taurus now, once in the Ram :

Affirm the trigons chopp'd and chang'd, The wat'ry with the fiery rang'd,

Then how can their effects still hold To be the same they were of old?

This, though the heart were true, would make,

Our modern soothsayers mistake :

And is one cause they tell more lies, In figures and nativities,

Than the old Chaldean conjurers, In so many hundred thousand years ;  
 Beside their nonsense in translating, For want of accident and Latin,  
 Like Idus and Calendæ, English'd The quarter-days, by skilful linguist :  
 And yet with canting, slight and cheat,  
 'Twill serve their turn to do the feat :

Make fools believe in their foreseeing Of things before they are in being ;  
 To swallow gudgeons ere th' are catch'd ;  
 And count their chickens ere th' are hatch'd ;—  
 Make them the constellations prompt,  
 And give 'em back their own account ;

But still the best to him that gives The best price for't, or best believes.  
 Some towns, some cities, some for brevity  
 Have cast the versal world's nativity ;  
 And make the infant stars confess,  
 Like fools or children, what they please.

Some calculate the hidden fates Of monkeys, puppy-dogs, and cats :  
 Some running nags, and fighting-cocks,  
 Some love, trade, law-suits, and the pox :

Some take a measure of the lives Of fathers, mothers, husbands, wives ;  
 Make opposition, trine, and quartile, Tell who is barren, and who fertile ;  
 As if the planet's first aspect The tender infant did infect  
 In soul and body, and instill All future good, and future ill :  
 Which in their dark fatalities lurking, At destin'd periods fall a working ;  
 And break out, like the hidden seeds Of long diseases, into deeds,  
 In friendships, enmities, and strife, And all th' emergencies of life :  
 No sooner does he peep into The world, but he has done his do.  
 Catch'd all diseases, took all physic That cures or kills a man that is sick ;  
 Marry'd his punctual dose of wives, Is cuckolded, and breaks, or thrives,  
 There's but the twinkling of a star Between a man of peace and war,  
 A thief and justice, fool and knave, A huffing officer and a slave,  
 A crafty lawyer and pick-pocket, A great philosopher and a block-head,  
 A formal preacher and a player, A learn'd physician and manslayer :  
 As if men from the stars did suck Old age, diseases, and ill-luck,  
 Wit, folly, honour, virtue, vice, Trade, travel, women, claps, and dice ;  
 And draw, with the first air they breathe,  
 Battle, and murder, sudden death.

Are not these fine commodities, To be imported from the skies,  
 And vended here among the rabble, For staple goods and warrantable ?  
 Like money by the Druids borrowed, In th' other world to be restor'd ?  
 Quoth Sidrophel, To let you know

You wrong the art, and artists too,

Since arguments are lost on those That do our principles oppose ;  
 I will (although I've done't before) Demonstrate to your sense once more,  
 And draw a figure that shall tell you, What you, perhaps, forget befel you,  
 By way of horary inspection, Which some account our worst erection,  
 With that he circles draws, and squares, With cyphers, astral characters ;  
 Then looks 'em o'er, to understand 'em,  
 Although set down hab-nab, at random.

Quoth he, This scheme of th' heavens set,  
 Discovers how in fight you met

At Kingston with a may-pole idol,  
 And that y' were bang'd both back and side well,  
 And though you overcame the bear, The dogs beat you at Brentford fair ;  
 Where sturdy butchers broke your noddle,  
 And handled you like a fop-doodle.

Quoth Hudibras, I now perceive You are no conj'rer, by your leave :  
 That poultry story is untrue, And forg'd to cheat such gulls as you.

Not true ? quoth he, Howe'er you vapour,  
 I can what I affirm make appear ;  
 Whachum shall justify't t' your face, And prove he was upon the place :  
 He play'd the Saltinbancho's part,  
 Transform'd t' a Frenchman by my art ;  
 He stole your cloak, and pick'd your pocket,  
 Chous'd and Caldes'd ye like a blockhead,

And what you lost I can produce, If you deny it, here i' th' house.

Quoth Hudibras, I do believe That argument's demonstrative ;  
 Ralpho, bear witness, and go fetch us A constable to seize the wretches :  
 For though th' are both false knaves and cheats,  
 Impostors, jugglers, counterfeits,  
 I'll make them serve for perpendiculars,  
 As true as e'er were us'd by bricklayers.

They're guilty by their own confessions Of felony, and at the sessions  
 Upon the bench I will so handle 'em,  
 That the vibration of this pendulum

Shall make all taylors yards of one Unanimous opinion ;  
 A thing he long has vapour'd of, But now shall make it out by proof.

Quoth Sidrophel, I do not doubt  
 To find friends that will bear me out ;  
 Nor have I hazarded my art, And neck, so long on the state's part,  
 To be expos'd i' th' end to suffer, By such a braggadocio huffer.

Huffer, quoth Hudibras, this sword  
 Shall down thy false throat cram that word.  
 Ralpho, make haste, and call an officer,  
 To apprehend this Stygian sophister ;

Mean while I'll hold 'em at a bay, Lest he and Whachum run away.

But Sidrophel, who, from th' aspect Of Hudibras, did now erect  
 A figure worse portending far Than that of most malignant star,  
 Believ'd it now the fittest moment

To shun the danger that might come on't,  
 While Hudibras was all alone, And he and Whachum, two to one.  
 This being resolv'd, he spy'd, by chance,  
 Behind the door an iron lance,  
 That many a sturdy limb had gor'd,  
 And legs, and loins, and shoulders bor'd ;

He snatch'd it up, and made a pass, To make his way through Hudibras.  
 Whachum had got a fire-fork, With which he vow'd to do his work.  
 But Hudibras was well prepar'd, And stoutly stood upon his guard :  
 He put by Sidrophello's thrust, And in right manfully he rush'd ;  
 The weapon from his gripe he wrung, And laid him on the earth along.  
 Whachum his sea-coal prong threw by, And basely turn'd his back to fly ;  
 But Hudibras gave him a twitch As quick as light'ning in the breech,



Just in the place where honour's lodg'd,  
 As wise philosophers have judg'd,  
 Because a kick in that place more  
 Hurts honour than deep wounds before.

Quoth Hudibras, The stars determine  
 You are my prisoners, base vermine :  
 Could they not tell you so, as well      As what I came to know fortel ?  
 By this what cheats you are we find,  
 That in your own concerns are blind.

Your lives are now at my dispose,      To be redeem'd by fine or blows :  
 But who his honour would defile,      To take, or sell, two lives so vile ?  
 I'll give you quarter ; but your pillage,  
 The conqu'ring warrior's crop and tillage,  
 Which with his sword he reaps and plows,  
 That's mine the law of arms allows.

This said in haste, in haste he fell      To rummaging of Sidrophel :  
 First, he expounded both his pockets,  
 And found a watch, with rings and locketts,  
 Which had been left with him t'erect      A figure for, and so detect ;  
 A copper-plate, with almanacs      Engrav'd upon't, with other knacks,  
 Of Booker's, Lilly's, Sarah Jimmers,  
 And blank schemes to discover nimmers ;  
 A moon dial, with Napier's bones,      And several constellation stones,  
 Engrav'd in planetary hours,      That over mortals had strange powers,  
 To make 'em thrive in law or trade,      And stab or poison to evade,  
 In wit or wisdom to improve,      And be victorious in love.

Whachum had neither cross nor pile,  
 His plunder was not worth the while ;  
 All which the conqu'ror did discompt,      To pay for curing of his rump,  
 But Sidrophel, as full of tricks      As rota-men of politics,  
 Straight cast about to over-reach      Th' unwary conqu'ror with a fetch,  
 And make him glad (at least) to quit      His victory, and fly the pit,  
 Before the secular prince of darkness      Arriv'd to seize upon his carcass :  
 And as a fox, with hot pursuit,      Chac'd through a warren, casts about  
 To save his credit, and among      Dead vermin on a gallows hung,  
 And while the dogs run underneath,      Escap'd (by counterfeiting death),  
 Not out of cunning, but a train      Of atoms jostling in his brain,  
 As learn'd philosophers give out ;      So Sidrophello cast about,  
 And fell to's wonted trade again,      To feign himself in earnest slain :

First stretch'd out one leg, then another,  
 And seeming in his breast to smother  
 A broken sigh, quoth he, Where am I,  
 Alive, or dead ; or which way came I  
 Through so immense a space so soon ?  
 But now I thought myself in th' moon ;  
 And that a monster, with huge whiskers,  
 More formidable than a Switzer's,  
 My body through and through had drill'd,  
 And Whachum by my side had kill'd,  
 Had cross-examin'd both our hose, And plunder'd all we had to lose :  
 Look, there he is, I see him now, And feel the place I am run through ;



And there lies Whachum by my side  
 Stone dead, and in his own blood dy'd :  
 Oh ! Oh\* with that he fetch'd a groan,      And fell again into a swoon,  
     Shut both his eyes, and stopp'd his breath,  
     And to the life out-acted death ;  
 That Hudibras, to all appearing,      Believ'd him to be dead as herring.  
 He held it now no longer safe,      To tarry the return of Ralph,  
 But rather leave him in the lurch: Thought he, he has abus'd our church,  
 Refus'd to give himself one firke      To carry on the public work ;  
 Despis'd our synod-men, like dirt, And made their discipline his sport ;  
     Divulg'd the secrets of their classes,  
     And their conventions prov'd high places ;  
     Disparag'd their tythe-pigs as Pagan,  
     And set at nought their cheese and bacon ;  
 Rail'd at their covenant, and jeer'd Their rev'rend parsons to my beard :  
 For all which scandals, to be quit      At once, this juncture falls out fit.  
 I'll make him henceforth to beware,      And tempt my fury, if he dare :  
 He must at least hold up his hand, By twelve free-holders to be scann'd ;  
 Who by their skill in palmetry,      Will quickly read his destiny ;  
 And make him glad to read his lesson, Or take a turn for't at the session :  
 Unless his light and gifts prove truer Than ever yet they did, I'm sure ;  
 For if he 'scape with whipping now, 'Tis more than he can hope to do :  
     And that will disengage my conscience  
     Of th' obligation, in his own sense :  
 I'll make him now by force abide      What he by gentle means deny'd,  
 To give my honour satisfaction,      And right the brethren in the action.  
     This being resolv'd, with equal speed  
     And conduct, he approach'd his steed,  
 And, with activity unwont,      Assay'd the lofty beast to mount ;  
     Which once atchiev'd, he spurr'd his palfry,  
     To get from th' enemy, and Ralph, free :  
     Left danger, fears, and foes behind,  
     And beat, at least three lengths, the wind.

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AN HEROICAL EPISTLE OF HUDIBRAS TO SIDROPHEL,

ECCE ITERUM CRISPINUS—

WELL ! Sidrophel, though 'tis in vain
 To tamper with your crazy brain,
 Without trepanning of your skull As often as the moon's at full :
 'Tis not amiss, ere y' are given o'er,
 To try one desp'rate med'cine more ;
 For where your case can be no worse,
 The desp'rat'st is the wisest course.
 Is't possible that you whose ears Are of the tribe of Issachar's,
 And might (with equal reason) either For merit, or extent of leather,

With William Pryn's, before they were
 Retrench'd and crucify'd, compare,
 Should yet be deaf against a noise So roaring as the public voice?
 That speaks your virtues free and loud, And openly in every cloud,
 As loud as one that sings his part T' a wheel-barrow, or turnip cart.
 Or your new nick'd-nam'd old invention
 To cry green hastings with an engine ;
 (As if the vehemence had stunn'd,
 And torn your drum-heads with the sound).
 And 'cause your folly's now no news, But overgrown, and out of use,
 Persuade yourself there's no such matter,
 But that 'tis vanish'd out of nature ;
 When folly, as it grows in years, The more extravagant appears.
 For who but you could be possess'd With so much ignorance and boast,
 That neither all mens scorn, and hate,
 Nor being laugh'd and pointed at,
 Nor bray'd so often in a mortar,
 Can teach you wholesome sense and nurture :
 But (like a reprobate) what course Soever us'd, grow worse and worse ?
 Can no transfusion of the blood, That makes fools cattle, do you good ?
 Nor putting pigs to a bitch to nurse, To turn 'em into mongrel-curs,
 Put you into a way, at least, To make yourself a better beast ?
 Can all your critical intrigues, Of trying sound from rotten eggs,
 Your several new-found remedies Of curing wounds and scabs in trees,
 Your arts of fluxing them for claps, And purging their infected saps,
 Recovering shankers, crystallines,
 And nodes and blotches in their rinds,
 Have no effect to operate Upon that duller block, your pate ?
 But still it must be lewdly bent To tempt your own due punishment ;
 And, like your whimsied chariots, draw
 The boys to course you without law :
 As if the art you have so long Profess'd of making old dogs young,
 In you had virtue to renew Not only youth, but childhood too.
 Can you, that understand all books, By judging only with your looks,
 Resolve all problems with your face, As others do with B's and A's ;
 Unriddle all that mankind knows With solid bending of your brows :
 All arts and sciences advance, With screwing of your countenance ;
 And with a penetrating eye, Into th' abstrusest learning pry ;
 Know more of any trade b' a hint,
 Than those that have been bred up in't ;
 And yet have no art, true or false, To help your own bad naturals ?
 But still the more you strive t' appear, Are found to be the wretcheder :
 For fools are known by looking wise
 As men find woodcocks by their eyes.
 Hence 'tis that 'cause y' have gain'd o' th' college
 A quarter share (at most) of knowledge,
 And brought in none, but spent repute, Y' assume a power as absolute
 To judge, and censure, and control, As if you were the sole Sir Poll ;
 And saucily pretend to know More than your dividend comes to.
 You'll find the thing will not be done With ignorance and face alone ;
 No, though y' have purchas'd to your name, In history, so great a fame,

That now your talent's so well known, For having all belief out-grown,
 That every strange prodigious tale Is measur'd by your German scale,
 By which the virtuosi try The magnitude of every lye,
 Cast up to what it does amount, And place the biggest to your account.
 That all those stories that are laid Too truly to you, and those made,
 Are now still charg'd upon your score,
 And lesser authors nam'd no more.

Alas ! that faculty betrays Those soonest it designs to raise ;
 And all your vain renown will spoil,
 As guns o'er charg'd the more recoil ;

Though he that has but impudence, To all things has a fair pretence ;
 And put, among his wants, but shame,
 To all the world may lay his claim.
 Though you have try'd that nothing's borne
 With greater ease than public scorn,

That all affronts do still give place To your impenetrable face,
 That makes your way through all affairs,
 As pigs through hedges creep with theirs :

Yet as 'tis counterfeit, and brass, You must not think 'twill always pass ;
 For all impostors, when they're known,
 Are past their labour, and undone.

And all the best that can befall An artificial natural
 Is that which madmen find, as soon
 As once they're broke loose from the moon.

And proof against her influence, Relapse to e'er so little sense,
 To turn stark fools, and subjects fit For sport of boys, and rabble-wit.

PART III.

CANTO I.—ARGUMENT.

The Knight and Squire resolve at once
 They both approach the Lady's bower,
 She treats them with a masquerade,
 From which the Squire conveys the Knight,

The one the other to renounce ;
 The Squire t'inform, the Knight to woo her :
 By furies and hobgoblins made :
 And steals him from himself by night.

'TIS true, no lover has that power T' enforce a desperate amour,
 As he that has two strings t' his bow, And burns for love and money too ;
 For then he's brave and resolute, Disdains to render in his suit,
 Has all his flames and raptures double,
 And hangs, or drowns, with half the trouble ;

While those who sillily pursue The simple downright way and true
 Make as unlucky applications,
 And steer against the stream their passions.

Some forge their mistresses of stars ; And when the ladies prove averse,
 And more untoward to be won, Than by Caligula the moon,
 Cry out upon the stars for doing Ill offices, to cross their wooing,
 When only by themselves they're hind'red,
 For trusting those they made her kindred ;

And still, the harsher and hide-bounder
The damsels prove, become the fonder.

For what mad lover ever dy'd, To gain a soft and gentle bride ?
Or for a lady tender-hearted In purling streams, or hemp departed ?
Leap'd headlong int' Elysium
Through th' windows of a dazzling room ?
But for some cross ill-natur'd dame,
The am'rous fly burnt in his flame.
This to the Knight could be no news,
With all mankind so much in use ;

Who therefore took the wiser course, To make the most of his amours ;
Resolv'd to try all sorts of ways, As follows in due time and place.

No sooner was the bloody fight, Between the Wizard and the Knight,
With all th' appurtenances, over, But he relaps'd again to' a lover ;
As he was always wont to do, When h' had discomfited a foe ;
And us'd the only antique philters, Derived from old heroic tilters.

But now triumphant, and victorious,
He held th' atchievement was too glorious

For such a conqueror to meddle With petty constable or beadle :
Or fly for refuge to the hostess
Of th' inns of court and chancery, justice ;

Who might, perhaps, reduce his cause To th' ordeal trial of the laws ;
Where none escape, but such as branded
With red hot irons have past bare-handed ;
And if they cannot read one verse
I' th' Psalms, must sing it, and that's worse. ↓
He therefore judging it below him,
To tempt a shame the devil might owe him,
Resolv'd to leave the Squire for bail
And mainprize for him, to the gaol,

To answer, with his vessel, all That might disastrously befall ;
And thought it now the fittest juncture To give the lady a rencounter,
T' acquaint her with his expedition,
And conquest o'er the fierce magician :
Describe the manner of the fray,
And shew the spoils he brought away ;

His bloody scourging aggravate, The number of the blows and weight ;
All which might probably succeed,
And gain belief h' had done the deed :
Which he resolv'd t' enforce, and spare
No pawning of his soul to swear :

But, rather than produce his back, To set his conscience on the rack ;
And in pursuance of his surging Of articles perform'd, and scourging,
And all things else upon his part, Demand delivery of her heart,
Her goods, and chattels, and good graces,
And person up to his embraces

Thought he, the ancient errant knights
Won all their ladies hearts in fights ;

And cut whole giants into fritters, To put them into amorous twitters ;
Whose stubborn bowels scorn'd to yield,
Until their gallants were half kill'd :

But when their bones were drubb'd so sore,
 They durst not woo one combat more,
 The ladies hearts began to melt, Subdu'd by blows their lovers felt.
 So Spanish heroes with their lances,
 At once wound bulls, and ladies fancies,
 And he acquires the noblest spouse,
 That widows greatest herds of cows ;
 Then what may I expect to do, Wh' have quell'd so vast a buffalo ?
 Mean while, the Squire was on his way,
 The Knight's late orders to obey ;
 Who sent him for a strong detachment
 Of beadles, constables, and watchmen,
 T' attack the cunning-man, for plunder
 Committed falsely on his lumber ;
 When he, who had so lately sack'd The enemy, had done the fact,
 Had rifled all his pokes and fobs
 Of gimcracks, whims, and jiggumbobs,
 Which he by hook, or crook, had gather'd,
 And for his own inventions father'd :
 And when they should, at gaol delivery,
 Unriddle one another's thievery,
 Both might have evidence enough, To render neither halter-proof ;
 He thought it desperate to tarry, And venture to be accessary :
 But rather wisely slip his fetters,
 And leave them for the Knight, his betters.
 He call'd to mind th' unjust foul play
 He would have offer'd him that day :
 To make him curry his own hide, Which no beast ever did beside,
 Without all possible evasion, But of the riding dispensation.
 And therefore, much about the hour
 The Knight (for reasons told before)
 Resolv'd to leave him to the fury Of justice, and an unpack'd jury,
 The Squire concurr'd t' abandon him,
 And serve him in the self-same trim ;
 T' acquaint the Lady what h' had done,
 And what he meant to carry on ;
 What project 'twas he went about, When Sidrophel and he fell out :
 His firm and stedfast resolution, To swear her to an execution ;
 To pawn his inward ears to marry her,
 And bribe the devil himself to carry her.
 In which both dealt, as if they meant
 Their party-saints to represent,
 Who never fail'd, upon their sharing,
 In any prosperous arms-bearing,
 To lay themselves out to supplant Each other cousin-german saint.
 But e'er the Knight could do his part,
 The Squire had got so much the start,
 H' had to the Lady done his errand
 And told her all his tricks afore-hand.
 Just as he finish'd his report, The Knight alighted in the court ;
 And having ty'd his beast t' a pale, And taking time for both to stale,

He put his band and beard in order,
 The sprucer to accost and board her ;
 And now began t' approach the door,
 When she, wh' had spy'd him out before,
 Convey'd th' informer out of sight, And when to entertain the Knight :
 With whom encount'ring, after longees
 Of humble and submissive congees,

And all due ceremonies paid, He strok'd his beard, and thus he said :
 Madam, I do, as is my duty, Honour the shadow of your shoe-tye :
 And now I am come to bring your ear A present you'll be glad to hear ;
 At least I hope so : The thing's done, Or may I never see the sun ;
 For which I humbly now demand Performance at your gentle hand,
 And that you'd please to do your part, As I have done mine, to my smart.

With that he shrugg'd his sturdy back, As if he felt his shoulders ache.
 But she who well enough knew what (Before he spoke) he would be at,
 Pretended not to apprehend The mystery of what he mean'd ;
 And therefore wish'd him to expound His dark expressions less profound.

Madam, quoth he, I come to prove
 How much I've suffer'd for your love,
 Which (like your votary) to win, I have not spar'd my tatter'd skin :
 And, for those meritorious lashes, To claim your favour and good graces.

Quoth she, I do remember once I freed you from th' enchanted sconce ;
 And that you promis'd, for that favour,
 To bind your back to good behaviour,
 And for my sake and service vow'd, To lay upon't a heavy load,
 And what 'twould bear, t' a scruple prove,
 As other knights do oft make love ;
 Which, whether you have done or no,
 Concerns yourself, not me, to know.

But if you have, I shall confess, Y' are honestest than I could guess,
 Quoth he, If you suspect my troth, I cannot prove it but by oath :
 And if you make a question on't, I'll pawn my soul that I have don't ;
 And he that makes his soul his surety,
 I think, does give the best security.

Quoth she, Some say the soul's secure
 Against distress and forfeiture,
 Is free from action and exempt, From execution and contempt :
 And to be summon'd to appear In th' other world's illegal here ;
 And therefore few make any account Int' what incumbrances they run't :

For most men carry things so even
 Between this world, and hell, and heaven,
 Without the least offence to either, They freely deal in altogether.
 And equally abhor to quit This world for both, or both for it ;
 And when they pawn and damn their souls,
 They are but pris'ners on paroles,

For that, quoth he, 'tis rational, They may be accountable in all ;
 For when there is that intercourse Between divine and human powers,
 That all that we determine here Commands obedience every where ;
 When penalties may be commuted For fines, or ears, and executed :
 It follows, nothing binds so fast As souls in pawn and mortgage past :

For oaths are th' only tests and seals
 Of right and wrong, and true and false ;
 And there's no other way to try The doubts of law and justice by.
 Quoth she, What is it you would swear ?
 There's no believing till I hear :
 For 'till they're understood, all tales
 (Like nonsense) are not true, nor false.

Quoth he, When I resolved t' obey What you commanded t' other day,
 And to perform my exercise, (As schools are wont) for your fair eyes ;
 T' avoid all scruples in the case, I went to do't upon the place :
 But as the castle is enchanted By Sidrophel the witch, and haunted
 With evil spirits, as you know, Who took my Squire and me for two ;
 Before I'd had hardly time to lay My weapons by, and disarray,
 I heard a formidable noise, Loud as the Stentrophonic voice,
 That roar'd far off, Dispatch and strip, I'm ready with th' infernal whip,
 That shall divest thy ribs of skin, To expiate thy ling'ring sin.
 Thou hast broke perfidiously thy oath,
 And not perform'd thy plighted troth ;
 But spar'd thy renegado back,
 Where thou had'st so great a prize at stake :

Which now the fates have order'd me For penance and revenge to flea :
 Unless thou presently make haste ;
 Time is, Time was : and there it ceas'd.
 With which, though startled, I confess,
 Yet th' horror of the thing was less

Than the other dismal apprehension Of interruption or prevention :
 And therefore snatching up the rod, I laid upon my back a load ;
 Resolv'd to spare no flesh and blood,
 To make my word and honour good :
 Till tir'd, and taking truce at length,
 For new recruits of breath and strength,

I felt the blows, still ply'd as fast, As if th' had been by lovers plac'd,
 In raptures of Platonic lashing, And chaste contemplative bardashing :
 When facing hastily about, To stand upon my guard and scout,
 I found th' infernal cunning man, And th' under witch, his Caliban,
 With scourges (like the furies) arm'd,
 That on my outward quarters storm'd :

In haste I snatch'd my weapons up, And gave their hellish rage a stop ;
 Call'd thrice upon your name, and fell Courageously on Sidrophel :
 Who now transform'd himself t' a bear, Began to roar aloud and tear ;
 When I as furiously press'd on, My weapon down his throat to run,
 Laid hold on him ; but he broke loose,
 And turn'd himself into a goose,

Div'd under water, in a pond, To hide himself from being found.
 In vain I sought him ; but as soon As I perceived him fled and gone,
 Prepar'd with equal haste and rage, His under-sorcerer t' engage.
 But bravely scorning to defile My sword with feeble blood and vile,
 I judg'd it better from a quick- Set hedge to cut a knotted stick,
 With which I furiously laid on, Till in a harsh and doleful tone,
 It roar'd, O hold, for pity, Sir ; I am too great a sufferer,
 Abus'd, as you have been, b' a witch But conjur'd into a worse caprich ;

Who sends me out on many a jaunt, Old houses in the night to haunt,
 For opportunities t' improve Designs of thievery or love ;
 With drugs convey'd in drink or meat, All feats of witches counterfeit,

Kill pigs and geese with powder'd glass,
 And make it for enchantment pass ;
 With cow-itch meazle like a leper,
 And choak with fumes of Guinea-pepper :
 Make lechers, and their punks, with dewtry ;
 Commit phantastical advowtry ;

Bewitch Hermetic men to run Stark staring mad with manicon ;
 Believe mechanic virtuosi Can raise 'em mountains in Potosi ;
 And sillier than the antic fools, Take treasure for a heap of coals ;
 Seek out for plants with signatures, To quack of universal cures ;
 With figures ground on panes of glass,
 Make people on their heads to pass ;

And mighty heaps of coin increase, Reflected from a single piece ;
 To draw in fools whose natural itches Incline perpetually to witches ;
 And keep me in continual fears, And danger of my neck and ears ;
 When less delinquents have been scourg'd,
 And hemp on wooden anvils forg'd,

Which others for cravats have worn About their necks, and took a turn.

I pity'd the sad punishment The wretched caitiff underwent,
 And held my drubbing of his bones Too great an honour for pultroons ;
 For knights are bound to feel no blows From paltry and unequal foes,
 Who when they slash, and cut to pieces, Do all with civillest addresses ;
 Their horses never give a blow, But when they make a leg and bow.
 I therefore spar'd his flesh, and press'd him
 About the witch with many a question.

Quoth he, for many years he drove A kind of broken trade in love.
 Employ'd in all th' intrigues and trust Of feeble speculative lust ;
 Procurer to th' extravagancy, And crazy ribaldry of fancy,
 By those the devil had forsook, As things below him, to provoke.
 But being a virtuoso, able To smatter, quack, and cant, and dabble,
 He held his talent most adroit, For any mystical exploit ;
 As others of his tribe had done And rais'd their prices three to one.

For one predicting pimp has th' odds
 Of chaldrons of plain downbright awds.

But as an elf (the devil's valet) Is not so slight a thing to get,
 For those that do his bus'ness best, In hell are us'd the ruggedest,
 Before so meriting a person Could get a grant, but in reversion,
 He serv'd two 'prenticeships, and longer,
 I' th' mystery of a lady-monger.

For (as some write) a witch's ghost,

As soon as from the body loos'd,
 Becomes a puisne imp itself, And is another witch's elf,
 He, after searching far and near,
 At length found one in Lancashire,
 With whom he bargain'd before-hand,
 And, after hanging, entertain'd.
 Since which h' has play'd a thousand feats,
 And practis'd all mechanic cheats ;

Transform'd himself to th' ugly shapes
 Of wolves, and bears, baboons, and apes ;
 Which he has vary'd more than witches,
 Or Pharaoh's wizards could their switches ;
 And all with whom h' has had to do,
 Turn'd to as monstrous figures too.
 Witness myself, whom h' has abus'd,
 And to this beastly shape reduc'd,

By feeding me on beans and pease, He crams in nasty crevices,
 And turns to comfits by his arts, To make me relish for deserts,

And one by one, with shame and fear,
 Lick up the candy'd provender.
 Beside—But as h' was running on,
 To tell what other feats h' had done,
 The lady stopp'd his full career,
 And told him now 'twas time to hear
 If half those things (said she) be true—
 They're all (quoth he) I swear by you—
 Why then (said she) that Sidrophel
 Has damn'd himself to th' pit of hell ;

Who, mounted on a broom, the nag And hackney of a Lapland hag,
 In quest of you came hither post, Within an hour (I'm sure) at most ;
 Who told me all you swear and say Quite contrary another way ;
 Vow'd that you came to him, to know If you should carry me or no ;
 And would have hir'd him and his imps
 To be your match-makers and pimps,
 T' engage the devil on your side,
 And steal (like Proserpine) your bride.

But he, disdaining to embrace So filthy a design and base,
 You fell to vapouring and huffing, And drew upon him like a ruffian ;
 Surpriz'd him meanly, unprepar'd,
 Before he had time to mount his guard ;
 And left him dead upon the ground,
 With many a bruise and desperate wound :
 Swore you had broke, and robb'd his house,
 And stole his talismanic louse,

And all his new-found old inventions, With flat felonious intentions ;
 Which he could bring out, where he had,
 And what he bought them for, and paid

His flea, his morpion, and punaise, H' had gotten for his proper ease,
 And all in perfect minutes made, By th' ablest artist of the trade ;
 Which (he could prove it) since he lost, He has been eaten up almost ;
 And altogether might amount To many hundreds on account :
 For which h' had got sufficient warrant To seize the malefactors errant,
 Without capacity of bail, But of a cart's or horse's tail ;
 And did not doubt to bring the wretches,
 To serve for pendulums to watches,

Which, modern virtuosos say, Incline to hanging every way.
 Beside he swore, and swore 'twas true, That, ere he went in quest of you,
 He set a figure to discover If you were fled to Rye or Dover ;
 And found it clear, that, to betray Yourselves and me, you fled this way ;

And that he was upon pursuit, To take you somewhere hereabout.
 He vow'd he had intelligence Of all that pass'd before and since ;
 And found, that ere you came to him, Y'had been engaging life and limb,
 About a case of tender conscience,
 Where both abounded in your own sense ;
 Till Ralpho, by his light and grace, Had clear'd all scruples in the case,
 And prov'd that you might swear and own
 Whatever's by the wicked done ;

For which, most basely to requite The service of his gifts and light,
 You strove t' oblige him by main force
 To scourge his ribs instead of yours ;

But that he stood upon his guard, And all your vapouring out-dar'd ;
 For which, between you both, the feat Has never been perform'd as yet.

 While thus the Lady talk'd, the Knight

 Turn'd th' outside of his eyes so white,

(As men of inward light are wont To turn their optics in upon't.)
 He wonder'd how she came to know What h' had done, and meant to do ;
 Held up his affidavit-hand, As if h' had been to be arraign'd ;
 Cast towards the door a ghastly look, In dread of Sidrophel, and spoke :
 Madam, If but one word be true Of all the wizard has told you,
 Or but one single circumstance In all th' apochryphal romance,
 May dreadful earthquakes swallow down This vessel, that is all your own ;
 Or may the heavens fall, and cover
 These reliques of your constant lover.

 You have provided well, quoth she, (I thank you) for yourself and me,
 And shewn your Presbyterian wits Jump punctual with the Jesuits ;
 A most compendious way, and civil,
 At once to cheat the world, the devil,
 And heaven, and hell, yourselves, and those
 On whom you vainly think t' impose.
 Why then (quoth he), may hell surprise—
 That trick (said she) will not pass twice :

I've learn'd how far I'm to believe Your pinning oaths upon your sleeve :
 But there's a better way of clearing

 What you would prove than downright swearing ;

For if you have perform'd the feat, The blows are visible as yet,
 Enough to swear for satisfaction Of nicest scruples in the action ;
 And if you can produce those knobs,
 Although they're but the witches drubs,

I'll pass them all upon account, As if your natural self had don't ;
 Provided that they pass th' opinion Of able juries of old women,
 Who, us'd to judge all matter of facts For bellies, may do so for backs.

 Madam (quoth he), Your love's a million :

 To do is less than to be willing,

As I am, were it in my power, T' obey what you command and more.
 But for performing what you bid, I thank you as much as if I did.
 You know I ought to have a care, To keep my wounds from taking air ;
 For wounds in those that are all heart, Are dangerous in any part.

 I find (quoth she) my goods and chattels

 Are like to prove but mere drawn battles ;

For still the longer we contend, We are but farther off the end,

But granting now we should agree, What is it you expect from me?
 Your plighted faith (quoth he) and word You pass'd in heaven on record,
 Where all contracts, to have and t' hold, Are everlastingly enroll'd :
 And if 'tis counted treason here To rase records, 'tis much more there.

Quoth she, There are no bargains driv'n,
 Nor marriages clapp'd up in heav'n ;
 And that's the reason, as some guess, There is no heav'n in marriages ; ✓
 Two things that naturally press Too narrowly to be at ease :
 Their bus'ness there is only love, Which marriage is not like t' improve.
 Love, that's too generous to abide To be against it's nature ty'd :
 For where 'tis of itself inclin'd, It breaks loose when it is confin'd ;
 And like the soul, its harbourer, Debarr'd the freedom of the air,
 Disdains against its will to stay, But struggles out, and flies away ;
 And therefore never can comply T' endure the matrimonial tie,
 That binds the female and the male,
 Where th' one is but the other's bail ;

Like Roman gaolers, when they slept, Chain'd to the prisoners they kept,
 Of which the true and faithfull'st lover Gives best security to suffer.
 Marriage is but a beast, some say, That carries double in foul way ;
 And therefore 'tis not to b' admir'd It should so suddenly be tir'd ;
 A bargain at a venture made Between two partners in a trade ;
 (For what's inferr'd by t' have and t' hold,
 But something past away and sold ?)

That, as it makes but one of two, Reduces all things else as low ;
 And at the best is but a mart Between the one and t' other part,
 That on the marriage-day is paid, Or hour of death, the bet is laid ;
 And all the rest of better or worse, Both are but losers out of purse.
 For when upon their ungot heirs
 Th' entail themselves, and all that's theirs,

What blinder bargain e'er was driv'n, Or wager laid at six and seven,
 To pass themselves away, and turn
 Their children tenants ere they're born ?

Beg one another idiot To guardians, ere they are begot,
 Or ever shall perhaps, by th' one Who's bound to vouch 'em for his own.
 Though got b' implicit generation, And general club of all the nation ;
 For which she's fortify'd no less Than all the island, with four seas ;
 Exacts the tribute of her dower, In ready insolence and power ;
 And makes him pass away, to have And hold, to her, himself, her slave.
 More wretched than an ancient villain,
 Condemn'd to drudgery and tilling ;

While all he does upon the by She is not bound to justify,
 Nor at her proper cost and charge
 Maintain the feats he does at large.
 Such hideous sots were those obedient
 Old vassals to their ladies regent,

To give the cheats the eldest hand In foul play, by the laws o' th' land ;
 For which so many a legal cuckold
 Has been run down in courts, and truckled.

A law that most unjustly yokes All Johns of Stiles to Joans of Nokes,
 Without distinction of degree, Condition, age, or quality ;
 Admits no power of revocation, Nor valuable consideration,

Nor writ of error, nor reverse Of judgment past, for better or worse ;
 Will not allow the privileges That beggars challenge under hedges,
 Who, when they're griev'd, can make dead horses
 Their spiritual judges of divorces ;
 While nothing else, but *rem in re*, Can set the proudest wretches free ;
 A slavery, beyond enduring, But that 'tis of their own procuring :
 As spiders never seek the fly But leave him, of himself, t' apply ;
 So men are by themselves employ'd, To quit the freedom they enjoy'd,
 And run their necks into a noose,
 They'd break 'em after, to break loose.
 As some, whom death would not depart,
 Have done the feat themselves, by art :
 Like Indian widows, gone to bed In flaming curtains, to the dead ;
 And men as often dangled for't, And yet will never leave the sport.
 Nor do the ladies want excuse For all the stratagems they use,
 To gain th' advantage of the set, And lurch the amorous rook and cheat.
 For as the Pythagorean soul Runs thro' all beasts, and fish, and fowl,
 And has a smack of ev'ry one, So love does, and has ever done :
 And therefore, though 'tis ne'er so fond,
 Takes strangely to the vagabond. ✓
 'Tis but an ague that's revers'd, Whose hot fit takes the patient first,
 That after burns with cold as much
 As iron in Greenland does the touch ;
 Melts in the furnace of desire, Like glass, that's but the ice of fire ;
 And when his heat of fancy's over, Becomes as hard and frail a lover :
 For when he's with love-powder laden,
 And prim'd and cock'd by Miss or Madam,
 The smallest sparkle of an eye Gives fire to his artillery ;
 And off the loud oaths go, but, while They're in the very act, recoil.
 Hence 'tis so few dare take their chance
 Without a sep'rate maintenance ;
 And widows, who have try'd one lover,
 Trust none again till th' have made over ;
 Or if they do, before they marry, The foxes weigh the geese they carry,
 And ere they venture o'er a stream,
 Know how to size themselves and them :
 Whence witti'st ladies always chuse To undertake the heaviest goose.
 For now the world is grown so wary
 That few of either sex dare marry,
 But rather trust on tick t' amours,
 The cross and pile for bett'r or worse ;
 A mode that is held honourable, As well as French and fashionable :
 For when it falls out for the best, Where both are incommoded least,
 In soul and body to unite, To make up one Hermaphrodite ;
 Still amorous, and fond, and billing, Like Philip and Mary on a shilling.
 Th' have more punctilios and capriches
 Between the petticoat and breeches,
 More petulant extravagances, Than poets make 'em in romances ;
 Though when their heroes 'spouse the dames,
 We hear no more of charms and flames :
 For then their late attracts decline, And turn as eager as prick'd wine ;

And all their catterwauling tricks, In earnest to as jealous piques ;
 Which th' ancients wisely signify'd By th' yellow mantuas of the bride,
 For jealousy is but a kind Of clap and grincam of the mind,
 The natural effects of love, As other flames and aches prove
 But all the mischief is, the doubt On whose account they first broke out,
 For though Chineses go to bed, And lie in, in their ladies stead,
 And, for the pains they took before,
 Are nurs'd and pamper'd to do more ;
 Our green-men do it worse, when th' hap
 To fall in labour of a clap ;
 Both lay the child to one another ;
 But who's the father, who the mother,
 'Tis hard to say in multitudes, Or who imported the French goods.
 But health and sickness b'ing all one, Which both engag'd before to own,
 And are not with their bodies bound
 To worship only when they're found,
 Both give and take their equal shares Of all they suffer by false wares :
 A fate no lover can divert With all his caution, wit, and art.
 For 'tis in vain to think to guess At woman by appearances ;
 That paint and patch their imperfections Of intellectual complexions ;
 And daub their tempers o'er with washes As artificial as their faces ;
 Wear, under vizard-masks, their talents
 And mother-wits, before their gallants ;
 Until they're hamper'd in the noose,
 Too fast, to dream of breaking loose :
 When all the flaws they strove to hide
 Are made unready with the bride,
 That with her wedding-cloaths undresses
 Her complaisance and gentilleses ;
 Tries all her arts to take upon her The government, from th' easy owner :
 Until the wretch is glad to wave His lawful right and turn her slave ;
 Find all his having and his holding, Reduc'd t' eternal noise and scolding ;
 The conjugal petard, that tears Down all portcullices of ears,
 And makes the volley of one tongue
 For all their leathern shields too strong ;
 When only arm'd with noise, and nails,
 The female silk-worms ride the males,
 Transform 'em into rams and goats,
 Like Syrens, with their charming notes ;
 Sweet as a screech-owl's serenade, Or those enchanting murmurs made
 By th' husband mandrake and the wife,
 Both bury'd (like themselves) alive.
 Quoth he, These reasons are but strains
 Of wanton over-heated brains,
 Which ralliers, in their wit or drink, Do rather wheedle with than think.
 Man was not man in paradise, Until he was created twice,
 And had his better-half, his bride, Carv'd from th' original, his side,
 T' amend his natural defects, And perfect his recruiting sex,
 Enlarge his breed, at once, and lessen
 The pains and labour of increasing,
 By changing them for other cares ; As by his dry'd up paps appears.

His body, that stupendous frame, Of all the world the anagram,
 Is of two equal parts compact, In shape and symmetry exact,
 Of which the left and female side Is to the manly right a bride,
 Both join'd together with such art, That nothing else but death can part.
 Those heavenly attracts of yours, your eyes,
 And face, that all the world surprize,
 That dazzle all that look upon ye, And scorch all other ladies tawny,
 Those ravishing and charming graces, Are all made up of two half faces,
 That in a mathematic line, Like those in other heavens, join,
 Of which, if either grew alone, 'Twould fright as much to look upon ;
 And so would that sweet bud, your lip, Without the other's fellowship.
 Our noblest senses act by pairs, Two eyes to see, to hear two ears ;
 Th' intelligencers of the mind, To wait upon the soul design'd ;
 But those that serve the body alone, Are single, and confin'd to one.
 The world is but two parts, that meet
 And close at th' equinoctial fit ;
 And so are all the works of nature,
 Stamp'd with her signature on matter ;
 Which all her creatures, to a leaf, Or smallest blade of grass, receive.
 All which sufficiently declare How entirely marriage is her care,
 The only method that she uses, In all the wonders she produces ;
 And those that take their rules from her,
 Can never be deceiv'd nor err :
 For what secures the civil life But pawns of children, and a wife ?
 That lie, like hostages, at stake, To pay for all men undertake ;
 To whom it is as necessary, As to be born and breathe, to marry.
 So universal, all mankind, In nothing else, is of one mind.
 For in what stupid age or nation Was ever marriage out of fashion ?
 Unless among the Amazons, Or cloister'd friars and vestal nuns ;
 Or stoics, who, to bar the freaks And loose excesses of the sex,
 Prepost'rously would have all women
 Turn'd up to all the world in common.
 Though men would find such mortal feuds
 In sharing of their public goods,
 'Twould put them to more charge of lives,
 Than they're supply'd with now by wives ;
 Until they graze, and wear their clothes,
 As beasts do, of their native growths :
 For simple wearing of their horns Will not suffice to serve their turns.
 For what can we pretend t' inherit, Unless the marriage deed will bear it ?
 Could claim no right to lands or rents, But for our parents settlements ?
 Had been but younger sons o' th' earth,
 Debarr'd it all, but for our birth.
 What honours, or estates of peers, Could be preserv'd but by their heirs ;
 And what security maintains Their right and title, but the banes ?
 What crowns could be hereditary, If greatest monarchs did not marry ?
 And with their consorts consummate Their weightiest interest of state ?
 For all the amours of princes are But guarantees of peace or war :
 Or what but marriage has a charm, The rage of empires to disarm ?
 Make blood and desolation cease, And fire and sword unite in peace,
 When all their fierce contests for forage Conclude in articles of marriage ?

Nor does the genial bed provide Less for the int'rest of the bride ;
 Who else had not the least pretence T' as much as due benevolence ;
 Could no more title take upon her To virtue, quality, and honour,
 Than ladies errant unconfin'd, And feme-couvertes t' all mankind.
 All women would be of one piece, The virtuous matron, and the miss ;
 The nymphs of chaste Diana's train,
 The same with those in Lewknors lane ;
 But for the difference marriage makes
 'Twixt wives and ladies of the lakes :

Besides the joys of place and birth, The sexes paradise on earth ;
 A privilege so sacred held, That none will to their mothers yield ;
 But, rather than not go before, Abandon heaven at the door.
 And if th' indulgent law allows A greater freedom to the spouse,
 The reason is, because the wife Runs greater hazards of her life ;
 Is trusted with the form and matter Of all mankind, by careful Nature.
 Where man brings nothing but the stuff
 She frames the wondrous fabric of ;

Who therefore, in a straight, may freely Demand the clergy of her belly,
 And make it save her the same way It seldom misses to betray,
 Unless both parties wisely enter Into the liturgy indenture.
 And though some fits of small contest
 Sometimes fall out among the best ;

That is no more than every lover Does from his hackney-lady suffer :
 That makes no breach of faith and love,
 But rather (sometimes) serves t' improve.

For, as in running, every pace Is but between two legs a race,
 In which both do their uttermost To get before, and win the post ;
 Yet when they're at their race's ends,
 They're still as kind and constant friends,

And, to relieve their weariness, By turns give one another ease :
 So all those false alarms of strife, Between the husband and the wife,
 And little quarrels, often prove To be but new recruits of love ;
 When those wh' are always kind or coy,
 In time must either tire or cloy.
 Nor are their loudest clamours more,
 Than as they're relish'd, sweet or sour :

Like music, that proves bad, or good, According as 'tis understood.
 In all amours a lover burns, With frowns, as well as smiles, by turns ;
 And hearts have been as oft with sullen,
 As charming looks, surpriz'd and stolen :
 Then why should more bewitching clamour
 Some lovers not as much enamour ?

For discords make the sweetest airs, And curses are a kind of prayers ;
 Too slight alloys, for all those grand Felicities by marriage gain'd.
 For nothing else has power to settle Th' interests of love perpetual ;
 An act and deed, that make one heart Become another's counter-part,
 And passes fines on faith and love, Enroll'd and register'd above,
 To seal the slippery knots of vows,
 Which nothing else but death can loose.
 And what security's too strong,
 To guard that gentle heart from wrong,

That to its friend is glad to pass Itself away, and all it has :
 And like an Anchoret gives over This world for th' heaven of a lover ?
 I grant (quoth she) there are some few
 Who take that course, and find it true :
 But millions whom the same does sentence
 To heaven, b' another way, repentance.
 Love's arrows are but shot at rovers,
 Though all they hit, they turn to lovers,
 And all the weighty consequences Depend upon more blind events,
 Than gamesters, when they play a set With greatest cunning at piquet,
 Put out with caution, but take in They know not what, unsight unseen.
 For what do lovers, when they're fast In one another's arms embrac'd,
 But strive to plunder, and convey Each other, like a prize, away ?
 To change the property of selves, As sucking children are by elves ?
 And if they use their persons so, What will they to their fortunes do ?
 Their fortunes ! the perpetual aims Of all their ecstasies and flames.
 For when the money's on the book, And *all my worldly goods* but spoke,
 (The formal livery and seisin That puts a lover in possession)
 To that alone the bridegroom's wedded,
 The bride a flam, that's superseded.
 To that their faith is still made good, And all the oaths to us they vow'd:
 For, when we once resign our powers,
 W' have nothing left we can call ours :
 Our money's now become the miss Of all your lives and services ;
 And we forsaken and postpon'd, But bawds to what before we own'd ;
 Which, as it made y' at first gallant us,
 So now hires others to supplant us,
 Until 'tis all turn'd out of doors, (As we had been) for new amours.
 For what did ever heiress yet, By being born to lordships, get ?
 When, the more lady sh' is of manors,
 She's but expos'd to more trepanners,
 Pays for their projects and designs, And for her own destruction fines:
 And does but tempt them with her riches,
 To use her as the devil does witches ;
 Who takes it for a special grace, To be their cully for a space,
 That, when the time's expired; the drazels
 For ever may become his vassals :
 So she, bewitch'd by rooks and spirits,
 Betrays herself, and all sh' inherits ;
 Is bought and sold, like stolen goods,
 By pimps, and match-makers, and bawds ;
 Until they force her to convey, And steal the thief himself away.
 These are the everlasting fruits Of all your passionate love-suits,
 Th' effects of all your amorous fancies, To portions and inheritances ;
 Your love-sick rapture, for fruition, Of dowry, jointure, and tuition,
 To which you make address and courtship,
 And with your bodies strive to worship ;
 That th' infant's fortunes may partake
 Of love too for the mother's sake.
 For these you play at purposes, And love your loves with A's and B's ;
 For these, at *beste* and *l'ombre* woo, And play for love and money too;

Strive who shall be the ablest man At right gallanting of a fan ;
And who the most genteelly bred At sucking of a vizard-bead ;

How best t' accost us, in all quarters,
T' our question and command new garters ;

And solidly discourse upon, All sorts of dresses, pro and con.
For there's no mystery nor trade, But in the art of love is made.

And when you have more debts to pay

Than Michaelmas and Lady-Day,

And no way possible to do't But love and oaths, and restless suit,
To us y' apply, to pay the scores Of all your cully'd past amours ;

Act o'er your flames and darts again,
And charge us with your wounds and pain :

Which others influences long since

Have charm'd your noses with, and shins ;

For which the surgeon is unpaid, And like to be, without our aid.
Lord ! what an amorous thing is want !

How debts and mortgages enchant !

What graces must that lady have, That can from executions save !

What charms, that can reverse extent, And null decree and exigent !

What magical attracts, and graces, That can redeem from *scire facias*!

From bonds and statutes can discharge,

And from contempts of courts enlarge !

These are the highest excellencies Of all your true or false pretences :

And you would damn yourselves, and swear

As much t' an hostess dowager,

Grown fat and pursy by retail Of pots of beer and bottled ale :

And find her fitter for your turn,
For fat is wondrous apt to burn :

Who at your flames would soon take fire,

Relent, and melt to your desire.

And, like a candle in the socket, Dissolve her graces int' your pocket.

By this time 'twas grown dark and late,

When they heard a knocking at the gate,

Laid on in haste with such a powder,

The blows grew louder still and louder :

Which Hudibras as if th' had been Bestow'd as freely on his skin,

Expounding by his inward light, Or rather more prophetic fright,

To be the wizard, come to search, And take him napping in the lurch,

Turn'd pale as ashes, or a clout; But why, or wherefore, is a doubt:

(For men will tremble and turn paler,

With too much or too little valour.

His heart laid on, as if it try'd, To force a passage through his side,

Impatient (as he vow'd) to wait 'em,
But in a fury to fly at 'em :

And therefore beat and laid about,
To find a cranny to creep out.

But she, who saw in what a taking

The Knight was by his furious quaking,

Undaunted cry'd, Courage, Sir Knight,

Know, I'm resolv'd to break no rite

Of hospitality t' a stranger, But, to secure you out of danger.

Will here myself stand centinel, To guard this pass 'gainst Sidrophel.

Women, you know, do seldom fail To make the stoutest men turn tail:

And bravely scorn to turn their backs Upon the desp'ratest attacks.

At this the Knight grew resolute
 His fortitude began to rally,
 But she besought him to convey,
 And lodge in ambush on the floor,
 That, if the enemy should enter, He might relieve her in the adventure.

Meanwhile they knock'd against the door

As fierce as at the gate before ;

Which made the renegado Knight Relapse again t' his former fright.
 He thought it desperate to stay Till th' enemy had forc'd his way,
 But rather post himself, to serve The Lady, for a fresh reserve.
 His duty was not to dispute, But what sh' had order'd execute :

Which he resolv'd in haste t' obey,

And therefore stoutly march'd away ;

And all h' encounter'd fell upon, Though in the dark, and all alone :
 Till fear, that braver feats performs, Than ever courage dar'd in arms,
 Had drawn him up before a pass, To stand upon his guard, and face.
 This he courageously invaded, And having enter'd barricado'd ;
 Ensconc'd himself as formidable As could be underneath a table ;
 Where he lay down in ambush close, T' expect th' arrival of his foes.

Few minutes he had lain perdue, To guard his desp'rate avenue,
 Before he heard a dreadful shout, As loud as putting to the rout ;
 With which impatiently alarm'd, He fancy'd th' enemy had storm'd ;
 And, after ent'ring Sidrophel Was fall'n upon the guards pell-mell.
 He therefore sent out all his senses, To bring him in intelligences ;
 Which vulgar, out of ignorance, Mistake, for falling in a trance ;
 But those that trade in geomancy, Affirm to be the strength of fancy,
 In which the Lapland Magi deal, And things incredible reveal.

Mean while the foe beat up his quarters,

And storm'd the outworks of his fortress :

And as another of the same Degree and party, in arms and fame,
 That in the same cause had engag'd,
 And war with equal conduct wag'd,

By vent'ring only but to thrust His head a span beyond his post,
 B' a Gen'ral of the Cavaliers Was dragg'd thro' a window by th' ears ;
 So he was serv'd in his redoubt, And by the other end pull'd out.

Soon as they had him at their mercy,

They put him to the cudgel fiercely,

As if they'd scorn'd to trade or barter, By giving or by taking quarter :
 They stoutly on his quarters laid, Until his scouts came in t' his aid.

For when a man is past his sense,

There's no way to reduce him thence,

But twinging him by the ears or nose, Or laying on of heavy blows ;
 And if that will not do the deed, To burning with hot irons proceed.
 No sooner was he come t' himself, But on his neck a sturdy elf
 Clapp'd in a trice, his cloven hoof, And thus attack'd him with reproof :

Mortal, Thou art betray'd to us,

B' our friend, thy evil genius,

Who for thy horrid perjuries, Thy breach of faith, and turning lies,
 The brethren's privilege (against The wicked) on themselves, the saints,
 Has here thy wretched carcase sent, For just revenge and punishment :

Which thou hast now no way to lessen,

But by an open free confession ;

For, if we catch thee failing once,
'Twill fall the heavier on thy bones.

What made thee venture to betray,
And filch the Lady's heart away?
To spirit her to matrimony?—

That which contracts all matches, money,
It was the enchantment of her riches,
That made m' apply t' your croney witches ;

That in return would pay th' expence, The wear and tear of conscience,
Which I could have patch'd up, and turn'd,
For th' hundredth part of what I earn'd.

Didst thou not love her then? Speak true.
No, more (quoth he) than I love you.

How would'st th' have us'd her and her money?

First turn'd her up to alimony,
And laid her dowry out in law, To null her jointure with a flaw,
Which I beforehand had agreed T' have put, on purpose, in the deed ;
And bar her widow's making over
T' a friend in trust or private lover.

What made thee pick and chuse her out
T' employ their sorceries about?

That which makes gamesters play with those
Who have least wit, and most to lose.

But didst thou scourge thy vessel thus,
As thou hast damn'd thyself to us?

I see you take me for an ass :

'Tis true, I thought the trick would pass

Upon a woman well enough, As 't has been often found by proof ;
Whose humours are not to be won But when they are impos'd upon,
For love approves of all they do That stand for candidates and woo.

Why didst thou forge those shameful lies,
Of bears and witches in disguise?

That is no more than authors give The rabble credit to believe :
A trick of following their leaders, To entertain their gentle readers.
And we have now no other way Of passing all we do or say ;
Which, when 'tis natural and true, Will be believ'd b' a very few,
Beside the danger of offence, The fatal enemy of sense.

Why didst thou chuse that cursed sin, Hypocrisy, to set up in?

Because it is the thriving'st calling,

The only saints-bell that rings all in :

In which all churches are concern'd,

And is the easiest to be learn'd :

For no degrees, unless th' employ 't, Can ever gain much, or enjoy 't.
A gift that is not only able To domineer among the rabble,

And by the laws empower'd to root,

And awe the greatest that stand out :

Which few hold forth against, for fear

Their hands should slip, and come too near ;

For no sin else among the saints Is taught so tenderly against.

What made thee break thy plighted vows?

That which makes others break a house,

And hang, and scorn ye all, before
Endure the plague of being poor.

Quoth he, I see you have more tricks
Than all your doating politics,
That are grown old, and out of fashion,
Compar'd with your new reformation :
That we must come to school to you,
To learn your more refin'd and new.

Quoth he, if you will give me leave To tell you what I now perceive,
You'll find yourself an errant chouse If y' were but at a meeting-house.

'Tis true, quoth he, we ne'er come there,
Because w' have let 'em out by th' year.

Truly, quoth he, you can't imagine

What wond'rous things they will engage in ;

That as your fellow-fiends in hell Were angels all before they fell ;
So are you like to be again, Compar'd with th' angels of us men.

Quoth he, I am resolv'd to be Thy scholar in this mystery ;
And therefore first desire to know Some principles on which you go.

What makes a knave a child of God,
And one of us?—A livelihood. ~

What renders beating out of brains,
And murder, godliness?—Great gains. ✓

What's tender conscience?—'Tis a botch
That will not bear the gentlest touch ; ~

But, breaking out, dispatches more Than th' epidemical'st plague sore.

What makes y' inroach upon our trade,
And damn all others?—To be paid. ✓

What's orthodox and true believing
Against a conscience?—A good living. ✓

What makes rebelling against kings
A good old cause?—Administ'ings. ~

What makes all doctrine plain and clear?—
About two hundred pounds a year. ✓

And that which was prov'd true before,
Prove false again?—Two hundred more. ✓

What makes the breaking of all oaths
A holy duty?—Food and cloaths. ~

What laws and freedom, persecution?—
B'ing out of power, and contribution. ~

What makes a church a den of thieves?—
A dean and chapter, and white sleeves. ✓

And what would serve, if those were gone,
To make it orthodox?—Our own. ~

What makes morality a crime, The most notorious of the time :
Morality, which both the saints And wicked too cry out against ?

'Cause grace and virtue are within Prohibited degrees of kin :

And therefore no true saint allows

They shall be suffer'd to espouse :

For saints can need no conscience, That with morality dispense ;
As virtue's impious, when 'tis rooted, In nature only, and not imputed :
But why the wicked should do so, We neither know, nor care to do.

What's liberty of conscience, I' th' natural and genuine sense?
 'Tis to restore, with more security, Rebellion to its ancient purity ;
 And Christian liberty reduce To th' elder practice of the Jews.
 For a large conscience is all one And signifies the same with none.
 It is enough (quoth he) for once And has repriev'd thy forfeit bones :

Nick Machiavel had ne'er a trick,
 (Though he gave name to our Old Nick.)

But was below the least of these, That pass i' th' world for holiness.
 This said, the furies and the light In th' instant vanish'd out of sight ;
 And left him in the dark alone,
 With stinks of brimstone and his own.

The queen of night, whose large command
 Rules all the sea, and half the land,
 And over moist and crazy brains,
 In high spring-tide, at midnight reigns,
 Was now declining to the west, To go to bed, and take her rest :
 When Hudibras, whose stubborn blows
 Deny'd his bones that soft repose,
 Lay still expecting worse and more,
 Stretch'd out at length upon the floor :
 And though he shut his eyes as fast,
 As if h' had been to sleep his last,
 Saw all the shapes that fear or wizards
 Do make the devil wear for vizards,

And pricking up his ears to heark If he could hear too in the dark,
 Was first invaded with a groan, And after, in a feeble tone,
 These trembling words, Unhappy wretch,
 What hast thou gotten by this fetch ;

Or all thy tricks, in this new trade, Thy holy brotherhood o' th' blade ?
 By sauntering still on some adventure,
 And growing to thy horse a Centaur ;
 To stuff thy skin with swelling knobs
 Of cruel and hard-wooded drubs ?
 For still th' hast had the worst on't yet,
 As well in conquest as defeat.

Night is the sabbath of mankind, To rest the body and the mind :
 Which now thou art deny'd to keep,
 And cure thy labour'd corps with sleep.
 The Knight who heard the words explain'd,
 As meant to him, this reprimand,

Because the character did hit, Point-blank upon his case so fit ;
 Believ'd it was some drolling spright
 That staid upon the guard that night,
 And one of those h' had seen and felt,
 The drubs he had so freely dealt.

When, after a short pause and groan, The doleful spirit thus went on :
 This 'tis t' engage with dogs and bears,
 Pell-mell together by the ears,

And, after painful bangs and knocks, To lie in limbo in the stocks ;
 And from the pinnacle of glory Fall headlong into purgatory.

(Thought he, this devil's full of malice, That on my late disasters rallies)
 Condemn'd to whipping, but declin'd it, By being mere heroic-minded ;
 And at a riding handled worse, With treats more slovenly and coarse ;
 Engag'd with fiends in stubborn wars, And hot disputes with conjurers ;

And, when th' hadst bravely won the day,
 Wast fain to steal thyself away.

(I see, thought he, this shameless elf
 Would fain steal me too from myself,

That impudently dares to own What I have suffer'd for and do)

And now, but vent'ring to betray,
 Hast met with vengeance the same way.

Thought he, How does the devil know
 What 'twas that I design'd to do ?

His office of intelligence, His oracles, are ceas'd long since ;

And he knows nothing of the saint,
 But what some treacherous spy acquaints.

This is some pettifogging fiend,
 Some under door-keeper's friend's friend,

That undertakes to understand, And juggles at the second hand :

And now would pass for spirit Po,
 And all mens dark concerns foreknow.

I think I need not fear him for't ; These rallying devils do no hurt.

With that he rous'd his drooping heart, And hastily cry'd out, What art ?

A wretch (quoth he) whom want of grace
 Has brought to this unhappy place.

I do believe thee, quoth the Knight :

Thus far I'm sure th' art in the right ;

And know what 'tis that troubles thee,

Better than thou hast guess'd of me.

Thou art some paultry black-guard spright,

Condemn'd to drudg'ry in the night ;

Thou hast no work to do in th' house, Nor halfpenny to drop in shoes :

Without the raising of which sum, You dare not be so troublesome ;

To pinch the slatterns black and blue, For leaving you their work to do.

This is your business, good Pug Robin,

And your diversion, dull dry bobbing ;

T' entice fanatics in the dirt, And wash 'em clean in ditches for't.

Of which conceit you are so proud, At ev'ry jest you laugh aloud,

As now you would have done by me, But that I barr'd your raillery.

Sir (quoth the voice), Y' are no such Sophi

As you would have the world judge of ye,

If you design to weigh our talents,

I' th' standard of your own false balance,

Or think it possible to know Us ghosts, as well as we do you :

We who have been the everlasting

Companions of your drubs and basting,

And never left you in contest, With male or female, man or beast,

But prov'd as true t' ye, and entire, In all adventures, as your Squire.

Quoth he, That may be said as true

By th' idlest pug of all your crew :

For none could have betray'd us worse
Than those allies of ours and yours.

But I have sent him for a token To your low-country Hogen-mogen,
To whose infernal shores I hope He'll swing, like skippers in a rope.
And if y' have been more just to me (As I am apt to think) than he,
I am afraid it is as true, What th' ill affected say of you,
Y' have 'spous'd the covenant and cause, By holding up your cloven paws.

Sir, quoth the voice, 'Tis true I grant,
We made and took the covenant :

But that no more concerns the cause, Than other perj'ries do the laws,
Which when they're prov'd in open court,
Wear wooden peccadillo's for't.

And that's the reason cov'nanters

Hold up their hands, like rogues at bars.

I see, quoth Hudibras, from whence

These scandals of the saints commence,

That are but natural effects Of Satan's malice, and his sects,

Those spider saints, that hang by threads

Spun out o' th' entrails of their heads.

Sir, quoth the voice, That may as true

And properly be said of you ;

Whose talents may compare with either,

Or both the other put together.

For all the Independents do Is only what you forc'd 'em to.

You, who are not content alone With tricks to put the devil down,

But must have armies rais'd to back The gospel work you undertake ;

As if artillery, and edge-tools, Were th' only engines to save souls.

While he, poor devil, has no pow'r By force to run down and devour ;

Has ne'er a classis, cannot sentence

To stools, or poundage of repentance ;

Is ty'd up only to design, T' entice, and tempt, and undermine :

In which you all his arts out-do, And prove yourself his betters too.

Hence 'tis possessions do less evil Than mere temptations of the devil,

Which all the horrid'st actions done Are charg'd in courts of law upon ;

Because, unless they help the elf, He can do little of himself :

And therefore where he's best possess'd, Acts most against his interest ;

Surprises none but those wh' have priests

To turn him out, and exorcists,

Supply'd with spiritual provision, And magazines of ammunition :

With crosses, relics, crucifixes, Beads, pictures, rosaries, and pixes :

The tools of working out salvation By mere mechanic operation,

With holy water, like a sluice, To overflow all avenues.

But those wh' are utterly unarm'd, T' oppose his entrance if he storm'd,

He never offers to surprize, Although his falsest enemies ;

But is content to be their drudge, And on their errands glad to trudge :

For where are all your forfeitures Entrusted in safe hands, but ours ?

Who are but jailors of the holes And dungeons where you clap up souls :

Like under keepers, turn the keys, T' your mittimus anathemas :

And never boggle to restore The members you deliver o'er,

Upon demand, with fairer Justice Than all your covenanting trustees :

Unless, to punish them the worse, You put them in the secular powers,

And pass their souls, as some demise
 The same estate in mortgage twice :
 When to a legal utlegation You turn your excommunication,
 And, for a groat unpaid that's due, Distrain on soul and body too.
 Thought he, 'Tis no mean part of civil
 State prudence to cajole the devil,
 And not to handle him too rough, When h' has us in his cloven hoof.
 'Tis true, quoth he, that intercourse
 Has pass'd between your friends and ours ;
 That, as you trust us, in our way, To raise your members and to lay,
 We send you others of our own,
 Denounc'd to hang themselves, or drown,
 Or, frighted with our oratory, To leap down headlong many a story ;
 Have us'd all means to propagate Your mighty interests of state,
 Laid out our spiritual gifts no further
 Your great designs of rage and murder :
 For if the saints are nam'd from blood,
 We onl' have made that title good ;
 And, if it were but in our power, We should not scruple to do more,
 And not be half a soul behind Of all dissenters of mankind.
 Right, quoth the voice, and, as I scorn To be ungrateful, in return
 Of all those kind good offices, I'll free you out of this distress,
 And set you down in safety, where It is no time to tell you here.
 The cock crows, and the morn draws on
 When 'tis decreed I must be gone ;
 And if I leave you here till day, You'll find it hard to get away.
 With that the spirit grop'd about To find the enchanted hero out,
 And try'd with haste to lift him up ;
 But found his forlorn hope his crup,
 Unserviceable with kicks and blows,
 Receiv'd from harden'd hearted foes.
 He thought to drag him by the heels,
 Like Gresham carts, with legs for wheels ;
 But fear, that soonest cures those sores, In danger of relapse to worse,
 Came in t' assist him with its aid, And up his sinking vessel weigh'd.
 No sooner was he fit to trudge, But both made ready to dislodge ;
 The spirit hors'd him like a sack Upon the vehicle, his back :
 And bore him headlong into th' hall,
 With some few rubs against the wall ;
 Where finding out the postern lock'd,
 And th' avenues as strongly block'd,
 H' attack'd the window, storm'd the glass,
 And in a moment gain'd the pass ;
 Thro' which he dragg'd the worsted soldier's
 Fore-quarters out by th' head and shoulders ;
 And cautiously began to scout To find their fellow cattle out :
 Nor was it in half a minute's quest,
 Ere he retriev'd the champion's beast,
 Ty'd to a pale, instead of rack, But n'er a saddle on his back,
 Nor pistols at the saddle bow, Convey'd away, the Lord knows how.

He thought it was no time to stay, And let the night to steal away ;
 But, in a trice, advanc'd the Knight Upon the bare ridge, bolt upright,
 And, groping out for Ralpho's jade,
 He found the saddle too was stray'd,
 And in the place a lump of soap, On which he speedily leap'd up ;
 And, turning to the gate the rein, He kick'd and cudgell'd on amain
 While Hudibras, with equal haste, On both sides laid about as fast
 And spur'd as jockies use to break, Or padders to secure a neck
 Where let us leave 'em for a time,
 And to their churches turn our rhyme ;
 To hold forth their declining state,
 Which now come near an even rate.

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CANTO II. — ARGUMENT.

The saints engage in fierce contests  
 To share their sacrilegious preys  
 Their various frenzies to reform,  
 Till, in th' effigy of Rumps, the rabble

About their carnal interests,  
 According to their rites of grace,  
 When Cromwell left them in a storm ;  
 Burp all the grandees of the cabal.

THE learned write, an insect breeze  
 Is but a mongrel prince of bees,  
 That falls before a storm on cows,  
 And stings the founders of his house ;

From whose corrupted flesh that breed      Of vermin did at first proceed,  
 So, ere the storm of war broke out,      Religion spawn'd a various rout  
 Of petulant capricious sects,      The maggots of corrupted texts,  
 That first run all religion down,      And after every swarm its own.  
 For, as the Persian Magi once      Upon their mothers got their sons,  
 That were incapable t' enjoy      That empire any other way ;  
 So Presbyterian begot the other      Upon the Good Old Cause, his mother,  
     Then bore them like the devil's dam,  
     Whose son and husband are the same.

And yet no nat'ral tie of blood,      Nor int'rest for the common good,  
 Could, when their profits interfer'd,      Get quarter for each other's beard.  
     For when they thriv'd they never fadg'd,  
     But only by the ears engag'd ;  
     Like dogs that snarl about a bone,  
     And play together when they've none ;  
     As by their truest characters,  
     Their constant actions, plainly appears.

Rebellion now began, for lack      Of zeal and plunder, to grow slack ;  
 The cause and covenant to lessen,      And providence to be out of season ;  
     For now there was no more to purchase  
     O' th' King's revenue, and the churches,  
 But all divided, shar'd, and gone,      That us'd to urge the brethren on.  
     Which forc'd the stubborn'st, for the cause,  
     To cross the cudgels to the laws,  
     That what by breaking them th' had gain'd  
     By their support might be maintain'd ;

Like thieves, that in a hemp-plot lie, Secur'd against the hue and cry,  
 For Presbyter and Independent  
 Were now turn'd plaintiff and defendant ;  
 Laid out their apostolic functions On carnal orders and injunctions ;  
 And all their precious gifts and graces  
 On outlawries and *scire facias*,  
 At Michael's term had many a trial,  
 Worse than the Dragon and St. Michael,  
 Where thousands fell, in shape of fees,  
 Into the bottomless abyss.  
 For, when, like brethren, and like friends,  
 They came to share their dividends,

And every partner to possess His church and state joint-purchases,  
 In which the ablest saint, and best, Was nam'd in trust by all the rest  
 To pay their money, and, instead Of every brother, pass the deed ;  
 He straight converted all his gifts To pious frauds and holy shifts ;  
 And settled all the other shares Upon his outward man and heirs ;  
 Held all they claim'd as forfeit lands, Deliver'd up into his hands,  
 And pass'd upon his conscience, By pre-entail of providence ;  
 Impeach'd the rest for reprobates, That had no titles to estates,  
 But by their spiritual attainments Degraded from the right of saints.

This b'ing reveal'd, they now begun  
 With law and conscience to fall on :  
 And laid about as hot and brain-sick  
 As th' utter barrister of Swanswick ;

Engag'd with money-bags, as bold As men with sand-bags did of old ;  
 That brought the lawyers in more fees Than all unsanctified trustees ;  
 Till he who had no more to show I' th' case, received the overthrow ;  
 Or, both sides having had the worst, They parted as they met at first.

Poor Presbyter was now reduc'd,  
 Secluded, and cashier'd, and chous'd ;

Turn'd out, and excommunicate From all affairs of church and state ;  
 Reform'd t' a reformado saint, And glad to turn itinerant,  
 To stroll and teach from town to town,  
 And those he had taught up teach down,

And make those uses serve again, Against the new enlighten'd men,  
 As fit as when at first they were Reveal'd against the Cavalier ;  
 Damn Anabaptist and Fanatic, As pat as Popish and Prelatic ;  
 And, with as little variation, To serve for any sect i' th' nation.

The good old cause, which some believe  
 To be the devil that tempted Eve  
 With knowledge, and does still invite  
 The world to mischief with new light,  
 Had store of money in her purse,  
 When he took her for better or worse ;  
 But now was grown deform'd and poor,  
 And fit to be turn'd out of door.

The Independents (whose first station  
 Was in the rear of reformation,  
 A mongrel kind of church dragoons,  
 That serv'd for horse and foot at once ;

And in the saddle of one steed      The Saracen and Christian rid ;  
     Were free of every spiritual order,  
     To preach, and fight, and pray, and murder :)  
 No sooner got the start to lurch      Both disciplines, of war and church,  
 And providence enough to run      The chief commanders of them down,  
 But carry'd on the war against      The common enemy o' th' Saints ;  
 And in a while prevail'd so far,      To win of them the game of war,  
 And be at liberty once more      T' attack themselves as th' had before.

    For now there was no foe in arms,  
     T' unite their factions with alarms,  
 But all reduc'd and overcome, Except their worst, themselves at home:  
     Wh' had compass'd all th' pray'd, and swore,  
     And fought, and preach'd, and plunder'd for,  
     Subdued the nation, church and state,  
     And all things but their laws and hate.  
     But when they came to treat and transact,  
     And share the spoil of all th' had ransack'd,  
 To botch up what th' had torn and rent, Religion and the government,  
 They met no sooner, but prepar'd To pull down all the war had spar'd;  
 Agreed in nothing, but t' abolish      Subvert, extirpate, and demolish ;  
     For knaves and fools b'ing near of kin,  
     As Dutch boors are t' a sooterkin,

Both parties join'd to do their best,      To damn the public interest ;  
 And herded only in consults,      To put by one another's bolts ;  
 T' out-cant the Babylonian labourers, At all their dialects of jabberers,  
 And tug at both ends of the saw,      To tear down government and law.  
 For as two cheats, that play one game, Are both defeated of their aim;  
 So those who play a game of state,      And only cavil in debate,  
 Although there's nothing lost nor won, The public business is undone,  
 Which still the longer 'tis in doing,      Becomes the surer way to ruin.

    This, when the Royalists perceiv'd,  
     (Who to their faith as firmly cleav'd,  
     And own'd the right they had paid down  
     So dearly for, the church and crown,)  
 Th' united constanter, and sided The more, the more their foes divided.  
 For though outnumber'd, overthrown, And by the fate of war run down,  
     Their duty never was defeated,  
     Nor from their oaths and faith retreated :

For loyalty is still the same      Whether it win or lose the game ;  
 True as the dial to the sun,      Although it be not shin'd upon.  
 But when these brethren in evil,      Their adversaries and the devil,  
     Began once more, to show them play,  
     And hopes, at least, to have a day ;

They rally'd in parades of woods,      And unfrequented solitudes :  
     Conven'd at midnight in out-houses,  
     T' appoint new rising rendezvouses,

And, with a pertinacity unmatch'd, For new recruits of danger watch'd.  
 No sooner was one blow diverted,      But up another party started,  
 And as if nature too in haste,      To furnish our supplies as fast,  
     Before her time had turn'd destruction  
     T' a new and numerous production,

No sooner those were overcome, But up rose others in their room,  
 That, like the Christian faith, increas'd  
 The more, the more they were suppress'd :  
 Whom neither chains, nor transportation,  
 Proscription, sale, nor confiscation,

Nor all the desperate events Of former try'd experiments,  
 Nor wounds could terrify, nor mangling,  
 To leave off loyalty and dangling,  
 Nor death (with all his bones) affright  
 From vent'ring to maintain the right ;

From staking life and fortune down 'Gainst all together, for the crown:  
 But kept the title of their cause From forfeiture, like claims in laws :  
 And prov'd no prosperous usurpation Can ever settle on the nation :  
 Until in spite of force and treason, They put their loyalty in possession;  
 And by their constancy and faith, Destroy'd the mighty men of Gath.

Toss'd in a furious hurricane, Did Oliver give up his reign ;  
 And was believ'd as well by saints, As mortal men and miscreants,  
 To founder in the Stygian ferry, Until he was retriev'd by Sterry,  
 Who in a false erroneous dream Mistook the new Jerusalem,  
 Profanely for th' apocryphal False heaven at the end o' th' hall ;  
 Whither it was decreed by fate His precious reliques to translate.  
 So Romulus was seen before B' as orthodox a senator ;  
 From whose divine illumination He stole the Pagan revelation.

Next him his son and heir apparent

Succeeded, though a lame vicegerent ;

Who first laid by the parliament, The only crutch on which he leant ;  
 And then sunk underneath the state  
 That rode him above horseman's weight.

And now the saints began their reign,  
 For which th' had yearn'd so long in vain,

And felt such bowel-hankerings To see an empire all of kings,  
 Deliver'd from th' Egyptian awe Of justice, government and law,  
 And free t' erect what spiritual cantons,  
 Should be reveal'd, or gospel Hanse-towns,

To edify upon the ruins Of John of Leyden's outgoings ;  
 Who, for a weather-cock hung up, Upon their mother church's top ;  
 Was made a type by providence, Of all their revelations since ;

And now fulfill'd by his successors,  
 Who equally mistook their measures ;  
 For, when they came to shape the model,  
 Not one could fit another's noddle ;  
 But found their lights and gifts more wide,  
 From fadging, than th' unsanctify'd :

While every individual brother Strove hand to fist against another,  
 And still the maddest, and most crack'd,  
 Were found the busiest to transact ;

For though most hands dispatch apace,  
 And make light work (the proverb says),

Yet many different intellects Are found t' have contrary effects ;  
 And many heads t' obstruct intrigues,  
 As slowest insects have most legs.



(Some were for setting up a king, But all the rest for no such thing,  
 Unless King Jesus : others tamper'd  
 For Fleetwood, Desborough, and Lambert ;  
 Some for the Rump, and some more crafty,  
 For agitators, and the safety ;  
 Some for the gospel, and massacres Of spiritual affidavit-makers,  
 That swore to any human regence, Oaths of supremacy and allegiance ;  
 Yea, though the ablest swearing saint,  
 That vouch'd the bulls o' th' covenant :  
 Others for pulling down th' high-places  
 Of synods and provincial classes,  
 That us'd to make such hostile inroads  
 Upon the saints, like bloody Nimrods :  
 Some for fulfilling prophecies, And th' extirpation of th' excise ;  
 And some against th' Egyptian bondage  
 Of holidays, and paying poundage :  
 Some for the cutting down of groves, And rectifying baker's loaves ;  
 And some for finding out expedients Against the slavery of obedience.  
 Some were for gospel ministers, And some for red-coat seculars,  
 As men most fit t' hold forth the word,  
 And weild the one and t'other sword.  
 Some were for carrying on the work  
 Against the Pope, and some the Turk ;  
 Some for engaging to suppress The camisado of surplices,  
 That gifts and dispensations hinder'd,  
 And turn'd to th' outward man the inward ;  
 More proper for the cloudy night Of Popery, than gospel light.  
 Others were for abolishing That tool of matrimony, a ring.  
 With which th' unsanctify'd bridegroom Is marry'd only to a thumb ;  
 (As wise as ringing of a pig, That us'd to break up ground, and dig)  
 The bride to nothing but her will, That nulls the after marriage still.  
 Some were for th' utter extirpation Of linsey-woolsey in the nation ;  
 And some against all idolising The cross in shop-books, or baptising :  
 Others, to make all things recant The christian, or sirname of saint ;  
 And force all churches, streets, and towns, The holy title to renounce.  
 Some 'gainst a third estate of souls,  
 And bringing down the price of coals :  
 Some for abolishing black-pudding,  
 And eating nothing with the blood in ;  
 To abrogate them roots and branches :  
 While others were for eating haunches  
 Of warriors, and now and then The flesh of kings and mighty men ;  
 And some for breaking of their bones  
 With rods of ir'n, by secret ones :  
 For thrashing mountains, and with spells  
 For hallowing carriers packs and bells ;  
 Things that the legend never heard of,  
 But made the wicked sore afraid of.  
 The quacks of government (who sat At th' unregarded helm of state,  
 And understood this wild confusion Of fatal madness, and delusion,  
 Must, sooner than a prodigy, Portend destruction to be nigh)

Consider'd timely, how t' withdraw,  
 And save their windpipes from the law ;  
 For one rencounter at the bar,  
 Was worse than all th' had 'scap'd in war ;  
 And therefore met in consultation To cant and quack upon the nation ;  
 Not for the sickly patient's sake, Nor what to give, but what to take :  
 To feel the purses of their fees, More wise than fumbling arteries ;  
 Prolong the snuff of life in pain, And from the grave recover—gain.  
 'Mong these there was a politician,  
 With more heads than a beast in vision,  
 And more intrigues in every one Than all the whores of Babylon :  
 So politic, as if one eye Upon the other were a spy,  
 That, to trepan the one to think The other blind, both strove to blink :  
 And in his dark pragmatic way As busy as a child at play.  
 H' had seen three governments run down,  
 And had a hand in every one :  
 Was for 'em and against 'em all, But barb'rous when they came to fall :  
 For, by trepanning th' old to ruin,  
 He made his interest with the new one ;  
 Play'd true and faithful, though against  
 His conscience, and was still advanc'd.  
 For by the witchcraft of rebellion  
 Transform'd t' a feeble state-camelion,  
 By giving aim from side to side, He never fail'd to save his tide,  
 But got the start of every state, And, at a change, ne'er came too late ;  
 Could turn his word, and oath and faith, As many ways as in a lathe :  
 By turning, wriggle, like a screw, Int' highest trust, and out, for new.  
 For when h' had happily incurr'd, Instead of hemp to be preferr'd,  
 And pass'd upon a government, He play'd his trick, and out he went :  
 But being out, and out of hopes To mount his ladder (more) of ropes ;  
 Would strive to raise himself upon The public ruin and his own,  
 So little did he understand The desp'rat'st feats he took in hand,  
 For, when h' had got himself a name  
 For fraud and tricks, he spoil'd his game ;  
 Had forc'd his neck into a noose, To shew his play at fast and loose ;  
 And, when, he chanc'd t' escape, mistook,  
 For art and subtlety, his luck.  
 So right his judgment was cut fit, And made a tally to his wit,  
 And both together most profound  
 At deeds of darkness under ground :  
 As th' earth is easiest undermin'd By vermin impotent and blind.  
 By all these arts and many more,  
 H' had practis'd long and much before,  
 Our state-artificer foresaw Which way the world began to draw.  
 For as old sinners have all points  
 O' th' compass in their bones and joints ;  
 Can by their pangs and aches find All turns and changes of the wind,  
 And, better than by Napier's bones,  
 Feel in their own the age of moons :  
 So guilty sinners in a state Can by their crimes prognosticate,  
 And in their consciences feel pain Some days before a shower of rain.

He therefore wisely cast about  
 All ways he could, t' insure his throat ;  
 And hither came t' observe and smoke  
 What courses other riskers took ;

And to the utmost do his best      To save himself, and hang the rest.

To match this saint, there was another,

As busy and perverse a brother,

An haberdasher of small wares,      In politics and state-affairs :

More Jew than Rabbi Achitophel,      And better gifted to rebel :

For, when h' had taught his tribe to 'spouse

The cause, aloft, upon one house,

He scorn'd to set his own in order, But try'd another, and went further :

No suddenly addicted still      To's only principle, his will,

That, whatso'er it chanc'd to prove, No force of argument could move ;

Nor law, nor cavalcade of Holburn,

Could render half a grain less stubborn ;

For he at any time would hang,      For th' opportunity t' harrangue,

And rather on a gibbet dangle, Than miss his dear delight, to wrangle ;

In which his parts were so accomplish'd,

That right or wrong he ne'er was non-plus'd ;

But still his tongue ran on, the less

Of weight it bore, with greater ease ;

And, with his everlasting clack,      Set all mens ears upon the rack.

No sooner could a hint appear,      But up he started to picqueer,

And made the stoutest yield to mercy,

When he engag'd in controversy ;

Not by the force of carnal reason,      But indefatigable teasing ;

With vollies of eternal babble,      And clamour more unanswerable.

For though his topics, frail and weak,

Could ne'er amount above a freak,

He still maintain'd 'em, like his faults, Against the desp'ratest assaults ;

And back'd their feeble want of sense,

With greater heat and confidence :

As bones of Hector's, when they differ,

The more they're cudgel'd, grow the stiffer.

Yet when his profit moderated,      The fury of his heat abated :

For nothing but his interest      Could lay his devil of contest.

It was his choice, or chance, or curse,

T' espouse the cause for better or worse,

And with his worldly goods and wit, And soul and body, worshipp'd it ;

But when he found the sullen traps,

Possess'd with th' devil, worms, and claps ;

The Trojan mare in foal with Greeks, Not half so full of jadish tricks,

Though squeamish in her outward woman,

As loose and rampant as Dol Common :

He still resolv'd to mend the matter,

T' adhere and cleave the obstinater :

And still the skittisher and looser Her freaks appear'd, to sit the closer.

For fools are stubborn in their way, As coins are harden'd by th' allay :

And obstinacy's ne'er so stiff,      As when 'tis in a wrong belief.

These two, with others, being met,      And close in consultation set ;



After a discontented pause,                      And not without sufficient cause,  
 The orator we nam'd of late,              Less troubled with the pangs of state,  
 Than with his own impatience,              To give himself first audience,  
 After he had for a while look'd wise,      At last broke silence and the ice.  
 Quoth he, There's nothing makes me doubt  
 Our last out-goings brought about,  
 More than to see the characters              Of real jealousies and fears  
 Not feign'd, as once, but sadly horrid,  
 Scor'd upon every member's forehead :  
 Who, 'cause the clouds are drawn together,  
 And threaten sudden change of weather,  
 Feel pangs and aches of state-turns,      And revolutions in their corns :  
 And, since our workings-out are cross'd,  
 Throw up the cause before 'tis lost.  
 Was it to run away, we meant,              When, taking of the covenant,  
 The lamest cripples of the brothers Took oaths to run before all others :  
 But in their own sense only swore              To strive to run away before ;  
 And now would prove, with words and oath  
 Engage us to renounce them both ?  
 'Tis true, the cause is in the lurch, Between a right and mongrel church :  
 The Presbyter and Independent,  
 That stickle which shall make an end on't,  
 As 'twas made out to us the last Expedient,—(I mean Marg'ret's fast)  
 When providence had been suborn'd, What answer was to be return'd.  
 Else why should tumults fright us now,  
 We have so many times gone through ?  
 And understand as well to tame,  
 As, when they serve our turns, t' inflame.  
 Have prov'd how inconsiderable              Are all engagements of the rabble,  
 Whose frenzies must be reconcil'd, With drums, and rattles, like a child ;  
 But never prov'd so prosperous,              As when they were led on by us :  
 For all our scouring of religion              Began with tumults and sedition :  
 When hurricanes of fierce commotion  
 Became strong motives to devotion :  
 (As carnal seamen, in a storm,              Turn pious converts, and reform)  
 When rusty weapons, with chalk'd edges,  
 Maintain'd our feeble privileges,  
 And brown bills, levy'd in the city,  
 Made bills to pass the grand committee :  
 When zeal, with aged clubs and gleaves,  
 Gave chace to rochets and white-sleeves,  
 And made the church, and state, and laws,  
 Submit t' old iron, and the cause :  
 And as we thriv'd by tumults then,              So might we better now again,  
 If we know how, as then we did,              To use them rightly in our need.  
 Tumults, by which the mutinous              Betray themselves instead of us ;  
 The hollow-hearted, disaffected,              And close malignant are detected :  
 Who lay their lives and fortunes down,  
 For pledges to secure our own ;  
 And freely sacrifice their ears              T' appease our jealousies and fears.  
 And yet for all these providences      W' are offer'd, if we had our senses,



We idly sit like stupid blockheads, Our hands committed to our pockets ;  
And nothing but our tongues at large, To get the wretches a discharge.

Like men condemn'd to thunder-bolts,

Who, ere the blow, become mere dolts ;

Or fools besotted with their crimes, That know not how to shift betimes ;  
And neither have the hearts to stay, Nor wit enough to run away :

Who, if we could resolve on either, Might stand or fall at least together ;  
No mean nor trivial solace To partners in extreme distress ;

Who use to lessen their despairs By parting them int' equal shares ;  
As if the more they were to bear, They felt the weight the easier :

And every one the gentler hung The more he took his turn among,  
But 'tis not come to that, as yet, If we had courage left, or wit :

Who, when our fate can be no worse, Are fitted for the bravest course ;  
Have time to rally, and prepare Our last and best defence, despair :

Despair, by which the gallant'st feats

Have been achiev'd in greatest straits,

And horrid'st dangers safely wav'd, By being courageously out-brav'd ;  
As wounds by wider wounds are heal'd,

And poisons by themselves expell'd :

And so they might be now again, If we were, what we should be, men ;  
And not so dully desperate To side against ourselves with fate.

As criminals condemn'd to suffer,

Are blinded first, and then turn'd over.

This comes of breaking covenants, And setting up exauns of saints,  
That fine, like aldermen, for grace, To be excus'd the efficace.

For spiritual men are too transcendent,

That mount their banks for independent,

To hang like Mahomet, in the air, Or St. Ignatius, at his prayer,  
By pure geometry, and hate Dependence upon church or state :

Disdain the pedantry o' th' letter, And since obedience is better  
(The scripture says) than sacrifice, Presume the less on't will suffice,

And scorn to have the moderat'st stints,

Prescrib'd their peremptory hints,

Or any opinion, true or false, Declar'd as such, in doctrinals :  
But left at large to make their best on,

Without being call'd t' accounts or question.

Interpret all the spleen reveals, As Whittington explain'd the bells ;  
And bid themselves turn back again Lord May'r's of New Jerusalem :

But look so big and overgrown, They scorn their edifiers t' own,  
Who taught them all their sprinkling lessons,

Their tones and sanctified expressions ;

Bestow'd their gifts upon a saint, Like charity on those  
And learn'd th' apocryphal bigots

T' inspire themselves with short-hand notes ;

For which they scorn and hate them worse,

Than dogs and cats do sow-gelders.

For who first bred them up to pray,

And teach the House of Commons' way ;

Where they had all their gifted phrases,

But from our Calamies and Cases ?

Without whose sprinkling and sowing,  
 Who e'er had heard of Nye or Owen ?  
 Their dispensations had been stifled, But for our Adoniram Byfield ;  
 And, had they not begun the war,  
 Th' had ne'er been sainted as they are :  
 For saints in peace degenerate, And dwindle down to reprobate ;  
 Their zeal corrupts, like standing water,  
 In th' intervals of war and slaughter ;  
 Abates the sharpness of its edge, Without the power of sacrilege :  
 And though they've tricks to cast their sins,  
 As easy as serpents do their skins,  
 That in a while grow out again, In peace they turn mere carnal men,  
 And from the most refined of saints As naturally grow miscreants :  
 As barnacles turn Soland geese In th' islands of the Orcades.  
 Their dispensation's but a ticket, For their conforming to the wicked,  
 With whom the greatest difference  
 Lies more in words and shew than sense :  
 For as the Pope, that keeps the gate  
 Of heaven, wears three crowns of state ;  
 So he that keeps the gate of hell,  
 Proud Cerberus, wears three heads as well ;  
 And if the world has any troth, Some have been canoniz'd in both.  
 But that which does them greatest harm,  
 Their spiritual gizzards are too warm,  
 Which puts the over-heated sots In fever still like other goats ;  
 For though the whore bends heretics,  
 With flames of fire, like crooked sticks,  
 Our schismatics so vastly differ,  
 Th' hotter they are, they grow the stiffer ;  
 Still setting off their spiritual goods With fierce and pertinacious feuds,  
 For zeal's a dreadful termagant, That teaches saints to tear and rant,  
 And Independents to profess The doctrine of dependencies ;  
 Turns meek and secret sneaking ones  
 To Raw-heads fierce and Bloody-bones ;  
 And not content with endless quarrels  
 Against the wicked, and their morals,  
 The Gibellines, for want of Guelfs, Divert their rage upon themselves.  
 For, now the war is not between The brethren and the men of sin,  
 But saint and saint to spill the blood Of one another's brotherhood,  
 Where neither side can lay pretence To liberty of conscience,  
 Or zealous suffering for the cause,  
 To gain one groat's worth of applause :  
 For, though endur'd with resolution,  
 'Twill ne'er amount to persecution :  
 Shall precious saints and secret ones,  
 Break one another's outward bones,  
 And eat the flesh of brethren, Instead of kings and mighty men ;  
 When fiends agree among themselves,  
 Shall they be found the greater elves ?  
 When Bell's at union with the Dragon,  
 And Baal-Peor friends with Dagon ;

When savage bears agree with bears,  
 Shall secret ones lug saints by th' ears,  
 And not atone their fatal wrath,  
 When common danger threatens both?  
 Shall mastiffs, by the collars pull'd,  
 Engag'd with bulls, let go their hold,  
 And saints, whose necks are pawn'd at stake,  
 No notice of the danger take?

But though no power of heaven or hell      Can pacify fanatic zeal,  
 Who would not guess there might be hopes,  
 The fear of gallowses and ropes

Before their eyes, might reconcile      Their animosities a while,  
 At least until th' had a clear stage,      And equal freedom to engage,  
 Without the danger of surprise      By both our common enemies?

This none but we alone could doubt,  
 Who understand their workings out,  
 And know 'em, both in soul and conscience,  
 Giv'n up t' as reprobate a nonsense

As spiritual outlaws, whom the power      Of miracle can ne'er restore.  
 We whom at first they set up under,      In revelation only of plunder,  
 Who since have had so many trials      Of their encroaching self denials.  
 That rook'd upon us with design      To out-reform, and undermine:  
 Took all our interests and commands      Perfidiously out of our hands;  
 Involv'd us in the guilt of blood,      Without the motive-gains allow'd,  
 And made us serve as ministerial,      Like younger sons of father Belial.

And yet for all th' inhuman wrong,  
 Th' had done us, and the cause so long,

We never fail'd to carry on      The work still, as we had begun;  
 But true and faithfully obey'd,

And neither preach'd them hurt, nor pray'd;

Nor troubled them to crop our ears,      Nor hang us like the cavaliers;  
 Nor put them to the charge of gaols,  
 To find us pillories and cart's-tails,  
 Or hangman's wages, which the state  
 Was forc'd (before them) to be at;

That cut, like tallies to the stumps,      Our ears for keeping true accompts,  
 And burnt our vessels, like a new      Seal'd peck, or bushel, for being true;  
 But hand in hand, like faithful brothers,  
 Held for the cause against all others,

Disdaining equally to yield      One syllable of what we held.

And though we differ'd now and then

'Bout outward things, and outward men,

Our inward men, and constant frame      Of spirit, still were near the same.  
 And till they first began to cant,      And sprinkle down the covenant,

We ne'er had call in any place,

Nor dream'd of teaching down free grace;

But join'd our gifts perpetually      Against the common enemy.

Although 'twas ours and their opinion,

Each other's church was but a Rimmon:

And yet for all this gospel union,

And outward shew of church-communion,



They'd ne'er admit us to our shares Of ruling church or state affairs ;  
 Nor give us leave t' absolve, or sentence  
 T' our own conditions of repentance ;  
 But shar'd our dividend o' the crown,  
 We had so painfully preach'd down ;  
 And forc'd us, though against the grain,  
 T' have calls to teach it up again :  
 For 'twas but justice to restore The wrongs we had received before ;  
 And, when 'twas held forth in our way,  
 W' had been ungrateful not to pay :  
 Who, for the right w' have done the nation,  
 Have earned our temporal salvation,  
 And put our vessels in a way Once more to come again in play.  
 For if the turning of us out Has brought this providence about ;  
 And that our only suffering Is able to bring in the King :  
 What would our actions not have done, Had we been suffer'd to go on ?  
 And therefore may pretend t' a share, At least in carrying on the affair.  
 But whether that be so or not,  
 W' have done enough to have it thought ;  
 And that's as good as if w' had done't, And easier pass'd upon account :  
 For, if it be but half deny'd, 'Tis half as good as justify'd.  
 The world is naturally averse To all the truth it sees or hears,  
 But swallows nonsense, and a lie, With greediness and gluttony ;  
 And though it have the pique, and long,  
 'Tis still for something in the wrong ;  
 As women long, when they're with child,  
 For things extravagant and wild ;  
 For meats ridiculous and fulsome,  
 But seldom anything that's wholesome ;  
 And, like the world, men's jobbermoles,  
 Turn round upon their ears, the poles ;  
 And what they're confidently told, By no sense else can be controll'd.  
 And this, perhaps, may prove the means  
 Once more to hedge in providence.  
 For as relapses makes diseases More desp'rate than their first accesses :  
 If we but get again in power, Our work is easier than before ;  
 And we more ready and expert I' th' mystery to do our part.  
 We, who did rather undertake The first war to create, than make ;  
 And, when of nothing 'twas begun,  
 Rais'd funds, as strange, to carry't on ;  
 Trepann'd the state, and faced it down,  
 With plots and projects of our own :  
 And if we did such feats at first, What can we now we're better vers'd ?  
 Who have a freer latitude, Than sinners give themselves, allow'd.  
 And therefore likeliest to bring in, On fairest terms, our discipline,  
 To which it was reveal'd long since We were ordain'd by providence ;  
 When three saints ears, our predecessors,  
 The cause's primitive confessors,  
 Being crucify'd, the nation stood In just so many years of blood ;  
 That, multiply'd by six, express'd The perfect number of the beast,  
 And prov'd that we must be the men, To bring this work about again ;



And those who laid the first foundation,  
Complete the thorough reformation :

For who have gifts to carry on                      So great a work but we alone?

What churches have such able pastors,  
And precious, powerful, preaching masters?

Possess'd with absolute dominions O'er brethrens purses and opinions?  
And trusted with the double keys    Of heaven and their ware-houses ;

Who, when the cause is in distress,  
Can furnish out what sums they please,

That brooding lie in bankers hands    To be dispos'd at their commands,  
And daily increase and multiply,                      With doctrine, use, and usury :

Can fetch in parties (as, in war,                      All other heads of cattle are,)  
From th' enemy of all religions,                      As well as high and low conditions,

And share them from blue ribands down

To all blue aprons in the town :

From ladies hurried in calleches,

With cornets at their footmen's breeches ;

To bawds as fat as Mother Nab,                      All guts and belly, like a crab.

Our party's great, and better ty'd

With oaths, and trade, than any side ;

Has one considerable improvement,                      To double fortify the cov'nant :

I mean our covenant, to purchase    Delinquents titles, and the churches :

That pass in sale, from hand to hand,

Among ourselves, for current land :

And rise and fall like Indian actions, According to the race of factions.

Our best reserve for reformation,    When new out-goings give occasion,

That keeps the loins of brethren girt,

The covenant (their creed) t' assert ;

And when th' have pack'd a parliament,

Will once more try th' expedient ;

Who can already muster friends,                      To serve for members to our ends,

That represent no part o' th' nation,                      But Fisher's-folly congregation ;

Are only tools to our intrigues,                      And sit like geese to hatch our eggs,

Who, by their presidents of wit,                      T' out-fast, out-loiter, and out-sit,

Can order matters under-hand,                      To put all business to a stand :

Lay public bills aside, for private,    And make 'em one another drive out ;

Divert the great and necessary,                      With trifles to contest and vary ;

And make the nation represent,                      And serve for us, in parliament ;

Cut out more work than can be done    In Plato's year, but finish none,

Unless it be the bulls of Lenthal,    That always pass'd for fundamental ;

Can set up grandee against grandee,

To squander time away and brandy ;

Make lords and commoners lay sieges                      To one another's privileges ;

And, rather than compound the quarrel,

Engage, to th' inevitable peril

Of both their ruins, th' only scope                      And consolation of our hope ;

Who, though we do not play the game,                      Assist as much by giving aim.

Can introduce our ancient arts,    For heads of factions, t' act their parts ;

Know what a leading voice is worth,    A seconding, a third, or fourth ;

How much a casting voice comes to,

That turns up trump, of Ay or No ;

✓ And, by adjusting all at th' end,                      Share every one his dividend.  
 An art that so much study cost,                      And now's in danger to be lost,  
 Unless our ancient virtuosos,                      That found it out, get into th' houses.  
                                          These are the courses that we took  
                                          To carry things by hook or crook ; ✓  
 And practis'd down from forty-four ; Until they turn'd us out of door :  
 Besides the herds of boutefues,                      We set on work, without the house ;  
 When every knight and citizen,                      Kept legislative journeymen,  
 To bring them in intelligence,                      From all points of the rabble's sense ;  
 And fill the lobbies of both houses                      With politic important buzzes :  
 ✓ Set up committees of cabals                      To pack designs without the walls ;  
 Examine, and draw up all news,                      And fit it to our present use ;  
 Agree upon the plot o' the farce,                      And every one his part rehearse,  
 Make Q's of answers, to way-lay                      What th' other parties like to say :  
                                          What repartees, and smart reflections,  
                                          Shall be return'd to all objections :  
                                          And who shall break the master-jest,  
                                          And what, and how, upon the rest :  
                                          Help pamphlets out, with safe editions,  
                                          Of proper slanders and seditious :  
 And treason for a token send,                      By letter to a country friend ;  
 Disperse lampoons, the only wit                      That men, like burglary, commit ;  
 With falser than a padder's face,                      That all its owner does betrays,  
 Who therefore dares not trust it, when                      He's in his calling to be seen :  
                                          Disperse the dung on barren earth,  
                                          To bring new weeds of discord forth ;  
 Be sure to keep up congregations, In spite of laws and proclamations :  
 For charlatans can do no good,                      Until they're mounted in a crowd ;  
 And, when they're punish'd, all the hurt                      Is but to fare the better for't ;  
 As long as confessors are sure                      Of double pay for all th' endure ;  
                                          And what they earn in persecution,  
 ✓ Are paid t' a groat in contribution.  
                                          When some tub-holders-forth have made  
                                          In powd'ring-tubs their richest trade ;  
                                          And, while they kept their shops in prison,  
                                          Have found their prices strangely risen :  
                                          Disdain to own the least regret,  
 ✓ For all the Christian blood w' have let ;  
 'Twill save our credit, and maintain                      Our title to do so again ;  
 That needs not cost one dram of sense,                      But pertinacious impudence.  
 Our constancy t' our principles, In time, will wear out all things else ;  
                                          Like marble statues, rubb'd in pieces,  
                                          With gallantry of pilgrim's kisses :  
 ✓ While those who turn and wind their oaths,  
                                          Have swell'd and sunk, like other froths ;  
                                          Prevail'd awhile, but 'twas not long  
                                          Before from world to world they swung :  
                                          As they had turned from side to side,  
                                          And, as the changelings liv'd, they dy'd.  
                                          This said, th' impatient states-monger  
                                          Could now contain himself no longer ;

Who had not spar'd to shew his piques, Against th' haranguer's politics,  
 With smart remarks, of leering faces, And annotations of grimaces,  
 After he had administer'd a dose Of snuff mundungus to his nose,  
 And powder'd th' inside of his skull,  
 Instead of the outward jobberno,

He shook it with a scornful look On th' adversary, and thus he spoke :  
 In dressing a calf's head, although  
 The tongue and brains together go,  
 Both keep so great a distance here,  
 'Tis strange, if ever they come near ;

For who did ever play his gambols, With such insufferable rambles ?  
 To make the bringing in the King, And keeping of him out, one thing ?  
 Which none could do, but those that swore  
 T' as point-blank nonsense heretofore ;

That to defend was to invade, And to assassinate, to aid :  
 Unless, because you drove him out,  
 (And that was never made a doubt)

No power is able to restore And bring him in, but on your score.  
 A spiritual doctrine that conduces Most properly to all your uses.  
 'Tis true, a scorpion's oil is said  
 To cure the wounds the vermin made ;  
 And weapons dress'd with salves restore  
 And heal the hurts they gave before :

But whether Presbyterians have So much good nature as the salve,  
 Or virtue in them as the vermin,  
 Those who have tried them can determine.

Indeed, 'tis pity you should miss Th' arrears of all your services,  
 And, for th' eternal obligation  
 Y' have laid upon the ungrateful nation,

Be us'd s' unconscionably hard, As not to find a just reward,  
 For letting rapine loose, and murder,  
 To rage just so far, but no further :

And setting all the land on fire To burn t' a scantling, but no higher :  
 For venturing to assassinate And cut the throats of church and state :  
 And not be allow'd the fittest men To take the charge of both again :  
 Especially, that have the grace Of self-denying gifted face ;  
 Who, when your projects have miscarry'd,  
 Can lay them, with undaunted forehead,

On those you painfully trepann'd, And sprinkled in at second hand ;  
 As we have been, to share the guilt Of Christian blood, devoutly spilt :  
 For so our ignorance was flamm'd,  
 To damn ourselves, to avoid being damn'd :  
 Till finding your old foe, the hangman,  
 Was like to lurch you at back-gammon,

And win your necks upon the set, As well as ours, who did but bet ;  
 (For he had drawn your ears before,  
 And nick'd them on the self-same score).

We threw the box and dice away, Before y' had lost us, at foul play ;  
 And brought you down to rook, and lie,  
 And fancy only, on the bye ;

Redeem'd your forfeit jobbernoles. From perching upon lofty poles ;



And rescu'd all your outward traitors  
 From hanging up like alligators :  
 For which ingeniously y' have shew'd Your Presbyterian gratitude :  
 Would freely have paid us home in kind,  
 And not have been one rope behind.  
 Those were your motives to divide And scruple, on the other side,  
 To turn your zealous frauds and force To fits of conscience, and remorse,  
 To be convinc'd they were in vain, And face about for new again :  
 For truth no more unveil'd your eyes,  
 Than maggots are convinc'd to flies :  
 And therefore all your lights and calls  
 Are but apochryphal and false,  
 To charge us with the consequences Of all your native insolences ;  
 That to your own imperious wills, Laid law and gospel neck and heels ;  
 Corrupted the Old Testament, To serve the New for precedent :  
 T' amend its errors and defects, With murder, and rebellion-texts ;  
 Of which there is not any one In all the book to sow upon ;  
 And therefore (from your tribe) the Jews  
 Held Christian doctrine forth, and use ;  
 As Mahomet (your chief) began To mix them in the Alchoran :  
 Denounc'd and pray'd with fierce devotion,  
 And bended elbows on the cushion ;  
 Stole from the beggars all your tones, And gifted mortifying groans ;  
 Had lights where better eyes were blind,  
 As pigs are said to see the wind :  
 Fill'd Bedlam with predestination,  
 And Knightsbridge, with illumination :  
 Made children, with your tones, to run for't,  
 As bad as Bloody-Bones, or Lunsford ;  
 While women, great with child, miscarry'd,  
 For being to malignants marry'd :  
 Transform'd all wives to Dalilahs,  
 Whose husbands were not for the cause :  
 And turn'd the men to ten horn'd cattle,  
 Because they went not out to battle :  
 Made tailors 'prentices turn heroes,  
 For fear of being transform'd to Meroz ;  
 And rather forfeit their indentures,  
 Than not espouse the saints adventures.  
 Could transubstantiate, metamorphose,  
 And charm whole herds of beasts, like Orpheus :  
 Inchant the King's and church's lands,  
 T' obey and follow your commands ;  
 And settle on a new freehold, As Marchy-hill had done of old ;  
 Could turn the covenant, and translate  
 The gospel into spoons and plate :  
 Expound upon all merchants cashes, And open th' intricate places :  
 Could catechise a money-box, And prove all pouches orthodox ;  
 Until the cause became a Damon, And Pythias the wicked Mammon.  
 And yet, in spite of all your charms,  
 To conjure Legion up in arms,



And raise more devils in the rout, Than e'er y' were able to cast out ;  
 Y' have been reduc'd, and by those fools,  
 Bred up (you say) in your own schools ;  
 Who, though but gifted at your feet,  
 Have made it plain they have more wit.  
 By whom you have been so oft trepann'd,  
 And held forth out of all command :

Out-gifted, out impuls'd, out-done, And out-reveal'd at carryings-on.  
 Of all your dispensations worm'd, Out-providenc'd and out-reform'd ;  
 Ejected out of church and state, And all things but the people's hate ;  
 And spirited out of th' enjoyments Of precious edifying employments,  
 By those who lodg'd their gifts and graces  
 Like better bowlers in your places ;  
 All which you bore, with resolution,  
 Charg'd on th' account of persecution ;  
 And though most righteously oppress'd,  
 Against your wills, still acquiesc'd ;  
 And never hum'd and hah'd sedition,  
 Nor snuffled treason, nor misprision.  
 That is, because you never durst ;  
 For, had you preach'd and pray'd your worst,

Alas! you were no longer able To raise your posse of the rabble :  
 One single red-coat sentinel Out-charm'd the magic of the spell ;  
 And, with his squirt-fire, could disperse  
 Whole troops with chapter rais'd and verse :  
 We knew too well those tricks of yours,  
 To leave it ever in your powers ;

Or trust our safeties or undoings To your disposing of out-goings ;  
 Or to your ordering providence, One farthing's worth of consequence.  
 For had you power to undermine, Or wit to carry a design,  
 Or correspondence to trepan, Inveigle, or betray one man ;  
 There's nothing else that intervenes,  
 And bars your zeal to use the means ;  
 And therefore wond'rous like, no doubt,  
 To bring in kings, or keep them out :  
 Brave undertakers to restore,  
 That could not keep yourselves in power ;  
 T' advance the int'rests of the crown,  
 That wanted wit to keep your own.

'Tis true, you have (for I'd be loth  
 To wrong ye) done your parts in both,

To keep him out, and bring him in, As grace is introduc'd by sin ;  
 For 'twas your zealous want of sense, And sanctify'd impertinence ;  
 Your carrying business in a huddle,  
 That forc'd our rulers to new-model :

Oblig'd the state to tack about, And turn you root and branch, all out ;  
 To reformado, one and all, T' your great Croysado General.  
 Your greedy slav'ring to devour, Before 'twas in your clutches, power,  
 That sprung the game you were to set,  
 Before y' had time to draw the net :

Your spite to see the church's lands Divided into other hands,

And all your sacrilegious ventures Laid out in tickets and debentures :  
 Your envy to be sprinkled down, By under churches in the town ;  
 And no course us'd to stop their mouths,  
 Nor the Independent's spreading growths :  
 All which consider'd, 'tis most true None bring him in so much as you,  
 Who have prevail'd beyond their plots,  
 Their midnight juntos, and seal'd knots ;  
 That thrive more by your zealous piques,  
 Than all their own rash politics.  
 And this way you may claim a share,  
 In carrying (as you brag) th' affair,  
 Else frog and toads, that croak'd the Jews  
 From Pharaoh and his brick-kilns loose,  
 And flies and mange, that set them free From task-masters and slavery,  
 Were likelier to do the feat, In any indifferent man's conceit.  
 For who e'er heard of restoration, Until your thorough reformation ?  
 That is, the king's and church's lands Were sequester'd int' other hands :  
 For only then, and not before, Your eyes were open'd to restore.  
 And, when the work was carrying on,  
 Who cross'd it but yourselves alone ?  
 As by a world of hints appears, All plain and extant as your ears.  
 But first, o' th' first : The Isle of Wight  
 Will rise up, if you should deny't ;  
 Where Henderson, and th' other Masses,  
 Were sent to cap texts and put cases :  
 To pass for deep and learned scholars,  
 Although but paltry Ob and Sollers :  
 As if th' unseasonable fools Had been a coursing in the schools :  
 Until th' had prov'd the devil author  
 O' th' covenant, and the cause his daughter.  
 For, when they charg'd him with the guilt  
 Of all the blood that had been spilt,  
 They did not mean he wrought th' effusion :  
 In person, like Sir Pride, or Hewson :  
 But only those, who first begun The quarrel, were by him set on.  
 And who could those be but the saints, Those reformation termagants ?  
 But, e're this pass'd, the wise debate  
 Spent so much time, it grew too late ;  
 For Oliver had gotten ground, T' inclose him with his warriors round :  
 Had brought his providence about,  
 And turn'd the untimely sophists out.  
 Nor had the Uxbridge business less Of nonsense in't, or sottishness ;  
 When from a scoundrel holder-forth,  
 The scum, as well as son o' th' earth,  
 Your mighty senators took law,  
 At his command, were forc'd t' withdraw,  
 And sacrifice the peace o' th' nation To doctrine, use, and application.  
 So, when the Scots, your constant cronies,  
 Th' espousers of your cause and monies,  
 Who had so often, in your aid, So many ways been soundly paid :

Came in at last for better ends,  
 To prove themselves your trusty friends ;  
 You basely left them, and the church  
 They train'd you up to, in the lurch,  
 And suffer'd your own tribe of Christians  
 To fall before, as true Philistines.  
 This shews what utensils y' have been,  
 To bring the King's concernments in :  
 Which is so far from being true,      That none but he can bring in you :  
 And, if he take you in to trust,      Will find you most exactly just :  
 Such as will punctually repay      With double interest, and betray.  
     Not that I think those pantomimes,  
     Who vary action with the times,  
 Are less ingenious in their art,      Than those who dully act one part ;  
     Or those who turn from side to side,  
     More guilty than the wind and tide.  
 All countries are a wise man's home, And so are governments to some ;  
     Who change them for the same intrigues  
     That statesmen use in breaking leagues :  
     While others, in old faiths and troths,  
     Look odd, as out-of-fashion'd cloaths :  
 And nastier, in an old opinion,      Than those who never shift their linen.  
     For true and faithful's sure to lose, Which way soever the game goes :  
 And, whether parties lose or win,      Is always nick'd, or else hedg'd in.  
     While power usurp'd, like stolen delight,  
     Is more bewitching than the right,  
     And, when the times begin to alter,  
     None rise so high as from the halter.  
     And so may we, if w' have but sense  
     To use the necessary means,  
 And not your usual stratagems      On one another, lights and dreams.  
 To stand on terms as positive,      As if we did not take, but give :  
     Set up the covenant on crutches,  
     'Gainst those who have us in their clutches,  
     And dream of pulling churches down,  
     Before w' are sure to prop our own :  
     Your constant method of proceeding,  
     Without the carnal means of heading :  
     Who, 'twixt your inward sense and outward,  
     Are worse, than if y' had none, accounted.  
 I grant, all courses are in vain,      Unless we can get in again ;  
 The only way that's left us now,      But all the difficulty's how.  
     'Tis true, w' have money, th' only power,  
     That all mankind fall down before ;  
     Money, that, like the swords of kings,  
     Is the last reason of all things ;  
 And therefore need not doubt our play      Has all advantages that way :  
     As long as men have faith to sell,  
     And meet with those that can pay well ;  
     Whose half-starv'd pride and avarice,  
     One church and state will not suffice,



T' expose to sale, beside the wages,    Of storing plagues to after ages.  
 Nor is our money less our own,    Than 'twas before we laid it down ;  
 For 'twill return, and turn t' account,    If we are brought in play upon't :  
 Or but, by casting knaves get in,    What power can hinder us to win ?  
     We know the arts we us'd before,  
     In peace and war, and something more,  
 And, by th' unfortunate events,    Can mend our next experiments :  
 For, when w' are taken into trust,    How easy are the wisest chous'd ;  
     Who see but the outsides of our feats,  
     And not their secret springs and weights ;  
     And, while they're busy at their ease,  
     Can carry what designs we please ?  
 How easy is't to serve for agents,    To prosecute our old engagements ?  
     To keep the good old cause on foot,  
     And present power from taking root ;  
 In flame them both with false alarms    Of plots and parties taking arms :  
 To keep the nation's wounds too wide    From healing up of side to side ;  
 Profess the passionat'st concerns,    For both their interests, by turns,  
 The only way t' improve our own,    By dealing faithfully with none ;  
 (As bowls run true, by being made    On purpose false, and to be sway'd)  
     For, if we should be true to either,  
     'Twould turn us out of both together ;  
 And therefore have no other means    To stand upon our own defence,  
 But keeping up our ancient party,    In vigour, confident and hearty :  
 To reconcile our late dissenters,    Our brethren, though by other venters ;  
     Unite them and their different maggots,  
     As long and short sticks are in faggots,  
 And make them join again as close,    As when they first began t'espouse ;  
 Erect them into separate    New Jewish tribes, in church and state ;  
     To join in marriage and commerce,  
     And only among themselves converse,  
 And all, that are not of their mind,    Make enemies to all mankind :  
 Take all religions in, and stickle    From conclave down to conventicle ;  
 Agreeing still, or disagreeing,    According to the light in being.  
     Sometimes for liberty of conscience,  
     And spiritual mis-rule, in one sense ;  
 But in another quite contrary,    As dispensations chance to vary ;  
     And stand for, as the times will bear it,  
     All contradictions of the spirit :  
 Protect their emissaries, empower'd    To preach sedition and the word :  
     And, when they're hamper'd by the laws,  
     Release the lab'rers for the cause ;  
 And turn the persecution back    On those that made the first attack,  
 To keep them equally in awe,    From breaking or maintaining law.  
     And when they have their fits too soon,  
     Before the full tides of the moon ;  
 Put off your zeal t' a fitter season,    For sowing faction in and treason ;  
     And keep them hooded, and their churches,  
     Like hawks from baiting on their perches.  
 That when the blessed time shall come    Of quitting Babylon and Rome,  
 They may be ready to restore    Their own Fifth Monarchy once more.



Mean while be better arm'd to fence Against revolts of providence ;  
 By watching narrowly, and snapping  
 All blind sides of it, as they happen :  
 For, if success could make us saints, Our ruin turn'd us miscreants ;  
 A scandal that would fall too hard Upon a few, and unprepar'd.

These are the courses we must run,  
 Spite of our hearts, or be undone ;

And not to stand on terms and freaks, Before we have secur'd our necks :  
 But do our work, as out of sight, As stars by day, and suns by night ;  
 All licence of the people own, In opposition to the crown,  
 And for the crown as fiercely side, The head and body to divide ;  
 The end of all we first design'd, And all that yet remains behind.  
 Be sure to spare no public rapine, On all emergencies that happen ;  
 For 'tis as easy to supplant Authority, as men in want :  
 As some of us, in trusts, have made The one hand with the other trade ;  
 Gain'd vastly by their joint endeavour,  
 The right a thief, the left receiver ;  
 And what the one, by tricks, forestall'd,  
 The other, by as sly, retail'd.

For gain has wonderful effects T' improve the factory of sects ;  
 The rule of faith in all professions, And great Diana of th' Ephesians :  
 Whence turning of religion's made The means to turn and wind a trade ;  
 And, though some change it for the worse,  
 They put themselves into a course,

And draw in store of customers, To thrive the better in commerce.  
 For all religions flock together, Like tame and wild fowl of a feather,  
 To nab the itches of their sects, As jades do one another's necks.  
 Hence 'tis hypocrisy as well

Will serve t' improve a church as zeal ;  
 As persecution, or promotion, Do equally advance devotion.  
 Let business, like ill watches go  
 Sometime too fast, sometime too slow ;

For things in order are put out So easy, ease itself will do't :  
 But, when the feat's design'd and meant,  
 What miracle can bar th' event ?

For 'tis more easy to betray, Than ruin any other way.  
 All possible occasions start, The weighti'st matters to divert ;  
 Obstruct, perplex, distract, entangle,  
 And lay perpetual trains to wrangle.

But in affairs of less import, That neither do us good nor hurt,  
 And they receive as little by, Out-fawn as much, and out-comply ;  
 And seem as scrupulously just, To bait our hooks for greater trust :  
 But still be careful to cry down All public actions, though our own ;  
 The least miscarriage aggravate, And charge it all upon the state :  
 Express the horrid'st detestation, And pity the distracted nation.  
 Tell stories scandalous, and false, I' th' proper language of cabals,  
 Where all a subtle statesman says, Is half in words, and half in face ;

(As Spaniards talk in dialogues  
 Or heads and shoulders, nods and shrugs).

Entrust it under solemn vows Of mum, and silence, and the rose,  
 To be retail'd again in whispers, For th' easy credulous to disperse.

Thus far the statesman—when a shout,  
 Heard at a distance, put him out ;  
 And strait another, all aghast,      Rush'd in with equal fear and haste ;  
 Who star'd about, as pale as death,      And, for a while, as out of breath ;  
 Till, having gather'd up his wits,      He thus began his tale by fits :  
     That beastly rabble,—that came down  
     From all the garrets—in the town,  
     And stalls and shop-boards, in vast swarms,  
     With new-chalk'd bills, and rusty arms,  
 To cry the cause—up, heretofore,      And bawl the bishops—out of door :  
     Are now drawn up—in greater shoals,  
     To roast—and broil us on the coals,  
     And all the grandees—of our members  
     Are carbonad'ing—on the embers ;  
     Knights, citizens, and burgesses—  
     Held forth by rumps—of pigs and geese,  
 That serve for characters—and badges      To represent their personages :  
     Each bonfire as a funeral pile,  
     In which they roast, and scorch, and broil,  
 And every representative      Have vow'd to roast—and broil alive :  
     And 'tis a miracle, we are not      Already sacrific'd incarnate :  
     For while we wrangle here, and jar,  
     W' are grilly'd all at Temple-bar ;  
     Some, on the sign-post of an ale-house,  
     Hang in effigy, on the gallows,  
 Make up of rags, to personate      Respective officers of state,  
     That, henceforth, they may stand reputed,  
     Proscrib'd in law, and executed ;  
 And, while the work is carrying on,      Be ready lifted under Dun,  
     That worthy patriot, once the bellows  
     And tinder-box of all his fellows ;  
 The activ'st member of the five,      As well as the most primitive ;  
 Who, for his faithful service then,      Is chosen for a fifth again ;  
 (For, since the state has made a quint      Of generals, he's listed in't).  
 This worthy, as the world will say,      Is paid in specie, his own way ;  
     For, moulded to the life in clouts,  
     Th' have pick'd from dung-hills hereabouts,  
 He's mounted on a hazel bavin,      A cropp'd malignant baker gave 'em :  
     And to the largest bonfire riding,  
     Th' have roasted Cook already, and Pride in.  
 On whom, in equipage and state,      His scare-crow fellow-members wait,  
 And march in order, two and two,      As, at thanksgivings, th' us'd to do ;  
 Each in a tatter'd talisman,      Like vermin in effigie slain.  
     But (what's more dreadful than the rest)  
     Those rumps are but the tails o' th' beast,  
 Set up by Popish engineers,      As by the crackers plainly appears ;  
     For none but Jesuits have a mission  
     To preach the faith with ammunition,  
     And propagate the church with powder ;  
     Their founder was a blown-up soldier.

These spiritual pioneers o' th' whore's,  
 That have the charge of all her stores,  
 Since first they fail'd in their designs,  
 To take in heaven, by springing mines,  
 And, with unanswerable barrels Of gunpowder, dispute their quarrels ;  
 Now take a course more practicable, By laying trains to fire the rabble,  
 And blow us up, in th' open streets,  
 Disguis'd in rumps, like Sambenites ;  
 More like to ruin, and confound, Than all their doctrines under ground.  
 Nor have they chosen rumps amiss, For symbols of state mysteries ;  
 Though some suppose 'twas but to shew  
 How much they scorn'd the saints, the few ;  
 Who, 'cause they're wasted to the stumps,  
 Are represented best by rumps.  
 But Jesuits have deeper reaches In all their politic far-fetches :  
 And, from the Coptic priest, Kircherus,  
 Found out this mystic way to jeer us.  
 For, as th' Egyptians us'd by bees T' express their antique Ptolemies ;  
 And, by their stings, the swords they wore,  
 Held forth authority and power :  
 Because these subtle animals Bear all their int'rests in their tails ;  
 And when they're once impair'd in that,  
 Are banish'd their well-order'd state :  
 They thought all governments were best  
 By hieroglyphic rumps express'd.  
 For, as, in bodies natural, The rump's the fundament of all ;  
 So, in a common-wealth, or realm, The government is call'd the helm ;  
 With which, like vessels under sail,  
 They're turn'd and winded by the tail,  
 The tail, which birds and fishes steer  
 Their courses with, through sea and air ;  
 To whom the rudder of the rump is  
 The same thing with the stern and compass.  
 This shews how perfectly the rump  
 And common-wealth in nature jump.  
 For as a fly that goes to bed Rests with his tail above his head ;  
 So, in this mongrel state of ours, The rabble are the supreme powers ;  
 That hors'd us on their backs, to show us  
 A jadish trick at last, and throw us.  
 The learned Rabbins of the Jews  
 Write there's a bone, which they call *luez*,  
 I' th' rump of man, of such a virtue, No force in nature can do hurt to ;  
 And therefore, at the last great day,  
 All th' other members shall they say,  
 Spring out of this, as from a seed All sorts of vegetals proceed :  
 From whence the learned sons of art,  
*Os sacrum*, justly style that part.  
 Then what can better represent,  
 Than this rump-bone the parliament ;  
 That, after several rude ejections, And as prodigious resurrections,  
 With new reversions of nine lives, Starts up, and like a cat, revives ?

But now, alas ! they're all expir'd,  
 And th' house, as well as members, fir'd ;  
 Consum'd in kennels by the rout, With which they other fires put out :  
 Condemn'd t' ungoverning distress, And paultry private wretchedness ;  
 Worse than the devil to privation, Beyond all hopes of restoration :  
 And parted, like the body and soul, From all dominion and controul.  
 We, who could lately, with a look, Enact, establish, or revoke ;  
 Whose arbitrary nods gave law, And frowns kept multitudes in awe ;  
 Before the bluster of whose huff, All hats, as in a storm, flew off :  
 Ador'd and bow'd to, by the great, Down to the footman and valet ;  
 Had more bent knees than chapel-mats,  
 And prayers, than the crowns of hats ;  
 Shall now be scorn'd as wretchedly, For ruin's just as low as high ;  
 Which might be suffer'd, were it all The horror that attends our fall :  
 For some of us have scores more large  
 Than heads and quarters can discharge :  
 And others, who, by restless scraping,  
 With public frauds, and private rapine,  
 Have mighty heaps of wealth amass'd,  
 Would gladly lay down all at last :  
 And, to be but undone, entail Their vessels on perpetual jail ;  
 And bless the devil to let them farms  
 Of forfeit souls, on no worse terms.  
 This said, a near and louder shout Put all th' assembly to the rout,  
 Who now begun t' out-run their fear,  
 As horses do, from those they bear :  
 But crowded on with so much haste,  
 Until th' had block'd the passage fast,  
 And barricado'd it with haunches  
 Of outward men, and bulks and paunches,  
 That with their shoulders strove to squeeze,  
 And rather save a crippled piece  
 Of all their crush'd and broken members,  
 Than have them grill'd on the embers ;  
 Still pressing on with heavy packs, Of one another, on their backs :  
 The van-guard could no longer bear The charges of the forlorn rear,  
 But, borne down headlong by the rout,  
 Were trampled sorely under foot :  
 Yet nothing prov'd so formidable,  
 As the horrid cookery of the rabble :  
 And fear, that keeps all feeling out, As lesser pains are by the gout,  
 Reliev'd 'em with a fresh supply Of rallied force, enough to fly,  
 And beat a Tuscan running-horse, Whose jockey-rider is all spurs.



## CANTO III.—ARGUMENT.

The Knight and Squire's prodigious flight,  
He plots to turn his amorous suit  
Repairs to counsel, to advise  
But first resolves to try by letter

To quit the enchanted bow'r by night.  
T' a plea in law, and prosecute :  
'Bout managing the enterprise ;  
And one more fair address, to get her.

WHO would believe what strange bugbears  
Mankind creates itself, of fears,  
That spring, like fern, that insect weed, Equivocally, without seed ?  
And have no possible foundation, But merely in th' imagination,  
And yet can do more dreadful feats  
Than hags, with all their imps and teats ;  
Make more bewitch and haunt themselves,  
Than all their nurseries of elves.  
For fear does things so like a witch,  
'Tis hard t' unriddle which is which ;  
Sets up communities of senses, To chop and change intelligences ;  
As Rosicrucian virtuosos Can see with ears, and hear with noses ;  
And, when they neither see nor hear,  
Have more than both supply'd by fear ;  
That makes 'em in the dark see visions,  
And hag themselves with apparitions ;  
And, when their eyes discover least, Discern the subtlest objects best :  
Do things, not contrary, alone, To th' course of nature, but its own :  
The courage of the bravest daunt, And turn poltroons as valiant :  
For men as resolute appear, With too much as too little fear ;  
And, when they're out of hopes of flying,  
Will run away from death by dying ;  
Or turn again to stand it out, And those they fled, like lions, rout.  
This Hudibras had prov'd too true, Who, by the furies, left perdue,  
And haunted with detachments sent,  
From Marshal Legion's regiment,  
Was by a fiend, as counterfeit, Reliev'd and rescu'd with a cheat ;  
When nothing but himself, and fear, Was both the imps and conjurer :  
As, by the rules o' th' virtuosi, It follows in due form of poesy.  
Disguis'd in all the masks of night,  
We left our champion on his flight,  
At blindman's buff, to grope his way, In equal fear of night and day ;  
Who took his dark and desperate course,  
He knew no better than his horse ;  
And by an unknown devil led, (He knew as little whither) fled,  
He never was in greater need, Nor less capacity of speed ;  
Disabled, both in man and beast, To fly and run away, his best :  
To keep the enemy, and fear, From equal falling on his rear,  
And though with kicks and bangs he ply'd  
The farther and the nearer side,

(As seamen ride with all their force,  
 And tug as if they row'd the horse,  
 And, when the hackney sails most swift,  
 Believe they lag, or run a-drift)  
 So, though he posted e'er so fast,  
 His fear was greater than his haste :  
 (For fear, though fleetier than the wind, Believes 'tis always left behind.  
 But when the morn began t' appear,  
 And shift t' another scene his fear,  
 He found his new officious shade      That came so timely to his aid,  
 And forc'd him from the foe t' escape,  
 Had turn'd itself to Ralpho's shape,  
 So like in person, garb, and pitch,  
 'Twas hard t' interpret which was which.  
 For Ralpho had no sooner told      The Lady all he had t' unfold,  
 But she convey'd him out of sight,  
 To entertain the approaching Knight ;  
 And while he gave himself diversion,  
 T' accommodate his beast and person,  
 And put his beard into a posture      At best advantage to accost her,  
 She order'd th' antimasquerade,      (For his reception) aforesaid :  
 But when the ceremony was done,      The lights put out, and furies gone,  
 And Hudibras, among the rest,      Convey'd away, as Ralpho guess'd,  
 The wretched caitiff, all alone)      (As he believ'd) began to moan,  
 And tell his story to himself,      The Knight mistook him for an elf ;  
 And did so still, till he began      To scruple at Ralph's outward man,  
 And thought, because they oft agreed  
 T' appear in one another's stead,  
 And act the saint's and devil's part,      With undistinguishable art,  
 They might have done so now, perhaps,  
 And put on one another's shapes ;  
 And, therefore, to resolve the doubt,  
 He star'd upon him, and cry'd out,  
 What art ? My Squire, or that bold spright  
 That took his place and shape to night ?  
 Some busy Independent pug,      Retainer to his synagogue ?  
 Alas ! quoth he, I'm none of those  
 Your bosom friends, as you suppose ;  
 But Ralph himself, your trusty Squire,  
 Wh' has dragg'd your Donship out o' th' mire,  
 And from th' enchantments of a widow,  
 Wh' had turn'd you int' a beast, have freed you,  
 And, though a prisoner of war,  
 Have brought you safe, where now you are,  
 Which you would gratefully repay      Your constant Presbyterian way.  
 That's stranger (quoth the Knight) and stranger ;  
 Who gave thee notice of my danger ?  
 Quoth he, The infernal conjurer      Pursu'd, and took me prisoner ;  
 And, knowing you were hereabout,  
 Brought me along, to find you out ;  
 Where I, in hugger-mugger hid,      Have noted all they said or did ;

And, though they lay to him the pageant,  
 I did not see him, nor his agent,  
 Who play'd their sorceries out of sight, T' avoid a fiercer second fight.  
 But didst thou see no devils then?  
 Not one (quoth he) but carnal men,  
 A little worse than fiends in hell, And that she-devil Jezebel,  
 That laugh'd and tee-he'd with derision,  
 To see them take your deposition.  
 What then (quoth Hudibras) was he,  
 That play'd the devil to examine me?  
 A rallying weaver in the town, That did it in a parson's gown;  
 Whom all the parish takes for gifted,  
 But, for my part, I ne'er believ'd it:  
 In which you told them all your feats,  
 Your conscientious frauds and cheats,  
 Deny'd your whipping, and confess'd The naked truth of all the rest,  
 More plainly than the reverend writer,  
 That to our churches veil'd his mitre;  
 All which they took in black and white,  
 And cudgell'd me to underwrite.  
 What made thee, when they all were gone,  
 And none, but thou and I alone,  
 To act the devil, and forbear To rid me of my hellish fear?  
 Quoth he, I knew your constant rate,  
 And frame of sp'rit too obstinate,  
 To be by me prevail'd upon, With any motives of my own;  
 And therefore strove to counterfeit  
 The devil a-while, to nick your wit;  
 The devil, that is your constant crony, That only can prevail upon ye:  
 Else we might still have been disputing,  
 And they with weighty drubs confuting.  
 The Knight, who now began to find  
 Th' had left the enemy behind,  
 And saw no further harm remain, But feeble weariness and pain,  
 Perceiv'd, by losing of their way,  
 Th' had gain'd the advantage of the day,  
 And, by declining of the road,  
 They had, by chance, their rear made good;  
 He ventur'd to dismiss his fear, That partings wont to rant and tear,  
 And give the desperat'st attack To danger still behind its back.  
 For, having paus'd to recollect, And on his past success reflect,  
 T' examine and consider why,  
 And whence, and how he came to fly,  
 And when no devil had appear'd,  
 What else, it could be said, he fear'd;  
 It put him in so fierce a rage, He once resolv'd to re-engage,  
 Toss'd like a foot-ball back again,  
 With shame, and vengeance, and disdain.  
 Quoth he, It was thy cowardice,  
 That made me from this leaguer rise;  
 And, when I 'ad half reduc'd the place, To quit it infamously base;

Was better cover'd by the new Arriv'd detachment, than I knew ;  
 To slight my new acquests, and run, Victoriously, from battles won,  
     And, reck'ning all I gain'd or lost,  
     To sell them cheaper than they cost ;  
 To make me put myself to flight, And, conqu'ring, run away by night ;  
     To drag me out, which th' haughty foe  
     Durst never have presum'd to do ;  
 To mount me in the dark by force, Upon the bare ridge of my horse,  
 Expos'd in querpo to their rage, Without my arms and equipage ;  
 Lest, if they ventur'd to pursue, I might the unequal fight renew ;  
 And, to preserve thy outward man, Assum'd my place, and led the van.  
     All this, quoth Ralph, I did, 'tis true,  
     Not to preserve myself, but you.  
     You, who were damn'd to baser drubs  
     Than wretches feel in powd'ring tubs,  
     To mount two-wheel'd carroches, worse  
     Than managing a wooden horse ;  
     Dragg'd out through straiter hole by th' ears,  
     Eras'd, or coup'd for perjurers ;  
     Who, though th' attempt had prov'd in vain,  
     Had had no reason to complain :  
     But, since it prosper'd, 'tis unhandsome  
     To blame the hand that paid your ransom,  
 And rescu'd your obnoxious bones From unavoidable battoons,  
 The enemy was reinforc'd, And we disabled, and unhors'd,  
 Disarm'd, unqualify'd for fight, And no way left but hasty flight,  
     Which, though as desp'rate in the attempt,  
     Has given you freedom to condemn't.  
 But, were our bones in fit condition To reinforce the expedition,  
 'Tis now unseasonable and vain, To think of falling on again :  
 No martial project to surprise Can ever be attempted twice ;  
     Nor cast designs serve afterwards,  
     As gamesters tear their losing cards.  
     Beside, our bangs of man and beast  
     Are fit for nothing now but rest ;  
 And for a while will not be able To rally, and prove serviceable :  
 And therefore I, with reason, chose This stratagem, t' amuse our foes,  
 To make an honourable retreat, And wave a total sure defeat :  
     For those that fly may fight again,  
     Which he can never do that's slain.  
 Hence timely running's no mean part Of conduct in the martial art,  
 By which some glorious feats atchieve, As citizens, by breaking, thrive,  
     And cannons conquer armies, while  
     They seem to draw off and recoil ;  
     Is held the gallantest course, and bravest,  
     To great exploits, as well as safest,  
     That spares th' expence of time and pains,  
     And dangerous beating out of brains,  
 And in the end prevails as certain As those that never trust to fortune ;  
 But make their fear do execution Beyond the stoutest resolution ;  
 As earthquakes kill without a blow, And, only trembling, overthrow.



If th' ancients crown'd their bravest men,      That only sav'd a citizen,  
 What victory could e'er be won,      If every one would save but one?  
 Or fight endanger'd to be lost,      Where all resolve to save the most?  
 By this means, when a battle's won, The war's as far from being done :  
     For those that save themselves, and fly,  
     Go halves, at least, i' th' victory ;  
     And sometime, when the loss is small,  
     And danger great, they challenge all ;  
 Print new additions to their feats,      And emendations in gazettes ;  
     And when, for furious haste to run,  
     They durst not stay to fire a gun,  
     Have done't with bonfires, and at home  
     Made squibs and crackers overcome :  
 To set the rabble on a flame,      And keep their governors from blame,  
     Disperse the news the pulpit tells,  
     Confirm'd with fire-works and with bells ;  
     And, though reduc'd to that extreme,  
     They have been forc'd to sing *Te Deum* ;  
 Yet with religious blasphemy,      By flattering heaven with a lie,  
     And, for their beating, giving thanks,  
     Th' have rais'd recruits, and fill'd their banks ;  
 For those who run from th' enemy,      Engage them equally to fly ;  
     And, when the fight becomes a chace,  
     Those win the days that win the race ;  
     And that which would not pass in fights,  
     Has done the feat with easy flights ;  
     Recover'd many a desp'rate campaign  
     With Bourdeaux, Burgundy, and Champaign ;  
     Restor'd the fainting high and mighty  
     With brandy-wine, and aquavitæ ;  
     And made 'em stoutly overcome  
     With bacrack, hoccamore, and mum ;  
 With the uncontroll'd decrees of fate      To victory necessitate ;  
 With which, although they run or burn,      They unavoidably return :  
 Or else their sultan populaces      Still strangle all their routed bassas.  
     Quoth Hudibras, I understand  
     What fights thou mean'st at sea and land,  
     And who those were that run away,  
     And yet gave out th' had won the day ;  
     Although the rabble sous'd them for't  
     O'er head and ears in mud and dirt.  
 'Tis true, our modern way of war      Is grown more politic by far,  
 But not so resolute and bold,      Nor ty'd to honour, as the old :  
 For now they laugh at giving battle,      Unless it be to herds of cattle ;  
 Or fighting convoys of provision,      The whole design o' th' expedition,  
 And not with downright blows to rout      The enemy, but eat them out :  
 As fighting, in all beasts of prey,      And eating, are perform'd one way ;  
     To give defiance to their teeth,  
     And fight their stubborn guts to death ;  
     And those atchieve the high'st renown,  
     That bring the other stomachs down.

There's now no fear of wounds nor maiming  
 All dangers are reduc'd to famine ;  
 And feats of arms, to plot, design, Surprise, and stratagem, and mine ;  
 But have no need, nor use of courage,  
 Unless it be for glory, or forage :  
 For, if they fight, 'tis but by chance,  
 When one side vent'ring to advance,  
 And come uncivilly too near,        Are charg'd unmercifully i' th' rear ;  
 And forc'd, with terrible resistance,        To keep hereafter at a distance,  
 To pick out ground to encamp upon, Where store of largest rivers run,  
 That serve, instead of peaceful barriers,  
 To part th' engagements of their warriors ;  
 Where both from side to side, may skip,  
 And only encounter at bo-peep :  
 For men are found the stouter-hearted  
 The certainer th' are to be parted ;  
 And therefore post themselves in bogs,  
 As th' ancient mice attack'd the frogs,  
 And made their mortal enemy,        The water-rat, their strict ally.  
 For 'tis not now, who's stout and bold ;  
 But who bears hunger best and cold ;  
 And he's approv'd the most deserving,  
 Who longest can hold out at starving :  
 And he that routs most pigs and cows,  
 The formidablest man of prowess.  
 So th' Emperor Caligula,        That triumph'd o'er the British sea,  
 Took crabs and oysters prisoners,        And lobsters 'stead of cuirasiers ;  
 Engag'd his legions in fierce bustles,  
 With periwinkles, prawns, and mussels ;  
 And led his troops with furious gallops,  
 To charge whole regiments of scallops :  
 Not like their ancient way of war,        To wait on his triumphal car ;  
 But when he went to dine or sup,  
 More bravely eat his captives up ;  
 And left all war by his example,  
 Reduc'd to vict'ling of a camp well.  
     Quoth Ralph, By all that you have said,  
 And twice as much that I could add,  
 'Tis plain, you cannot now do worse,  
 Than take this out-of-fashion'd course,  
 To hope, by stratagem, to woo her,        Or waging battle to subdue her :  
 Though some have done it in romances,  
 And bang'd them into amorous fancies ;  
 As those who won the Amazons,  
 By wanton drubbing of their bones ;  
 And stout Rinaldo gain'd his bride,        By courting of her back and side,  
 But, since those times and feats are over,  
 They are not for a modern lover,  
 When mistresses are too cross-grain'd ;  
 By such addresses to be gain'd ;

And, if they were, would have it out,  
 With many another kind of bout.  
 Therefore I hold no course s' infeasible,  
 As this of force to win the Jezebel ;

To storm her heart, by th' antic charms Of ladies errant, force of arms ;  
 But rather strive by law to win her, And try the title you have in her.  
 Your case is clear, you have her word, And me to witness the accord ;  
 Besides two more of her retinue To testify what pass'd between you ;  
 More probable, and like to hold,  
 Than hand, or seal, or breaking gold ;  
 For which so many, that renounc'd  
 Their plighted contracts, have been trounc'd ;  
 And bills upon record been found,  
 That forc'd the ladies to compound ;

And that, unless I miss the matter, Is all the bus'ness you look after :  
 Besides, encounters at the bar Are braver now than those in war,  
 In which the law does execution, With less disorder and confusion ;  
 Has more of honour in't, some hold,  
 Not like the new way, but the old ;  
 When those the pen had drawn together,  
 Decided quarrels with the feather,

And winged arrows kill'd as dead, And more than bullets now of lead :  
 So all their combats now, as then, Are manag'd chiefly by the pen ;  
 That does the feat, with braver vigours,  
 In words at length, as well as figures ;

Is judge of all the world performs In voluntary feats of arms ;  
 And whatsoe'er's atchiev'd in fight,  
 Determines which is wrong or right :

For whether you prevail, or lose, All must be try'd there in the close ;  
 And therefore 'tis not wise to shun  
 What you must trust to, ere y' have done.

The law, that settles all you do ; And marries where you did but woo,  
 That makes the most perfidious lover A lady, that's as false, recover ;  
 And, if it judge upon your side, Will soon extend her for your bride,  
 And put her person, goods, or lands,  
 Of which you like best, int' your hands.

For law's the wisdom of all ages, And manag'd by the ablest sages ;  
 Who, though their bus'ness at the bar Be but a kind of civil war,  
 In which th' engage with fiercer dudgeons,  
 Than e'er the Grecians did and Trojans ;

They never manage the contest T' impail their public interest,  
 Or by their controversies lessen The dignity of their profession :  
 Not like us brethren, who divide  
 Our common-wealth, the cause and side ;  
 And though w' are all as near of kindred  
 As th' outward man is to the inward,

We agree in nothing, but to wrangle, About the slightest fingle-fangle ;  
 While lawyers have more sober sense,  
 Than to argue at their own expence,

But make their best advantages Of other quarrels, like the Swiss ;  
 And out of foreign controversies, By aiding both sides, fill their purses ;



But have no int'rest in the cause  
 For which th' engage, and wage the laws ;  
 Nor further prospect than their pay,  
 Whether they lose or win the day.  
 And though th' abounded in all ages,  
 With sundry learned clerks and sages,  
 Though all their business be dispute,  
 Which way they canvass every suit,  
 Th' have no disputes about their art,      Nor in polemics controvert :  
 While all professions else are found  
 With nothing but disputes t' abound :  
 Divines of all sorts, and physicians,      Philosophers, mathematicians ;  
 The Galenist, and Paracelsian,  
 Condemn the way each other deals in ;  
 Anatomists dissect and mangle,  
 To cut themselves out work to wrangle ;  
 Astrologers dispute their dreams,  
 That in their sleeps they talk of schemes :  
 And heralds stickle, who got who,      So many hundred years ago.  
     But lawyers are too wise a nation,  
 T' expose their trade to disputation ;  
 Or make the busy rabble judges  
 Of all their secret piques and grudges ;  
 In which, whoever wins the day,      The whole profession's sure to pay.  
     Beside, no mountebanks, nor cheats,  
 Dare undertake to do their feats ;  
 When in all other sciences      They swarm like insects, and increase.  
     For what bigot durst ever draw,      By inward light a deed in law ?  
 Or could hold forth, by revelation,      An answer to a declaration ?  
     For those that meddle with their tools,  
 Will cut their fingers, if they're fools :  
 And if you follow their advice,      In bills, and answers, and replies ;  
     They'll write a love-letter in chancery,  
 Shall bring her upon oath to answer ye,  
 And soon reduce her to b' your wife,  
 Or make her weary of her life.  
     The Knight, who us'd with tricks and shifts  
 To edify by Ralpho's gifts,  
 But in appearance cry'd him down,  
 To make them better seem his own,  
 (All plagiaries constant course      Of sinking when they take a purse)  
 Resolv'd to follow his advice,      And kept it from him by disguise :  
 And, after stubborn contradiction      To counterfeit his own conviction,  
 And, by transition, fall upon      The resolution, as his own.  
     Quoth he, This gambol, thou advisest,  
 Is, of all others, the unwise ;  
 For, if I think by law to gain her,  
 There's nothing sillier, nor vainer ;  
 'Tis but to hazard my pretence,  
 Where nothing's certain, but th' expence ;  
 To act against myself, and traverse      My suit and title to her favours :



And if she should, which Heaven forbid,  
 O'erthrow me, as the fiddler did ;  
 What after-course have I to take, 'Gainst losing all I have at stake ?  
 He that with injury is griev'd, And goes to law, to be reliev'd,  
 Is sillier than a sottish chowse,  
 Who, when a thief has robb'd his house,  
 Applies himself to cunning men, To help him to his goods again ;  
 When all he can expect to gain, Is but to squander more in vain :  
 And yet I have no other way, But is as difficult to play.  
 For to reduce her, by main force,  
 Is now in vain ; by fair means, worse ;  
 But worst of all to give her over, Till she's as desp'rate to recover.  
 For bad games are thrown up too soon,  
 Until th' are never to be won,  
 But since I have no other course, But is as bad t' attempt, or worse ;  
 He that complies against his will, Is of his own opinion still ;  
 Which he may adhere to, yet disown,  
 For reasons to himself best known ;  
 But 'tis not to b' avoided now, For Sidrophel resolves to sue ;  
 Whom I must answer, or begin, Inevitably, first with him.  
 For I've receiv'd advertisement, By times enough, of his intent ;  
 And knowing, he that first complains  
 Th' advantage of the business gains ;  
 For courts of justice understand The plaintiff to be eldest hand :  
 Who what he pleases may aver, The other, nothing till he swear :  
 Is freely admitted to all grace, And lawful favour, by his place :  
 And, for his bringing custom in, Has all advantages to win.  
 I, who resolve to oversee No lucky opportunity,  
 Will go to counsel, to advise Which way t' encounter, or surprise,  
 And, after long consideration, Have found out one to fit th' occasion ;  
 Most apt for what I have to do, As counsellor and justice too :  
 And, truly so, no doubt, he was, A lawyer fit for such a case.  
 An old dull sot, who told the clock,  
 For many years at Bridewell-dock,  
 At Westminster, and Hicks's Hall ; And *hiccus doctius* play'd in all ;  
 Where, in all governments and times,  
 H' had been both friend and foe to crimes,  
 And us'd too equal ways of gaining,  
 By hind'ring justice, or maintaining :  
 To many a whore gave privilege,  
 And whipp'd, for want of quarterage ;  
 Cart-loads of bawds to prison sent,  
 For b'ing behind a fortnight's rent :  
 And many a trusty pimp and croney,  
 To Puddle-dock, for want of money ;  
 Engag'd the constable to seize  
 All those that would not break the peace ;  
 Nor give him back his own foul words,  
 Though sometimes commoners, or lords,  
 And kept them prisoners of course, For being sober at ill hours ;

That in the morning he might free                      Or bind 'em over for his fee.  
     Made monsters fine, and puppet-plays,  
     For leave to practise, in their ways ;  
     Farm'd out all cheats, and went a share  
     With th' headborough and scavenger ;  
     And made the dirt i' th' streets compound  
     For taking up the public ground :  
 The kennel, and the King's highway,              For being unmolested, pay,  
     Let out the stocks, and whipping-post,  
     And cage, to those that gave him most ;  
 Impos'd a tax on bakèrs ears,      And, for false weights, on chandelers ;  
 Made victuallers and vintners fine              For arbitrary ale and wine.  
 But was a kind and constant friend              To all that regularly offend :  
 As residentiary bawds,              And brokers that receive stol'n goods ;  
 That cheat in lawful mysteries,      And pay church-duties, and his fees :  
 But was implacable and aukward      To all that enterlop'd and hawker'd.  
     To this brave man the Knight repairs  
     For counsel in his law-affairs ;  
     And found him mounted, in his pew,  
     With books and money plac'd, for shew,  
 Like nest-eggs to make clients lay,              And for his false opinion pay :  
     To whom the Knight, with comely grace,  
     Put off his hat, to put his case :  
 Which he as proudly entertain'd              As th' other courteously strain'd ;  
 And, to assure him 'twas not that      He look'd for, bid him put on's hat.  
     Quoth he, There is one Sidrophel,  
     Whom I have cudgell'd—Very well.  
     And now he brags t' have beaten me ;—  
     Better, and better still, quoth he :  
 And vows to stick me to a wall,      Where-e'er he meets me—Best of all.  
     'Tis true the knave has taken's oath  
     That I robb'd him—Well done, in troth.  
     When h' has confess'd, he stole my cloak,  
     And pick'd my fob, and what he took ;  
     Which was the cause that made me bang him,  
     And take my goods again—Marry hang him.  
     Now, whether I should before-hand  
     Swear he robb'd me?—I understand.  
     Or bring my action of conversion  
     And trover for my goods?—Ah, whoreson.  
 Or, if 'tis better to indite,              And bring him to his trial?—Right ;  
     Prevent what he designs to do,  
     And swear for th' state against him?—True.  
 Or, whether he that is defendant,      In this case, has the better end on't ;  
     Who, putting in a new cross-bill,  
     May traverse the action?—Better still.  
 Then there's a Lady too,—Ay, marry,      That's easily prov'd accessary ;  
 A Widow, who, by solemn vows              Contracted to me, for my spouse,  
     Combin'd with him to break her word,  
     And has abetted all—Good Lord !  
 Suborn'd th' aforesaid Sidrophel,              To tamper with the devil of hell ;

Who put m' into a horrid fear,      Fear of my life—Make that appear.  
 Made an assault with fiends and men      Upon my body—Good again.  
 And kept me in a deadly fright,      And false imprisonment, all night,  
     Mean while they robb'd me, and my horse,  
     And stole my saddle—worse and worse.  
     And made me mount upon the bare ridge,  
     T' avoid a wretched miscarriage.

Sir, quoth the lawyer, Not to flatter ye,  
 You have as good and fair a battery,  
 As heart can wish, and need not shame  
 The proudest man alive to claim.

For, if th' have us'd you, as you say, Marry, quoth I, God give you joy;  
 I would it were my case, I'd give      More than I'll say, or you'll believe :  
     I would so trounce her, and her purse,  
     I'd make her kneel for better or worse ;  
 For matrimony, and hanging here,      Both go by destiny so clear,  
     That you as sure may pick and choose,  
     As cross I win, and pile you lose :

And, if I durst, I would advance      As much in ready maintenance,  
 As upon any case I've known ;      But we that practise dare not own :  
 The law severely contrabands      Our taking bus'ness off men's hands ;  
 'Tis common barratry that bears      Point-blank an action 'gainst our ears,  
 And crops them till there is no leather      To stick a pin in left of either ;  
     For which, some do the summer-sault,  
     And o'er the bar, like tumblers, vault.

But you may swear at any rate,      Things not in nature, for the state :  
 For, in all courts of justice here,      A witness is not said to swear,  
     But make oath ; that is, in plain terms,  
     To forge whatever he affirms.

(I thank you, quoth the Knight, for that,  
 Because 'tis to my purpose pat—)  
 For Justice, though she's painted blind,  
 Is to the weaker side inclin'd,

Like charity ; else right and wrong      Could never hold it out so long,  
 And, like blind Fortune, with a slight,      Convey men's interest and right,  
 From Stiles's pocket, into Nokes's,      As easily as hocus pocus :  
     Plays fast and loose, makes men obnoxious,  
     And clear again, like *hiccius doctius*.  
 Then, whether you would take her life,  
 Or but recover her for your wife,

Or be content with what she has,      And let all other matters pass,  
 The bus'ness to the law's alone,      The proof is all it looks upon :  
 And you can want no witnesses      To swear to any thing you please,  
 That hardly get their mere expenses      By th' labour of their consciences :  
 Or letting out, to hire, their ears      To affidavit-customers,  
 At inconsiderable values,      To serve for jury-men, or *tales*,

Although retain'd in the hardest matters  
 Of trustees and administrators.

For that, quoth he, let me alone ;  
 W' have store of such, and all our own,  
 Bred up and tutor'd by our teachers,  
 The ablest of conscience-stretchers.

That's well, quoth he, but I should guess  
 By weighing all advantages,  
 Your surest way is first to pitch      On Bongey, for a water-witch ;  
 And, when y' have hang'd the conjurer,  
 Y' have time enough to deal with her,  
 In th' int'rim spare for no trepans      To draw her neck into the banes :  
 Ply her with love-letters and billets,  
 And bait 'em well, for quirks and quilllets,  
 With trains t' inveigle and surprise  
 Her heedless answers and replies :  
 And, if she miss the mouse-trap lines,  
 They'll serve for other by-designs ;  
 And make an artist understand      To copy out her seal, or hand ;  
 Or find void places in the paper  
 To steal in something to intrap her ;  
 Till with her worldly goods, and body,  
 Spite of her heart, she has endow'd ye :  
 Retain all sorts of witnesses,  
 That ply i' th' Temples, under trees ;  
 Or walk the round, with knights o' th' posts,  
 About the cross-legg'd knights, their hosts ;  
 Or wait for customers between      The pillar-rows in Lincoln's-inn ;  
 Where vouchers, forgers, common-bail,      And affidavit-men ne'er fail  
 T' expose to sale all sorts of oaths,  
 According to their ears and cloaths,  
 Their only necessary tools,      Besides the gospel and their souls,  
 And, when y' are furnish'd with all purveys,  
 I shall be ready at your service.  
 I would not give, quoth Hudibras,      A straw to understand a case,  
 Without the admirable skill      To wind and manage it at will ;  
 To veer and tack, and steer a cause,  
 Against the weather-gage of laws ;  
 And ring the changes upon cases,      As plain as noses upon faces ;  
 As you have well instructed me,  
 For which you've earn'd (here 'tis) your fee :  
 I long to practise your advice,      And try the subtle artifice ;  
 To bait a letter, as you bid :      As, not long after, thus he did :  
 For, having pump'd up all his wit,      And hum'd upon it, thus he writ.

## AN HEROICAL EPISTLE OF HUDIBRAS TO HIS LADY.

I, who was once as great as Cæsar,  
 Am now reduc'd to Nebuchadnezzar ;  
 And from as fam'd a conqueror      As ever took degree in war,  
 Or did his exercise in battle,  
 By you turn'd out to graze with cattle :  
 For since I am deny'd access      To all my earthly happiness,  
 Am fallen from the paradise      Of your good graces, and fair eyes,



Lost to the world, and you, I'm sent      To everlasting banishment ;  
     Where all the hopes I had t' have won  
     Your heart, being dash'd, will break my own.  
 Yet if you were not so severe      To pass your doom before you hear,  
     You'd find, upon my just defence,  
     How much y' have wrong'd my innocence.  
 That once I made a vow to you,      Which yet is unperform'd, 'tis true ;  
 But not, because it is unpaid,      'Tis violated, though delay'd :  
 Or, if it were, it is no fault,      So heinous as you'd have it thought ;  
 To undergo the loss of ears,      Like vulgar hackney perjurers :  
 For there's a difference in the case,      Between the noble and the base ;  
 Who always are observ'd t' have done't      Upon as different an account :  
 The one for great and weighty cause,      To save, in honour, ugly flaws ;  
     For none are like to do it sooner,  
     Than those who are nicest of their honour :  
 The other, for base gain and pay,      Forswear and perjure by the day ;  
     And make th' exposing and retailing  
     Their souls and consciences a calling,  
 It is no scandal, nor aspersion,      Upon a great and noble person,  
 To say, he nat'rally abhorr'd      The old-fashion'd trick, to keep his word,  
 Though 'tis perfidiousness and shame,      In meaner men, to do the same :  
 For to be able to forget      Is found more useful to the great,  
     Than gout, or deafness, or bad eyes,  
     To make 'em pass for wond'rous wise.  
 But though the law, on perjurers,      Inflicts the forfeiture of ears,  
 It is not just, that does exempt      The guilty, and punish the innocent ;  
     To make the ears repair the wrong  
     Committed by th' ungovern'd tongue ;  
 And, when one member is forsworn,      Another to be cropp'd or torn.  
 And if you should, as you design,      By course of law, recover mine,  
 You're like, if you consider right,      To gain but little honour by't.  
     For he that for his lady's sake  
     Lays down his life, or limbs, at stake,  
     Does not so much deserve her favour  
     As he that pawns his soul to have her.  
     This y' have acknowledg'd I have done,  
     Although you now disdain to own :  
     But sentence what you rather ought  
     T' esteem good service, than a fault.  
     Besides, oaths are not bound to bear  
     That literal sense the words infer :  
 But, by the practice of the age,      Are to be judg'd how far th' engage ;  
     And, where the sense by custom's check'd,  
     Are found void, and of none effect.  
 For no man takes or keeps a vow,      But just as he sees others do ;  
     Nor are th' obliged to be so brittle,  
     As not to yield and bow a little :  
     For as best-tempered blades are found,  
     Before they break, to bend quite round,  
     So truest oaths are still most tough,  
     And, though they bow, are breaking proof.

Then wherefore should they not be allow'd  
 In love a greater latitude?  
 For, as the law of arms approves  
 All ways to conquest, so should love's ;  
 And not be ty'd to true or false, But make that justest that prevails :  
 For how can that which is above All empire, high and mighty love,  
 Submit its great prerogative To any other power alive ?  
 Shall love, that to no crown gives place,  
 Become the subject of a case ?  
 The fundamental law of nature Be over-rul'd by those made after ?  
 Commit the censure of its cause To any, but its own great laws ?  
 Love that's the world's preservative,  
 That keeps all souls of things alive ;  
 Controuls the mighty power of fate,  
 And gives mankind a longer date ;  
 The life of nature, that restores, As fast as time and death devours ;  
 To whose free gift the world does owe,  
 Not only earth, but heaven too :  
 For love's the only trade that's driven,  
 The interest of state in heaven,  
 Which nothing, but the soul of man, Is capable to entertain.  
 For what can earth produce, but love, To represent the joys above ?  
 Or who, but lovers, can converse, Like angels, by the eye-discourse ?  
 Address and compliments by vision, Make love and court by intuition ?  
 And burn in amorous flames as fierce As those celestial ministers ?  
 Then how can any thing offend, In order to so great an end ?  
 Or heav'n itself a sin resent, That for its own supply was meant ?  
 That merits, in a kind mistake, A pardon for th' offence's sake,  
 Or, if it did not, but the cause Were left to th' injury of laws,  
 What tyranny can disapprove There should be equity in love ?  
 For laws that are inanimate, And feel no sense of love or hate ;  
 That have no passion of their own, Nor pity to be wrought upon ;  
 Are only proper to inflict Revenge on criminals as strict :  
 But to have power to forgive Is empire, and prerogative ;  
 And 'tis in crowns a nobler gem To grant a pardon, than condemn.  
 Then, since so few do what they ought,  
 'Tis great t' indulge a well-meant fault ;  
 For why should he who made address,  
 All humble ways, without success,  
 And met with nothing in return But insolence, affronts, and scorn,  
 Not strive by wit to countermine, And bravely carry his design ?  
 He who was us'd so unlike a soldier,  
 Blown up with philtres of love-powder ?  
 And, after letting blood, and purging,  
 Condemn'd to voluntary scourging :  
 Alarm'd with many a horrid fright, And claw'd by goblins in the night ;  
 Insulted on, revil'd, and jeer'd, With rude invasion of his beard ;  
 And, when your sex was foully scandal'd,  
 As foully by the rabble handled :  
 Attack'd by despicable foes,  
 And drubb'd with mean and vulgar blows ;

And, after all, to be debarr'd      So much as standing on his guard ;  
 When horses, being spurr'd and prick'd,  
 Have leave to kick, for being kick'd ?  
 Or why should you, whose mother-wits  
 Are furnish'd with all perquisites,  
 That with your breeding teeth begin,      And nursing babies that lie in,  
 B' allow'd to put all tricks upon      Our cully sex, and we use none ?  
 We who have nothing but frail vows,  
 Against your stratagems t' oppose,  
 Or oaths more feeble than your own,  
 By which we are no less put down ?  
 You wound like Parthians, while you fly,  
 And kill with a retreating eye :  
 Retire the more, the more we press,      To draw us into ambushes :  
 As pirates all false colours wear,      T' entrap th' unwary mariner ;  
 So women, to surprise us, spread  
 The borrow'd flags of white and red ;  
 Display 'em thicker on their cheeks,  
 Than their old grandmothers, the Picts ;  
 And raise more devils with their looks,  
 Than conjurers less subtle books.  
 Lay trains of amorous intrigues,      In towers, and curls, and perriwigs,  
 With greater art and cunning rear'd,  
 Than Philip Nye's thanksgiving beard ;  
 Prepost'rously t' entice and gain      Those to adore 'em they disdain ;  
 And only draw 'em in to clog,      With idle names, a catalogue.  
 A lover is, the more he's brave,  
 T' his mistress, but the more a slave ;  
 And whatsoever she commands,      Becomes a favour from her hands ;  
 Which he's oblig'd t' obey, and must,      Whether it be unjust or just.  
 Then, when he is compelled by her  
 T' adventures he would else forbear,  
 Who, with his honour, can withstand,  
 Since force is greater than command ?  
 And, when necessity's obey'd,      Nothing can be unjust or bad :  
 And therefore, when the mighty powers  
 Of love, our great ally, and yours,  
 Join'd forces not to be withstood      By frail enamour'd flesh and blood ;  
 All I have done, unjust or ill,      Was in obedience to your will ;  
 And all the blame that can be due,      Falls to your cruelty and you.  
 Nor are those scandals I confess'd      Against my will and interest  
 More than is daily done of course,  
 By all men, when they're under force.  
 Whence some, upon the rack, confess  
 What th' hangman and their prompters please ;  
 But are no sooner out of pain,      Than they deny it all again.  
 But, when the devil turns confessor,  
 Truth is a crime he takes no pleasure  
 To hear or pardon, like the founder  
 Of liars, whom they all claim under :  
 And therefore, when I told him none,      I think it was the wiser done.

Nor am I without precedent,      The first that on th' adventure went ;  
 All mankind ever did of course,      And daily does the same, or worse.  
 For what romance can shew a lover,      That had a lady to recover,  
 And did not steer a nearer course,      To fall a-board in his amours ?  
 And what at first was held a crime,      Has turn'd to honourable in time.  
 To what a height did infant Rome,      By ravishing of women, come ?  
     When men upon their spouses seiz'd,  
     And freely married where they pleas'd :  
     They ne'er forswore themselves, nor ly'd,  
     Nor, in the mind they were in, dy'd ;  
     Nor took the pains t' address and sue,  
     Nor play'd the masquerade to woo ;  
 Disdain'd to stay for friends consents,      Nor juggled about settlements ;  
 Did need not license, nor no priest,      Nor friends, nor kindred, to assist ;  
     Nor lawyers, to join land and money,  
     In th' holy state of matrimony  
 Before they settled hands and hearts      Till alimony, or death, departs :  
     Nor would endure to stay until  
     Th' had got the very bride's good will,  
     But took a wise and shorter course  
     To win the ladies, down-right force :  
     And justly made 'em prisoners then,  
     As they have, often since, us men ;  
 With acting plays, and dancing jigs,      The luckiest of all love's intrigues ;  
     And, when they had them at their pleasure,  
     Then talk'd of love and flames at leisure :  
 For, after matrimony's over,      He that holds out, but half a lover,  
 Deserves, for every minute more,      Than half a year of love before ;  
     For which the dames in contemplation  
     Of that best way of application,  
     Prov'd nobler wives than e'er were known,  
     By suit, or treaty, to be won ;  
 And such as all posterity      Could never equal, nor come nigh.  
     For women first were made for men,  
     Not men for them.—It follows, then,  
 That men have right to every one,      And they no freedom of their own :  
     And therefore men have power to chuse,  
     But they no charter to refuse.  
     Hence 'tis apparent, that, what course  
     Soe'er we take to your amours,  
 Though by the indirectest way,      'Tis no injustice, nor foul play ;  
     And that you ought to take that course,  
     As we take you, for better or worse ;  
 And gratefully submit to those      Who you, before another, chose.  
 For why should every savage beast      Exceed his great Lord's interest ?  
 Have freer power, than he, in grace      And nature, o'er the creature has ?  
 Because the laws he since has made,      Have cut off all the power he had ;  
 Retrench'd the absolute dominion      That nature gave him over women ;  
 When all his power will not extend      One law of nature to suspend :  
 And but to offer to repeal      The smallest clause is to rebel ;  
 This, if men rightly understood      Their privilege, they would make good.



And not, like sots, permit their wives  
 T' encroach on their prerogatives,  
 For which sin they deserve to be      Kept, as they are, in slavery :  
 And this some precious gifted teachers,  
 Unreverently reputed leachers,  
 And disobey'd in making love,      Have vow'd to all the world to prove,  
 And make ye suffer, as you ought,      For that uncharitable fault.  
 But I forget myself, and rove      Beyond th' instructions of my love.  
 Forgive me, Fair, and only blame      Th' extravagancy of my flame,  
 Since 'tis too much at once to show      Excess of love and temper too.  
 All I have said that's bad and true,      Was never meant to aim at you ;  
     Who have so sovereign a controul  
     O'er that poor slave of yours, my soul,  
 That, rather than to forfeit you,      Has ventur'd loss of heaven too ;  
     Both with an equal power possess'd,  
     To render all that serve you bless'd :  
     But none like him, who's destined either  
     To have, or lose you, both together.  
 And if you'll but this fault release, (For so it must be, since you please)  
     I'll pay down all that vow, and more,  
     Which you commanded and I swore,  
 And expiate upon my skin,      Th' arrears in full of all my sin.  
 For 'tis but just that I should pay      Th' accruing penance, for delay,  
 Which shall be done, until it move      Your equal pity and your love.  
     The Knight perusing this Epistle,  
     Believ'd h' had brought her to his whistle ;  
     And read it like a jocund lover,  
     With great applause t' himself, twice over ;  
 Subscrib'd his name, but at a fit      And humble distance to his wit ;  
 And dated it with wondrous art,      Giv'n from th' bottom of his heart ;  
 Then seal'd it with his coat of love,      A smoking fagot,—and above,  
 Upon a scroll—I burn and weep,      And near it—For her Ladyship,  
 Of all her sex most excellent,      These to her gentle hands present.  
     Then gave it to his faithful Squire,  
     With lessons how t' observe and eye her :  
     She first consider'd which was better,  
     To send it back, or burn the letter.  
     But, guessing that it might import,  
     Though nothing else, at least her sport,  
 She open'd it, and read it out,      With many a smile and leering flout ;  
 Resolv'd to answer it in kind,      And thus perform'd what she design'd.

## THE LADY'S ANSWER TO THE KNIGHT.

That you're a beast, and turn'd to grass,  
 Is no strange news, nor ever was,  
 At least to me, who once, you know, Did from the pound replevin you  
     When both your sword and spurs were won,  
     In combat, by an Amazon :

That sword, that did (like fate) determine  
 Th' inevitable death of vermin,  
 And never dealt its furious blows, But cut the throats of pigs and cows,  
 By Trulla, was in single fight, Disarm'd and wrested from its Knight ;  
 Your heels degraded of your spurs, And in the stocks close prisoners,  
 Where still they'd lain, in base restraint ;  
 If I, in pity of your complaint,  
 Had not, on honourable conditions,  
 Releas'd 'em from the worst of prisons ;  
 And what return that favour met,  
 You cannot (though you would) forget ;  
 When, being free, you strove t' evade,  
 The oaths you had in prison made ;  
 Forswore yourself, and first deny'd it, But after own'd and justify'd it ;  
 And when y' had falsely broke one vow,  
 Absolv'd yourself, by breaking two,  
 For while you sneakingly submit, And beg for pardon at our feet,  
 Discourag'd by your guilty fears, To hope for quarter for your ears ;  
 And, doubting, 'twas in vain to sue ; You claim us boldly as your due ;  
 Declare that treachery and force, To deal with us, is th' only course ;  
 We have no title nor pretence To body, soul or conscience :  
 But ought to fall to that man's share  
 That claims us for his proper ware.  
 These are the motives which t' induce, Or fright us into love, you use :  
 A pretty new way of gallanting, Between soliciting and ranting,  
 Like sturdy beggars that entreat For charity at once and threat.  
 But, since you undertake to prove Your own propriety in love,  
 As if we were but lawful prize In war between two enemies ;  
 Or forfeitures, which every lover,  
 That would but sue for might recover ;  
 It is not hard to understand The myst'ry of this bold demand ;  
 That cannot at our persons aim, But something capable of claim.  
 'Tis not those paultry counterfeit  
 French stones, which in our eyes you set,  
 But our right diamonds, that inspire  
 And set your am'rous hearts on fire :  
 Nor can those false St. Martin's beads  
 Which on your lips you lay for reds,  
 And make us wear like Indian dames,  
 Add fuel to your scorching flames ;  
 But those true rubies of the rock, Which in our cabinets we lock.  
 'Tis not those orient pearls, our teeth,  
 That you are so transported with ;  
 But those we wear about our necks, Produce those amorous effects :  
 Nor is't those threads of gold, our hair,  
 The perriwigs you make us wear ;  
 But those bright guineas in our chests,  
 That light the wild-fire in your breasts.  
 These love-tricks I've been vers'd in so,  
 That all their sly intrigues I know,  
 And can unriddle by their tones, Their mystic cabals and jargons :

Can tell what passions, by their sounds,  
 Pine for the beauties of my grounds ;  
 What raptures fond and amorous  
 O' th' charms and graces of my house ;

What extasy, and scorching flame, Burns for my money, in my name :  
 What, from the unnatural desire To beasts and cattle, takes its fire ;  
 What tender sigh, and trickling tear,  
 Longs for a thousand pounds a year ;  
 And languishing transports are fond  
 Of statute, mortgage, bill, and bond.

These are th' attracts which most men fall  
 Enamour'd, at first sight, withal ;  
 To these th' address with serenades,  
 And courts, with balls and masquerades ;  
 And yet, for all the yearning pain  
 Y' have suffer'd for their loves, in vain,

I fear they'll prove so nice and coy, To have, and t' hold, and to enjoy ;  
 That, all your oaths and labour lost,  
 They'll ne'er turn ladies of the post.

This is not meant to disapprove

Your judgment, in your choice of love,

Which is so wise, the greatest part, Of mankind study't as an art ;  
 For love should, like a deodand, Still fall to th' owner of the land :  
 And, where there's substance for its ground,  
 Cannot but be more firm and sound

Than that which has the slighter basis Of airy virtue, wit and graces :  
 Which is of such thin subtlety, It steals and creeps in at the eye,  
 And, as it can't endure to stay, Steals out again, as nice a way.

But love, that its extraction owns

From solid gold, and precious stones,

Must, like its shining parents, prove As solid and as glorious love.

Hence 'tis, you have no way t' express

Our charms and graces, but by these ;

For what are lips, and eyes, and teeth,

Which beauty invades and conquers with ;

But rubies, pearls, and diamonds, With which a philtre love commands.

This is the way all parents prove, In managing their children's love ;

That force 'em t' intermarry and wed, As if th' were bur'ing of the dead ;

Cast earth to earth, as in the grave,

To join in wedlock all they have ;

And, when the settlement's in force,

Take all the rest, for better or worse :

For money has a power above The stars, and fate, to manage love ;

Whose arrows learned poets hold,

That never miss, are tipp'd with gold.

And, though some say, the parents claims

To make love in their children's names,

Who, many times, at once provide

The nurse, the husband, and the bride,

Feel darts and charms, attracts and flames,

And woo and contracts in their names ;



And, as they christen, use to marry 'em,  
 And, like their gossips, answer for 'em :  
 Is not to give in matrimony, But sell and prostitute for money.  
 'Tis better than their own betrothing,  
 Who often do't for worse than nothing :  
 And, when they're at their own dispose,  
 With greater disadvantage chuse.

All this is right ; but, for the course You take to do't, by fraud, or force,  
 'Tis so ridiculous, as soon As told, 'tis never to be done,  
 No more than fetters can betray That tell what tricks they are to play.  
 Marriage at best is but a vow, Which all men either break, or bow.

Then what will those forbear to do,  
 Who perjure, when they do but woo ?  
 Such as before-hand swear and lye, For earnest to their treachery ;  
 And, rather than a crime confess, With greater strive to make it less :

Like thieves, who, after sentence past,  
 Maintain their innocence to the last ;  
 And when their crimes were made appear,  
 As plain as witnesses can swear,

Yet, when the wretches come to die, Will take upon their death a lye.  
 Nor are the virtues, you confess'd T' your ghostly father, as you guess'd,  
 So slight, as to be justify'd, By being as shamefully deny'd.  
 As if you thought your word would pass,  
 Point-blank on both sides of a case ;

Or credit were not to be lost, B' a brave knight-errant of the post,  
 That eats, perfidiously, his word,  
 And swears his ears, thro' a two inch board ;

Can own the same thing, and disown, And perjure booty, *pro* and *con* ;  
 Can make the gospel serve his turn, And help him out, to be forsworn ;  
 When 'tis laid hands upon, and kiss'd,  
 To be betray'd and sold, like Christ.  
 These are the virtues, in whose name,  
 A right to all the world you claim,

And boldly challenge a dominion, In grace and nature, o'er all women :  
 Of whom no less will satisfy, Than all the sex, your tyranny.  
 Although you'll find it a hard province,  
 With all your crafty frauds and covins,

To govern such a num'rous crew, Who, one by one, now govern you :  
 For if you all were Solomons, And wise and great as he was once,  
 You'll find they're able to subdue, (As they did him) and baffle you.  
 And, if you are impos'd upon, 'Tis by your own temptation done.  
 That with your ignorance invite, And teach us how to use the slight.  
 For when we find y' are still more taken  
 With false attracts of our own making,

Swear that's a rose, and that a stone, Like sots, to us that laid it on ;  
 And what we did but slightly prime, Most ignorantly daub in rhyme ;  
 You force us, in our own defences, To copy beams and influences ;  
 To lay perfections on the graces, And draw attracts upon our faces ;  
 And, in compliance to your wit, Your own false jewels counterfeit.  
 For, by the practice of those arts, We gain a greater share of hearts ;



And those deserve in reason most, That greatest pains and study cost :  
 For great perfections are, like heav'n, Too rich a present to be given.  
 Nor are those master-strokes of beauty  
 To be perform'd without hard duty ;

Which, when they're nobly done, and well, The simple natural excell.  
 How fair and sweet the planted rose  
 Beyond the wild in hedges grows ;

For, without art, the noblest seeds Of flow'rs degen'rate into weeds.  
 How dull and rugged, ere 'tis ground And polish'd, looks a diamond ?  
 Though paradise were e'er so fair, It was not kept so, without care.  
 The whole world, without art and dress,  
 Would be but one great wilderness ;

And mankind but a savage herd, For all that nature has conferr'd.  
 This does but rough-hew and design, Leaves art to polish and refine.  
 Though women first were made for men,  
 Yet men were made for them again :

For when (out-witted by his wife) Man first turned tenant but for life,  
 If women had not interven'd, How soon had mankind had an end !  
 And that it is in being yet, To us alone, you are in debt.  
 And where's your liberty of choice, And our unnatural no-voice ?  
 Since all the privilege you boast, And falsely usurp'd, or vainly lost,  
 Is now our right, to whose creation You owe your happy restoration.  
 And if we had not weighty cause To not appear in making laws,  
 We could, in spite of all your tricks, And shallow formal politics,

Force you our managements t' obey,  
 As we to yours (in shew) give way.  
 Hence 'tis that while you vainly strive  
 T' advance your high prerogative,  
 You basely, after all your braves,  
 Submit, and own yourselves our slaves :  
 And 'cause we do not make it known,  
 Nor publicly our int'rests own ;  
 Like sots, suppose we have no shares  
 In ordering you and your affairs :  
 When all your empire and command  
 You have from us, at second hand :

As if a pilot, that appears To sit still only, while he steers,  
 And does not make a noise and stir, Like every common mariner,  
 Knew nothing of the card, nor star,  
 And did not guide the man of war :

Nor we, because we don't appear In councils, do not govern there :  
 While, like the mighty Prester John,  
 Whose person none dares look upon,  
 But is preserv'd in close disguise,  
 From being made cheap to vulgar eyes,

W' enjoy as large a power unseen, To govern him, as he does men :  
 And, in the right of our Pope Joan,  
 Make emp'rors at our feet fall down ;

Or Joan de Pucel's braver name Our right to arms and conduct claim ;  
 Who, though a spinster, yet was able  
 To serve France for a grand constable.

We make and execute all laws,  
 Can judge the judges and the cause ;  
 Prescribe all rules of right or wrong  
 To th' long robe and the longer tongue ;  
 'Gainst which the world has no defence,  
 But our more powerful eloquence.

We manage things of greatest weight, In all the world's affair of state ;  
 Are ministers of war and peace, That sway all nations, how we please.  
 We rule all churches, and their flocks, Heretical and orthodox,  
 And are the heavenly vehicles O' th' spirits in all conventicles :  
 By us is all commerce and trade Improv'd, and manag'd, and decay'd ;  
 For nothing can go off so well, Nor bears that price, as what we sell.

We rule in every public meeting,  
 And make men do what we judge fitting ;  
 Are magistrates in all great towns,  
 Where men do nothing but wear gowns.

We make the man of war strike sail, And to our braver conduct veil,  
 And, when h' has chac'd his enemies, Submit to us upon his knees.  
 Is there an officer of state, Untimely rais'd, or magistrate,  
 That's haughty and imperious ? He's but a journeyman to us ;  
 That, as he gives us cause to do't, Can keep him in, or turn him out.

We are young guardians that increase,  
 Or waste your fortunes how we please ;  
 And, as you humour us, can deal, In all your matters, ill or well.

'Tis we that can dispose alone,  
 Whether your heirs shall be your own,  
 To whose integrity you must, In spite of all your caution, trust ;  
 And, 'less you fly beyond the seas,  
 Can fit you with what heirs we please ;  
 And force you t' own 'em, though begotten  
 By French valets, or Irish footmen.

Nor can the rigorous course Prevail, unless to make us worse ;  
 Who still, the harsher we are us'd, Are further off from being reduc'd ;  
 And scorn t' abate, for any ills, The least punctilios of our wills.  
 Force does but whet our wits t' apply Arts, born with us, for remedy ;  
 Which all your politics, as yet, Have ne'er been able to defeat :  
 For, when y' have try'd all sorts of ways,  
 What fools d'we make of you in plays ?

While all the favours we afford, Are but to girt you with the sword,  
 To fight our battles in our steads,  
 And have your brains beat out o' your heads ;  
 Encounter, in despite of nature,  
 And fight, at once, with fire and water,  
 With pirates, rocks, and storms, and seas,  
 Our pride and vanity t' appease ;  
 Kill one another, and cut throats,  
 For our good graces and best thoughts ;  
 To do your exercise for honour,  
 And have your brains beat out the sooner ;  
 Or crack'd, as learnedly, upon Things that are never to be known :  
 And still appear the more industrious,  
 The more your projects are prepost'rous ;

To square the circle of the arts, And run stark mad to shew your parts;  
 Expound the oracle of laws, And turn them which way we see cause;  
 Be our solicitors and agents, And stand for us in all engagements.

And these are all the mighty powers  
 You vainly boast, to cry down ours;  
 And what in real value's wanting Supply with vapouring and ranting.  
 Because yourselves are terrify'd, And stoop to one another's pride;  
 Believe we have as little wit To be out-hector'd and submit;  
 By your example, lose that right  
 In treaties, which we gain'd in fight;  
 And, terrify'd into an awe, Pass on ourselves a Salic law:  
 Or, as some nations use, give place,  
 And truckle to your mighty race,  
 Let men usurp th' unjust dominion,  
 As if they were the better women.

THE END.

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